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THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE GRACIOUS PATRONAGE

OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PREPARED FOR THE PRESS BY THE AUTHOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY T. WOODFALL;

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

1798.

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CONTENTS OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

WILD OATS.
THE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS.
FONTAINEBLEAU.
LITTLE HUNCHBACK.
THE BASKET-MAKER.
THE BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP.
THE POSITIVE MAN.

WILD OATS;

OR,

THE STROLLING GENTLEMEN.

IN FIVE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1791.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLMAN.

WHAT can we now invite you to partake,
When realms have been exhauſted for your ſake,
And ample Nature travers'd o'er and o'er,
'Till all her beaten haunts will yield no more?
From climes where Phœbus pours his brighteſt ray
To where ſcarce faintly gleams the twilight day,
The dauntleſs Bard has urg'd his vent'rous aim,
To greet you ſtill with freſh Dramatic game.
One noble Hunter, of the Theſpian train,
Ruſh'd from his Avon's ſide o'er earth's domain,
And brought with happy Magic, more than toil,
The motley tribes of ev'ry varying ſoil;
While his quick eye ſo widely could explore
That Time himſelf, ſhall ne'er diſcover more:
Nay, in the track of his ſublime career,
We paſs the bounds of Nature's humble ſphere;
And zealous after all our ſearch has found,
Through radiant wilds of Fancy's fairy ground;
Once more the arduous chace we dare purſue,
And fondly hope we've ſtarted ſomething new.
Our Hero, for ſo far we may diſcover,
Is a young Actor, and of courſe a lover!
But, what, perhaps, will raiſe no ſlight ſurpriſe!
Though uſed to various ſhapes, above diſguiſe.
Fictitious language, of a borrow'd part,
Sports from his tongue, indeed, but not his heart!
For Nature's warm and abſolute controul
Guides ev'ry impulſe of his gen'rous ſoul.
Sure ſuch a part your favour muſt engage,
And though a ſtranger on the mimic ſtage,

Yet

Yet may the Scenic band, with honeſt pride!
Howe'er by formal Prejudice decry'd,
Boaſt as fair patterns of domeſtic worth,
As that our preſent Drama pictures forth!
Let then the Bard, who vindicates our cauſe,
Obtain the ſanction of your warm applauſe!
So may we prove, in ſpite of prudiſh Spleen!
Actors can feel beyond the paſſing ſcene;
And long, too harſhly deem'd a thoughtleſs kind,
Live to the friendly model he deſign'd.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir George Thunder,	Mr. QUICK.
Rover,	Mr. LEWIS.
Harry,	Mr. HOLMAN.
Banks,	Mr. HULL.
John Dory,	Mr. WILSON.
Farmer Gammon,	Mr. CUBITT.
Lamp,	Mr. C. POWELL.
Ephraim Smooth,	Mr. MUNDEN.
Sim,	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Zachariah,	Mr. REES.
Muz,	Mr. M'READY.
Trap,	Mr. EVATT.
Twitch,	Mr. ROCK.
Landlord,	Mr. POWELL.
Sheriff's Officer,	Mr. LEDGER.
1ſt Ruffian.	
2nd Ruffian,	
3d Ruffian,	
Lady Amaranth,	Mrs. POPE.
Amelia,	Miſs CHAPMAN.
Jane,	Mrs. WELLS.

SCENE, *Hampſhire.*

WILD OATS;

OR,

THE STROLLING GENTLEMEN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Parlour in LADY AMARANTH'S.

Enter JOHN DORY.

JOHN.

FINE cruizing this! without flip or biſcuit! don't know who's the governor of this here fort; but if he can victual us a few—how hollow my bread room ſounds! (*ſtriking his ſides*) I'm as empty as a ſtoved keg, and as tired as an old Dutchman—my obſtinate maſter, Sir George, to tow my old hulk—aboard the houſe, ha, hoy!

Sir G. (*without*) John! John Dory!
John. (*ſits*) I'm at anchor.

Enter SIR GEORGE THUNDER.

Sir G. I don't know whoſe's houſe we've got into here, John; but I think, when he knows me, we may hope, for ſome refreſhment—Eh! (*looking at John*) was not I your Captain?

John. Yes, and I was your boatſwain. And what of all that?

Sir G. Then how dare you ſit in my preſence, you bluff head?

John. Why, for the matter of that I don't mind; but had I been your captain, and you my boatſwain, the man that ſtood by me at ſea, ſhould be welcome to ſit before me on land. (*riſing*)

Sir G. That's true, my dear John; offer to ſtand up, and, damme, if I dont knock you down—zounds! I am as dry as a powder match—to ſail at the rate of ten knots an hour, over fallow and ſtubble, from my own houſe, half a league this ſide of Goſport, and not catch theſe deſerters!

John. In this here chace, you wanted the ballaſt of wiſdom.

Sir G. How, ſirrah! haſn't, my dear old friend, Dick Broadſide, got the command of the ſhip I ſo often fought myſelf—to man it for him with expedition, didn't I offer two guineas over the King's bounty to every ſeaman that would enter on board her? Hav'n't theſe three ſcoundrels fingered the ſhot, then ran, and did'nt I do right to run after them? Damn the money! I no more mind that than a piece of clinker; but but 'twas the pride of my heart to ſee my beloved

loved ſhip (the Eagle) well mann'd whenmy old friend is the commander.

John. But ſince you've laid yourſelf up in ordinary, retired to live in quiet, on your own eſtate, and had done with all ſea affairs—

Sir G. John, John, a man ſhould forget his own convenience for his country's good.—Tho' Broadſide's letter ſaid theſe fellows were lurking about this part of Hampſhire, yet ſtill its all hide and ſeek.

John. Your ill luck.

Sir G. Mine, you ſwab?

John. Ay, you've money and gold; but grace and good fortune have ſhook hands with you theſe nineteen years, for that rogue's trick you play'd poor Miſs Amelia, by deceiving her with a ſham marriage, when you paſſed yourſelf for Captain Seymour, and then putting off to ſea, leaving her to break her poor heart, and ſince marrying another lady.

Sir G. Wasn't I forc'd to it by my father?

John. Ay; becauſe ſhe had a great fortin, her death too was a judgment upon you.

Sir G. Why, you impudent dog fiſh, upbraid me with running into falſe bay, when you were my pilot? Was'nt it you even brought me the mock clergyman that performed the ſham marriage with Amelia?

John. Yes, you think ſo; but I took care to bring you a real clergyman. (*aſide*)

Sir G. But is this a time or place for your lectures? At home, abroad, ſea, or land, you will ſtill badger me! mention my Wild Oats again and—you ſcoundrel, ſince the night my bed-curtains took fire, aboard the Eagle, you've got me quite into leading-ſtrings—you ſnatch-

ed me upon deck and toſſed me into the ſea,—& to ſave me from being burnt I was almoſt drowned.

John. You wou'd but for me—

Sir Geo. Yes, you dragg'd me out by the ear like a water-dog—and 'cauſe applauded for that, ever ſince you're ſo curſt careful of me, that only lifting my leg to ſtep a board a boat, you whip me up, and chuck me into it—laſt week, 'cauſe you found the tenth bottle uncorked, you ruſhed in among my friends and ran away with me, and, next morning Captain O'Shanaghan ſends me a challenge for ſlinking off when he was toaſt-maſter! ſo, to ſave me from a head-ach, you'd like to've got my brains blown out.

John. Oh, very well, be burnt in your bed, and tumble in the water by jumping into boats, like a tight fellow as you are, and poiſon yourſelf with ſlow-juice; ſee if John cares a piece of mouldy biſcuit about it. But I wiſh you hadn't made me your valet-de-Shamber. No ſooner was I got on ſhore after five years daſhing among rocks, ſhoals, and breakers, than you ſets me on a high trotting cart-horſe, which knockt me up and down like an old bomb-boat in the bay of Biſcay, and here's nothing to drink after all! becauſe at home you keep open houſe, you think every body elſe does the ſame.

Sir G. Why, by ſailing into this ſtrange port we may be more free than welcome.

John. Holloa! I'll never ceaſe piping 'till it calls up a drop to wet my whiſtle. [*Exit*

Sir G. Yes, (as John Dory remarks) I fear my trip thro' life will be attended with heavy ſqualls and foul weather. When my conduct to poor Amelia comes athwart my mind, it's a hurricane for

for that day, and turn in at night, the ballad of "William and Margaret" rings in my ear (*ſings*) "In glided Margaret's grimly ghoſt" oh, zounds! the diſmals are coming upon me, and can't get a cheering glaſs to—holloa!

Enter EPHRAIM SMOOTH.

Eph. Friend, what would'ſt thou have?

Sir G. Grog.

Eph. Neither man nor woman of that name abideth here.

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! man and woman! then if you'll bring me Mr. Brandy and Mrs. Water, we'll couple them, and the firſt child probably will be maſter Grog.

Eph. Thou doſt ſpeak in parables, which I underſtand not.

Sir G. Sheer off with your ſanctified poop, and ſend the gentleman of the houſe.

Eph. The owner of this manſion is a maiden, and ſhe approacheth.

Enter Lady AMARANTH.

Lady Am. Friend, Ephriam Smooth, did'ſt thou—(*turns, ſees Sir George*) do I behold? It is! how do'ſt thou uncle?

Sir G. Is it poſſible you can be my niece, Lady Maria Amaranth Thunder?

Lady Am. I am the daughter of thy deceaſed brother Loftus, called Earl Thunder, but no Lady, my name is Mary.

Sir G. But, how is all this? Eh! unexpectedly find you in a ſtrange houſe, of which old Sly here

here tells me you're miſtreſs, turned Quaker and diſclaim your title!

Lady Am. Title is vanity.

Sir G. Why certainly I drop my Lord by Courteſy for my Sir Knighthood acquired by my own merit girl.

Lady Am. Thou knoweſt the relation to whoſe care my father left me?

Sir G. Well! I know our couſin, old Dovehouſe, was a Quaker! but I did'nt ſuſpect he would have made you one.

Lady Am. Being now gathered to his fathers, he did bequeath unto me his wordly goods; amongſt them, this manſion and the lands around it.

Eph. So thou becom'ſt and continue one of the faithful. I am executor of his will, and by it, I cannot give thee, Mary, poſſeſſion of theſe goods but on thoſe conditions.

Sir G. Tell me of your thee's and thou's, Quaker's wills and manſions! I ſay girl, tho' on the death of your father, my eldeſt brother, Loftus, Earl Thunder, from your being a female, his title devolved to his next brother, Robert; tho', as a woman, you can't be an Earl, nor as a woman you can't make laws for your ſex and our ſex, yet as the daughter of a Peer, you are, and, by heaven, ſhall be called Lady Maria Amaranth Thunder.

Eph. Thou makeeſt too much noiſe, friend.

Sir G. Call me friend and I'll bump your block againſt the capſtern.

Eph. Yea, this is a man of danger, and I'll leave Mary to abide it. [*Exit.*

Sir G. 'Sfire, my Lady—

Enter

Enter ZACHARIAH.

Zach. Shall thy cook, this day, roaſt certain birds of the air, called woodcocks, and ribs of the oxen likewiſe?

Lady Am. All. My uncle ſojourneth with me peradventure, and my meal ſhall be a feaſt, friend Zachariah.

Zach. My tongue ſhall ſay ſo, friend Mary.

Sir G. Sir George Thunder bids thee remember to call your miſtreſs, Lady Amaranth.

Zach. Verily, George.

Sir G. George! ſirrah, tho' a younger brother, the honour of knighthood was my reward for placing the Britiſh flag over that of a daring enemy—therefore addreſs me with reſpect.

Zach. Yea, I do, good George. [*Exit.*

Sir G. George and Mary! here's levelling, here's abolition of title with a vengeance! in this houſe, they think no more of an Engliſh Knight than a French Duke.

Lady Am. Kinſman, be patient, thou, and thy ſon, my couſin Henry, whom I have not beheld I think, theſe twelve years, ſhall be welcome to my dwelling. Where now abideth the youth?

Sir G. At the Naval Academy, at Portſmouth.

Lady Am. May I not ſee the young man?

Sir Geo. What, to make a Quaker of him?—No, no. But, hold, as ſhe's now a wealthy heireſs, her marrying my ſon Harry, will keep up and preſerve her title in our own family too. (*aſide*) Would'ſt thou really be glad to ſee him? thou ſhalt, Mary. Ha, ha, ha! John Dory, (*calling*) here comes my Valet de Chambre.

Enter

Enter JOHN DORY.

John. Why, Sir—ſuch a breeze ſprung up?

Sir Geo. Avaſt, old man of war; you muſt in-inſtantly convoy my ſon from Portſmouth.

John. Then I muſt firſt convoy him to Portſmouth, for he happens to be out of dock already.

Sir Geo. What wind now?

John. You know on our quitting harbour—

Sir Geo. Damn your ſea-jaw, you marvellous dolphin, give the contents of your log-book in plain Engliſh.

John. The young ſquire has cut and run.

Sir Geo. What!

John. Got leave to come to you, and maſter didn't find out before yeſterday, that, inſtead of making for home, he had ſheer'd off towards London, directly ſent notice to you, and Sam has traced us all the way here to bring you the news.

Sir Geo. What, a boy of mine quit his guns? I'll grapple him.—Come John, come along.

Lady Am. Order the carriage for mine uncle.

Sir Geo. No, thank ye, my lady. Let your equipage keep up your own dignity. I've horſes here; but I won't knock 'em up; next village is the channel for the ſtage—My Lady, I'll bring the dog to you by the bowſprit.—Weigh anchor! crowd ſail! and after him! [*Exit.*

Re-enter EPHRAIM SMOOTH, (*Peeping in*).

Eph. The man of noiſe doth not tarry, then my ſpirit is glad.

Lady Am. Let Sarah prepare chambers for my kinſman, and hire the maiden for me that thou didſt mention.

Eph.

Eph. I will; for the damſel is paſſing fair, and hath found grace in mine eyes. Mary, as thou art yet a ſtranger in this land, and have juſt taken poſſeſſion of this eſtate, the laws of ſociety command thee to be on terms of amity with thy wealthy neighbours.

Lady Am. Yea; but while I entertain the rich, the hearts of the poor ſhall alſo rejoice; I myſelf will now go forth into the adjacent hamlet, and invite all to hearty cheer.

Eph. Yea, I will diſtribute among the poor, the good books thou didſt deſire me.

Lady Am. And meat and drink too, friend Ephraim. In the fulneſs of plenty they ſhall join in thankſgiving for thoſe gifts which I overabundantly poſſeſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Road.

Enter HARRY THUNDER, *and* MUZ,

Muz. I ſay Dick Buſkin! harky, my lad! (*to Harry.*)

Harry. What keeps Rover?

Muz. I'm ſure I don't know. As you deſired, I paid for our breakfaſt. But the devil's in that fellow, every Inn we ſtop at he will always hang behind, chattering to the bar-maid, or chamber-maid.

Harry. Or any, or no maid. But he's a worthy lad. And I love him better, I think, than my own brother, had I one.

Muz. Oh! but, Dick, mind, my boy—

Harry. Stop, Muz. Tho' 'twas my orders when I ſet out on this ſcamper with the players, (the better to conceal my quality, for you, before people, to treat me as your companion; yet, at the ſame time, you ſhou'd have had diſcretion enough to remember, when we're alone, that I am ſtill your maſter, and ſon to Sir George Thunder.

Muz. Sir, I aſk your pardon; but by making yourſelf my equal, I've got ſo uſed to familiarity, that I find it hard to ſhake it off.

Harry. Well, Sir, pray mind, that familiarity is all over now. My frolic's out, I now throw off the player, and ſhall directly return. My father muſt by this time have heard of my departure from the academy at Portſmouth; and, tho' I was deluded away by my rage for a little acting, yet 'twas wrong of me to give the gay old fellow any cauſe for uneaſineſs.

Muz. And, Sir, ſhall you and I never act another ſcene together? Shall I never again play Colonel Standard for my own benefit? Never again have the pleaſure of caning your honour in the character of Tom Errand.

Harry. In future act the part of a ſmart hat and coat bruſher, or I ſhall have the honor of kicking you in the character of an idle puppy. You were a good ſervant; but I find, by letting you crack your jokes and ſit in my company, you're grown quite a lounging raſcal.

Muz. Yes, Sir, I was a modeſt, well behaved lad; but evil communication corrupts good manners.

Harry. Bgone, Sir, 'till I call for you.

[*Exit Muz.*

Well, if my father but forgives me.—This three months excurſion has ſhewn me ſome life, and a deviliſh

deviliſh deal of fun. For one circumſtance, I ſhall ever remember it with delight. It's bringing me acquainted with Jack Rover. How long he ſtays! Jack! In this forlorn ſtroller I have diſcovered qualities that honor human nature, and accompliſhments that might grace a Prince. I don't know a pleaſanter fellow, except when he gets to his abominable habit of quotation. I hope he wont find the purſe I've hid in his coat pocket, before we part. I dread the moment, but it's come.

Rover. (*Without*) "The briſk li-li-lightning I."

Harry. Ay, here's the rattle. Hurried on by the impetuous flow of his own volatile ſpirits, his life is a rapid ſtream of extravagant whim, and while the ſerious voice of humanity prompts his heart to the beſt actions, his features ſhine in laugh and levity. Studying Bayes, eh, Jack?

Enter ROVER.

Rover. "I am the bold Thunder."

Harry. (*aſide*) I am if he knew but all.—Keep one ſtanding in the road.

Rover. Beg your pardon, my dear Dick! but all the fault of—Plague on't, that a man can't ſleep and breakfaſt at an inn, then return up to his bedchamber for his gloves that he'd forgot; but there he muſt find chambermaids thumping feathers and knocking pillows about, and keep one when one has affairs and buſineſs! 'Pon my ſoul, theſe girls conduct to us is intolerable. The very thought brings the blood into my face, and whenever they attempt to ſerve, provoke me ſo, damme but I will, I will—An't I right, Dick?

Harry. "No; all in the wrong."

Rover.

Rover. No matter; that's the univerſal play "all round the wrekin:" but you're ſo conceited, becauſe by this company you're going to join at Wincheſter, you are engaged for high tragedy.

Harry. And you for Rangers, Plumes, and Foppingtons.

Rover. Our firſt play is Lear. I was deviliſh imperfect in Edgar t'other night at Lymington. I muſt look it over (*takes out a book*), "Away, the foul fiend follows me!" Hollo! ſtop a moment, we ſhall have the whole country after us.

(*Going.*

Harry. What now?

Rover. That roſy face chambermaid put me in ſuch a paſſion, that by heaven, I walked out of the houſe, and forgot to pay our bill. (*Going.*

Harry. Never mind, Rover, it's paid.

Rover. Paid! why, neither you nor Muz had money enough. No, really!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! I tell you, it is.

Rover. You paid? Oh, very well. Every honeſt fellow ſhou'd be a ſtock purſe. Come then, let's puſh on now. Ten miles to Wincheſter, we ſhall be there by eleven.

Harry. Our trunks are booked at the inn for the Wincheſter coach.

Rover. "Ay; to foreign climates my old trunk I bear." But I prefer walking, to the Car of Theſpis.

Harry. Which is the way?

Rover. Here.

Harry. Then I go there. (*Pointing oppoſite.*)

Rover. Eh!

Harry. My dear boy, on this ſpot, and at this moment, we muſt part.

Rover. Part!

Harry.

Harry. Rover, you wiſh me well.

Rover. Well, and ſuppoſe ſo. Part, eh! What myſtery and grand? What are you at? Do you forget, you, Muz, and I are engaged to Truncheon, the manager, and that the bills are already up with our names to-night to play at Wincheſter?

Harry. Jack, you and I have often met on a ſtage in aſſumed characters; if it's your wiſh we ſhou'd ever meet again in our real ones, of ſincere friends, without aſking whither I go, or my motives for leaving you, when I walk up this road, do you turn down that.

Rover. Joke!

Harry. I'm ſerious. Good b'ye!

Rover. If you repent your engagement with Truncheon, I'll break off too, and go with you wherever you will—(*Takes him under the arm*)

Harry Attempt to follow me, and even our acquaintance ends.

Rover. Eh!

Harry. Don't think of my reaſons, only that it muſt be.

Rover. Have I done any thing to—Dick Buſkin leave me! (*Turns and puts his kandkerchief to his eyes.*)

Harry. I am as much concern'd as you—Good b'ye!

Rover. I can't even bid him good bye—I won't neither—If any cauſe cou'd have given.—Farewel.

Harry. Bleſs my poor fellow! Adieu. (*Silently weeps.*)

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Village; a Farm Houſe, and near it a Cottage.

Enter FARMER GAMMON, *and* EPHRAIM SMOOTH.

GAMMON.

WELL, Maſter Ephraim, I may depend on thee, as you Quakers never break your words.

Eph. I have ſpoken to Mary, and ſhe, at my requeſt, conſenteth to take thy daughter, Jane, as her handmaid.

Gam. Very good of you.

Eph. Goodneſs I do like, and alſo—comely Jane (*Aſide.*) The maiden, I will prefer for the ſake of—myſelf (*Aſide.*)

Gam. I intended to make a preſent to the perſon that did me ſuch a piece of ſervice; but I ſhan't affront you with it.

Eph. I am meek and humble, and muſt take affronts.

Gam. Then here's a guinea, maſter Ephraim.

Eph.

Eph. I expected not this; but there is no harm in a guinea. [*Exit.*

Gam. So I ſhall get my children off my hands.—My ſon, Sim, robbing me day and night—giving away my corn and what not among the poor; and daughter Jane, to prevent me from killing the fowls, buys eggs, and tells me they are ſtill laying them; beſides, when girls have nought to do, this love-miſchief creeps into their heads.—Sim! (*calling*)

Enter SIM.

Sim. Yes, feyther.
Gam. Call your ſiſter.
Sim. Jane, feyther wants you.

Enter JANE, *from the Houſe.*

Jane. Did you call me?
Gam. I often told you both, but it's now ſettled; you muſt go out into the world and work for your bread.
Sim. Well, feyther, whatever you think right, muſt be ſo, and I'm content.
Jane. And I'm ſure, feyther, I'm willing to do as you'd have me.
Gam. There's ingratitude! When my wife died, I brought you both up from the ſhell, and now you want to fly off and forſake me.
Sim. Why, no; I'm willing to live with you all my days.
Jane. And I'm ſure, feyther, if it's your deſire, I'll never part from you.
Gam. What, you want to hang upon me like a couple

a couple of leeches, ay, to ſtrip my branches, and leave me a withered hawthorn! See who's yon.

[*Exit Sim.*

Jane, Ephraim Smooth has hired you for Lady Amaranth.

Jane. O Lack! Then I ſhall live in the great houſe.

Gam. Ay, and mayhap come in for her caſt off cloaths.

Jane. But ſhe's a quaker; and I'm ſure, every Sunday for church, I dreſs much finer than her ladyſhip.

Gam. She has ſent us all preſents of good books, to read a chapter in now and then. (*opens a book*) "The Economy of human life." Ah, I like Economy—read that—when a mon's in a paſſion, this may give him patience; there Jane. (*gives her the book*)

Jane. Thank her good ladyſhip.

Gam. My being incumber'd with you both is the cauſe why old Banks won't give me his ſiſter.

Jane. That's a pity. If we muſt have a ſtepmother, Madam Amelia wou'd make us a very good one. But I wonder how ſhe can refuſe you, feyther, for I'm ſure ſhe muſt think you a very portly man in your ſcarlet veſt and new ſcratch. You can't think how parſonable you'd look, if you'd only ſhave twice a week, and put ſixpence in the poor-box on a Sunday.

[*Retires reading.*

Gam. However, if Banks ſtill refuſes, I have him in my power. I'll turn them both out of their cottage yonder, and the bailiff ſhall provide them with a lodging.

Enter

Enter BANKS.

Well, neighbour Banks, once for all, am I to marry your ſiſter?

Banks. That ſhe beſt knows.

Gam. Ay, but ſhe ſays ſhe wont.

Banks. Then I dare ſay ſhe won't; for I never knew her to ſpeak what ſhe didn't think.

Gam. Then ſhe won't have me? A fine thing this, that you and ſhe, who are little better than paupers, dare be ſo ſaucy!

Banks. Why, farmer, I confeſs we're poor: but while that's the worſt our enemies can ſay of us, we're content.

Gam. Od, dom it! I wiſh I had now a good, fair occaſion to quarrel with him; I'd make him content with a devil; I'd knock'en down, ſend him to jail and—But I'll be up with him!

Enter SIM.

Sim. Oh, feyther, here's one Mr. Lamp, a ringleader of Shówfolks come from Andover to act in our village. He wants a barn to play in, if you'll hire him yourn.

Gam. Surely, boy. I'll never refuſe money. But, leſt he ſhould engage the great room in the inn, run thou and tell him—Stop; I'll go myſelf—A ſhort cut through that garden—(*going thro' the Cottage garden, Banks ſtops him*)

Banks. Why, you, or any neighbour is welcome to walk in it, or to partake of what it produces, but making it a common thoroughfare is—

Gam. Here, Sim, kick open that garden gate.

Banks. What?

Gam. Does the lad hear?

Sim. Why, yes, yes.

Gam. Does the fool underſtand?

Sim. I'm as yet but young; but if underſtanding teaches me how to wrong my neighbour, may I never live to years of diſcretion.

Gam. What, you cur, do you diſobey your feyther? Burſt open the garden gate, as I command you.

Sim. Feyther, he that made both you and the garden, commands me not to injure the unfortunate.

Gam. Here's an ungracious rogue! Then I muſt do it myſelf. (*advances*)

Banks. (*ſtands before it*) Hold, neighbour. Small as this ſpot is, it's now my only poſſeſſion: and the man ſhall firſt take my life who ſets a foot in it againſt my will.

Gam. I'm in ſuch a paſſion.—

Jane. (*comes forward*) Feyther, if you're in a paſſion, read the Economy of Human Life. (*offers book*)

Gam. Plague of the wench! But, you huſſey, I'll—and you, you unlucky bird!

[*Exeunt Sim and Jane*

(*A Shower of Rain.*) *Enter* ROVER *haſtily.*

Rov. Here's a pelting ſhower and no ſhelter! "Poor Tom's a cold," I'm wet thro'—Oh, here's a fair promiſing houſe. (*going to Gammon's*)

Gam. (*ſtops him*) Hold, my lad. Can't let folks in till I know who they be. There's a public houſe not above a mile on.

Banks. Step in here, young man; my fire is ſmall; but it ſhall cheer you with a hearty welcome.

Rov.

Rov. (*to Banks*) The poor cottager! (*to Gam.*) And the ſubſtantial farmer! (*kneels*) "Hear, "Nature, dear goddeſs, hear! If ever you de- "ſigned to make his corn-fields fruitful, change "thy purpoſe; that, from the blighted ear no "grain may fall to fat his ſtubble gooſe—and, "when to town he drives his hogs, ſo like him- "ſelf, oh, let him feel the ſoaking rain, then "may he curſe his crime too late, and know how "ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is."—Damme, but I'm ſpouting in the rain all this time.

[*riſes and runs into Banks's.*

Gam. Ay, neighbour, you'll ſoon riſe from a beggar's bed if you harbour every mad vagrant. This may be one of the footpads, that, it ſeems, have got about the country; but I'll have an execution, and ſeize on thy goods, this day, my charitable neighbour! Eh, the ſun ſtrikes out, quite cleared up.

Enter JANE.

Jane. La, feyther, if there is'nt coming down the village—

Gam. Ah, thou huſſey!

Jane. Bleſs me, feyther! No time for anger now. Here's lady Amaranth's chariot, drawn by her new grand long tail'd horſes.—La! it ſtops.

Gam. Her Ladyſhip is coming out, and walks this way.—She may wiſh to reſt herſelf in my houſe. Jane, we muſt always make rich folks welcome.

Jane. Dear me, I'll run in and ſet things to rights. But, feyther, your cravat and wig are all got ſo rumpliſied with your croſs grain'd tan-

tarums.—I'll tie your neck-cloth in a big beau, and for your wig, if there is any flour in the drudging box—(*adjuſts them and runs into houſe*)

Gam. Oh! the bailiff too that I engaged.——

Enter TWITCH.

Twitch. Well, maſter Gammon, as you deſired, I'm come to ſerve this here warrant of yours, and arreſt maſter Banks; where is he?

Gam. Yes, now I be's determined on't—he's—Stand aſide, I'll ſpeak to you anon. (*looking out*)

Enter Lady AMARANTH, ZACHARIAH *following.*

Lady Am. Friend, Jane, whom I have taken to be my handmaid, is thy daughter?

Gam. Ay ſo her mother ſay'd, an't pleaſe your ladyſhip.

Lady Am. Ephraim Smooth acquainteth me thou art a wealthy yeoman.

Gam. Why, my Lady, I pay my rent.

Lady Am Being yet a ſtranger on my eſtate around here, I have paſſed through thy hamlet to behold with mine own eye, the diſtreſſes of my poor tenants. I wiſh to relieve their wants.

Gam Right, your Ladyſhip: for charity hides a deal of ſins. How good of you to think of the poor! that's ſo like me. I'm always contriving how to relieve my neighbours—you muſt lay Banks in jail to-night. (*apart to Twitch*)

Enter JANE.

Jane. An't pleaſe you, will your ladyſhip enter our humble dwelling and reſt your ladyſhip

in

in feyther's great cane bottom'd elbow chair with a high back. (*curtſies.*)

Gam. Do, my lady. To receive ſo great a body from her own chariot is an honour I dreamt not of; tho' for the hungry and weary foot traveller, my doors are always open and my morſel ready. Knock; when he comes out, touch him. (*apart to Twitch*)

Lady Am. Thou art benevolent, and I will enter thy dwelling with ſatisfaction.

Jane. O precious! This way, my lady.

[*Exeunt all but Twitch.*

Twitch. Eh, where's the warrant? (*feels his pocket, and knocks at Banks's door*)

Enter BANKS.

Banks. Maſter Twitch! What's your buſineſs with me?

Twitch. Only a little affair here againſt you.

Banks. Me!

Twitch. Yes; farmer Gammon has bought up a thirty pound note of hand of yours.

Banks. Indeed! I didn't think this malice could have ſtretch'd ſo far—I thought the love he profeſſed for my ſiſter, might—why, its true, maſter Twitch, to lend our indigent cottagers ſmall ſums when they've been unable to pay their rents, I got lawyer Quirk to procure me this money, and hoped their induſtry would have put it in my power to take up my note before now. However, I'll go round and try what they can do, then call on you and ſettle it.

Twitch. No, no, you muſt go with me.

Rov. (*without*) Old gentleman come quick, or I'll open another bottle of your currant wine.

Twitch.

Twitch. You'd beſt not make a noiſe, but come. (*to Banks*)

Enter ROVER.

Rov. Oh, you're here? Rain over—quite fine.—I'll take a ſniff of the open air too—Eh, what's the matter?

Twitch. What's that to you?

Rov. What's that to me? Why, you're a very unmannerly—

Twitch. Oh, here's a reſcue!

Banks. Nay, my dear, Sir, I'd wiſh you not to bring yourſelf into trouble about me.

Twitch. Now, ſince you don't know what's civil, if the debt's not paid directly, to jail you go.

Rov. My kind, hoſpitable good old man to jail! What's the amount, you ſcoundrel.

Twitch. Better words, or I'll—

Rov. Stop; utter you a word good or bad, except to tell me what's your demand upon this gentleman, and I'll give you the greateſt beating you ever got ſince the hour you commenced raſcal. (*in a low tone*)

Twitch. Why, maſter, I don't want to quarrel with you, becauſe—

Rov. You'll get nothing by it. Do you know, you villain, that I am this moment the greateſt man living?

Twitch. Who, pray?

Rov. "I am the bold thunder!" Sirrah, know that I carry my purſe of gold in my coat-pocket. Tho' dam'me if I know how a purſe came there. (*aſide and takes it out*) There's twenty pictures of his Majeſty; therefore, in the King's name, I

free

free his liege ſubject, (*takes Banks away*) and now who am I? Ah, ah!

Twitch. Ten pieces ſhort, my maſter; but if you're a houſekeeper I'll take this and your bail.

Rov. Then for bail you muſt have a houſekeeper? What's to be done?

Enter GAMMON.

Ah, here's little Hoſpitality! I know you've a houſe, tho' your fire-ſide was too warm for me. Lookye, here's ſome rapacious, griping raſcal, has had this worthy gentleman arreſted. Now a certain good for nothing, rattling fellow has paid twenty guineas of the debt, you paſs your word for the other nine, we'll ſtep back into the old gentleman's friendly houſe, and over his currant wine, our firſt toaſt ſhall be, liberty to the honeſt debtor, and confuſion to the hard hearted creditor.

Gam. Shan't.

Rov. Shan't! Pray an't your name Mr. Shylock—

Gam. No, my name's Gammon.

Rov. Gammon! You're the Hampſhire hog.

[*Exit Gammon.*

S'death! How ſhall I do to extricate—?

Enter Lady AMARANTH, *from* GAMMON'S.

Lady Am. What tumult's this?

Rov. A lady! Ma'am, your moſt obedient humble ſervant. (*bows*) A quaker too! They are generally kind and humane, and that face is the prologue to a play of a thouſand good acts—may be ſhe'd help us here. (*aſide*) Ma'am, you

must

muſt know that—that I—no—this gentleman—I mean this gentleman and I—He got a little behind hand, as any honeſt, well principled man often may, from bad harveſts and rains—lodging corn—and his cattle—from murrain, and—rot—and rot the murrain! you know this is the way all this affair happen'd (*to Banks*) and then up ſteps this gentleman (*to Twitch*) with a—a tip in his way—madam, you underſtand? And then in ſteps I—with my a—In ſhort, madam, I am the worſt ſtory teller in the world where myſelf is the hero of the tale.

Twitch. In plain Engliſh, Mr. Banks has been arreſted for thirty pounds, and this gentleman has paid twenty guineas of the debt.

Banks. My litigious neighbour to expoſe me thus!

Lady Am. The young man and maiden within, have ſpoken well of thy ſiſter, and pictured thee as a man of irreproachable morals though unfortunate.

Rov. Madam, he's the honeſteſt fellow—I've known him above forty years, he has the beſt hand at ſtirring a fire—If you were only to taſte his currant wine.

Banks. Madam, I never aſpired to an enviable rank in life: but hitherto, pride and prudence kept me above the reach of pity: but obligations from a ſtranger—

Lady Am. He really a ſtranger, and attempt to free thee? But, friend (*to Rover*) thou haſt aſſumed a right which here belongeth alone to me. As I enjoy the bleſſings which theſe lands produce, I own alſo the heart delighting priviledge of diſpenſing thoſe bleſſings to the wretched. Thou mad'ſt thyſelf my worldly banker, and no caſh of mine

mine in thine hands, (*takes a note from a pocket book*) but thus I balance our account (*offers it.*)

Rover. "Madam, my maſter pays me; nor can "I take money from another hand without injur- "ing his honour and diſobeying his commands."

"Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree
"The fair, the chaſte, the inexpreſſive ſhe."

[*Runs off.*

Banks. But, ſir, I inſiſt you'll return him his money (*to Twitch*) Stop! (*going*)

Twitch. Ay, Stop! (*holds the ſkirt of his coat*)

Lady Am. Where dwelleth he?

Banks. I fancy, where he can, Madam. I underſtand, from his diſcourſe, that he was on his way to join a company of actors in the next town.

L. Am. A profane ſtage-player with ſuch a gentle, generous heart! Yet ſo whimſically wild, like the unconſcious roſe, modeſtly ſhrinking from the recollection of its own grace and ſweetneſs.

Enter JANE, *from the houſe, dreſt.*

Jane. Now, my lady, I'm fit to attend your ladyſhip. I look ſo genteeliſh mayhap her ladyſhip may take me home with her.

Lady Am. This maiden may find out for me whither he goeth. (*aſide*) Call on my ſteward, and thy legal demands ſhall be ſatisfied. (*to Twitch*)

Jane. Here, coachman, drive up my lady's chariot, nearer to our door. (*calls off*) If ſhe'd take me with her, la! how all the folks will ſtare. (*aſide*) Madam, tho' the roads are ſo very duſty, I'll walk all the way on foot to your ladyſhip's houſe—ay, tho' I ſhould ſpoil my bran new petticoat.

Lady Am. Rather than ſully thy garment, thou ſhalt be ſeated by me.

Jane. Oh, your ladyſhip! he, he, he! If I didn't think ſo—(*aſide*)

Enter SIM.

Here you Sim, order the charrott for us.

Sim. Us! Come, come, Jane, I've the little tax cart to carry you.

Jane. Cart!

Lady Am. Friend be cheerful; thine and thy ſiſter's ſorrows ſhall be but an April ſhower.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Before an Inn.

Enter ROVER *and* WAITER.

Rover. Hillo! friend, when does the coach ſet out for London?

Wait. In about an hour, ſir.

Rover. Has the Wincheſter coach paſſed yet?

Wait. No, ſir. [*Exit.*

Rover. That's lucky! Then my trunk is here ſtill. Go I will not. Since I've loſt the fellowſhip of my friend Dick, I'll travel no more, I'll try a London audience, who knows but I may get an engagement. This celeſtial lady quaker! She muſt be rich, and ridiculous for ſuch a poor dog as I, even to think of her. How Dick would laugh

laugh at me if he knew—I dare ſay by this ſhe has releaſed my kind hoſt from the gripe of that raſcal—I ſhould like to be certain, tho'.

Enter LANDLORD.

Land. You'll dine here, ſir? I'm honeſt Bob Johnſton; have kept the ſun theſe twenty years. Excellent dinner on table at two.

Rover. "Yet my love indeed is appetite, I'm as "hungry as the ſea, and can digeſt as much."

Land. Then you won't do for my ſhilling ordinary, ſir, there's a very good ordinary at the Saracen's head, at the end of the town. Shouldn't have thought indeed, hungry foot travellers to eat like aldermen—coming, ſir.

Rover. I'll not join this company at Wincheſter. No, I'll not ſtay in the country hopeleſs even to expect a look, (except of ſcorn) from this lady. I will take a touch at a London theatre. The public there, are candid and generous, and before my merit can have time to create enemies, I'll ſave money, and,—"a fig for the ſultan and ſophy."

Enter JANE *at the back, and* SIM *watching her.*

Jane. Ay, that's he!

Rover. But if I fall, by heaven, I'll overwhelm the manager, his empire, and—"himſelf in one prodigious ruin."

Jane. Oh lord! *(runs back)*

Sim. What can you expect when you follow young men? I've dodged you all the way.

Jane. Well! wasn't I ſent?

Sim. Oh yes, you were ſent—very likely. Who ſent you?

Jane. It was—I won't tell it's my lady, cauſe ſhe bid me not. (*aſide*)

Sim. I'll keep you from ſheam—a fine life I ſhould have in the pariſh, rare fleering, if a ſiſter of moine ſhould ſtand ſome ſunday at church, in a white ſheet, and to all their flouts what could I ſay?

Rover. Thus, "I ſay my ſiſter's wrong'd, my "ſiſter Blowſabella, born as high and noble as "the attorney—do her juſtice, or by the gods, "I'll lay a ſcene of blood, ſhall make this hay-"mow horrible to Beedles."—"Say that, "Chamont."

Sim. I believe it's full moon. You go hoame to your place, and moind your buſineſs.

Jane. My lady will be ſo pleaſed I've found him! I dont wonder at it, he's ſuch a fine ſpoken man.

Sim. Dang it! Will you ſtand here grinning at the wild bucks. You ſaucy ſlut, to keep me and the cart there waiting for you at the end of the lane.

Jane. Never mind him, ſir; it's becauſe my lady gave me a ride in her coach that makes the boy ſo angry.

Rover. "Then you are Kaſtrill, the angry boy?"

Sim. So was the prime miniſter till he got himſelf ſhaved.

Jane. Perhaps the gentleman might wiſh to ſend her ladyſhip a compliment. An't pleaſe you, ſir, if it's even a kiſs between us two, it ſhall go ſafe; for though you ſhould give it me, brother Sim then can take it to my lady.

Rover. "I kiſs'd thee e'er I kill'd thee".

Jane. Kill me!

Rover. "No way but this killing myſelf to die "upon a kiſs!" (*advancing*)

Sim.

Sim. (*interpoſing*) And you walk home, my forward miſs. (*mimicks.*)

Rov. " I've heard of your painting too: you " gig, you liſp, you amble, and nickname God's " creatures."

Sim. Why, who told you ſhe call'd me an aſs?

Rov. " Oh that the town clerk was here, to " write thee down an aſs! but though not written " down in black and white, remember, thou art " an aſs."

Jane. Yes, ſir; I'll remember it.

Sim. Go! (*to Jane—puts her out.*)

Rov. " Ay, to a nunnery go." I'm curſedly out of ſpirits; but hang ſorrow, I may as well divert myſelf.—" 'Tis meat and drink for me to ſee a clown." " Shepherd, was't ever at court?"

Sim. Not I.

Rov. " Then thou art damn'd."

Sim. Eh!

Rov. Ay! " like an ill-roaſted egg—all on one ſide."—Little Hoſpitality. (*looking out.*)

Enter Farmer GAMMON.

Gam. Eh, where's the ſhowman that wants to hire my barn? So, madam Jane, I place her out to ſarvice, and inſtead of attending her miſtreſs, ſhe gets galloping all about the village,—How's this, ſon?

Rov. " Your ſon? Young Clodpate, take him to your wheat-ſtack, and there teach him manners."

Gam. Ah, thou'rt the fellow that would bolt out of the dirty roads into people's houſes. Ho, ho, ho! Sim's ſchooling is mightily thrown away, if he hasn't more manners than thou.

Sim.

Sim. Why, feyther, it is! Gadzooks, he be one of the play! Acted Tom Fool, in King Larry, at Lymington, to'ther night—I thought I know'd the face, thof he had a ſtraw cap, and a blanket about'n—Ho, ho! how comical that was, when you ſaid—

Rov. "Pillicock ſat upon Pillicock hill, pil—"i—loo, loo!"

Sim. That's it! That's it! He's at it! (*claps*) laugh, feyther, laugh.

Gam. Hold your tongue, boy! I believe he's no better than he ſhould be. The moment I ſaw him, ſays I to myſelf, you are a rogue.

Rov. There you ſpoke truth for once in your life.

Gam. I'm glad to hear you confeſs it. But her ladyſhip ſhall have the vagrants whipt out of the country.

Rov. Vagrant! "Thou wretch! deſpite o'er-"whelm thee!" "Only ſquint, and by heaven, "I'll beat thy blown body 'till it rebounds like a "tennis ball."

Sim. Beat my feyther! No, no. Thou muſt firſt beat me. (*puts himſelf in a poſture of defence.*)

Rov. (*with feeling.*) "Tho' love cool, friend-"ſhip fall off, brothers divide, ſubjects rebel, "Oh! never let the ſacred bond be crackt 'twixt "ſon and father!"—I never knew a father's protection, never had a father to protect. (*puts his handkerchief to his eyes.*)

Sim. He's not acting now!

Enter LANDLORD, *with a Book, Pen, and Ink.*

Gam. Landlord, is this Mr. Lamp here?

Land.

Land. I've juſt opened a bottle for him and the other gentleman in the parlour.

Rov. " Go, father, with thy ſon; give him a " livery more guarded than his fellows."

Sim. Livery! Why, I be no ſarvant man, tho' ſiſter Jane is. Gi's thy hand. (*To Rover*) I don't know how 'tis; but I think I could loſe my life for thee; but musn't let feyther be beat tho'—No, no! (*Going, turns and looks at Rover.*) Ecod, I never ſhall forget Pillicock upon a hill!

[*Exeunt Farmer Gammon, and Sim.*

Rov. " Thou art an honeſt reptile;" I'll make my entrée on the London boards in Bayes; yes, I ſhall have no compariſon againſt me. " Egad, " it's very hard, that a gentleman, and an au- " thor can't come to teach them, but he muſt " break his noſe, and—and—all that—but—ſo " the players are gone to dinner."

Land. No ſuch people frequent the ſun, I aſſure you.

Rov. " Sun, moon, and ſtars!—Now mind the eclipſe, Mr. Johnſon.

Land. I heard nothing of it, Sir.

Rov. " There's the ſun between the earth and " the moon—there's the moon between the earth " and the ſun, tol, lol, lol! dance the hay! luna " means to ſhew her tail."

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Two gentlemen in the parlour wou'd ſpeak with you, Sir.

Rov. " I attend them, were they twenty times our mother."

Land. Sir, you go in the ſtage; as we book the paſſengers, what name?

Rov.

Rov. "I am the bold Thunder,"
Land. (*writing*) Mr. Thunder.

[*Exit Rover.*

Enter JOHN DORY.

John. I want two places in the ſtage coach, becauſe I and another gentleman are going a voyage.

Land. Juſt two vacant, what name?

John. Avaſt! I go aloft. But let's ſee who'll be my maſter's meſs mates in the cabin: (*reads*) "Captain Muccolah, Counſellor Fazacherly, Miſs "Goſling, Mr. Thunder." What's this? ſpeak man! is there one of that name going?

Land. Booked him this minute.

John. If our voyage ſhould be at an end before we begin it?---if this Mr. Thunder ſhould be my maſter's ſon!---what rate is this veſſel?

Land. Rate!---

John. What ſort of a gentleman is he?

Land. Oh! a rum ſort of a gentleman; I ſuſpect he's one of the players.

John. True; Sam ſaid it was ſome player's people coaxed him away from Portſmouth ſchool. It muſt be the 'ſquire---ſhew me where he's moored, my old purſer. [*Exit. ſinging, and Landlord following.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Inn.

LAMP *and* TRAP (*diſcovered drinking*).

Trap. This ſame farmer Gammon ſeems a ſurly ſpark.

Lamp.

Lamp. No matter. His barn will hold a good 30l. and if I can but engage this young fellow, this Rover, he'll cram it every night he plays. He's certainly a deviliſh good actor. Now, Trap, you muſt enquire out a carpenter, and be briſk about the building. I think we ſhall have ſmart buſineſs, as we ſtand ſo well for pretty women too. Oh, here is Mr. Rover!

Trap. Snap him at any terms.

Enter ROVER.

Rov. Gentlemen, your moſt obedient---The waiter told me——

Lamp. Sir, to our better acquaintance. (*fills.*)

Rov. I don't recollect having the honour of knowing you.

Lamp. Mr. Rover, tho' I am a ſtranger to you, your merit is none to me.

Rov. Sir! (*bows.*)

Lamp. My name is Lamp; I am manager of the company of comedians that's come down here, and Mr. Trap is my treaſurer; engages performers, ſticks bills, finds properties, keeps box-book, prompts plays, and takes the towns.

Trap. The moſt reputable company, and charming money getting circuit. (*apart to Rover*).

Rov. I Hav'nt a doubt, Sir.

Lamp. Only ſuffer me to put up your name to play with us ſix nights, and twelve guineas are yours.

Rov. Sir, I thank you, and muſt confeſs your offer is liberal; but my friends have flattered me into a ſort of opinion that encourages me to take a touch at the capital.

Lamp. Ah, my dear Mr. Rover, a London Theatre is dangerous ground.

Rov. Why, I may fail, and gods may groan and ladies drawl, "La, what an awkward creature!" But ſhould I top my part, then ſhall gods applaud, and ladies ſigh "The charming fellow!" and managers take me by the hand, and treaſurers ſmile upon me as they count the ſhining guineas!

Lamp. But, ſuppoſe—

Rov. Ay, ſuppoſe the contrary; I have a certain friend here, in my coat pocket (*puts his hand in his pocket.*) Eh! where is---oh, the devil! I gave it to diſcharge my kind hoſt---going for London, and not maſter of five ſhillings! then I muſt engage here. (*aſide*) "Sir, to return to the twenty pounds."

Lamp. Twenty pounds! Well, let it be ſo.

Rov. I engage with you; call a rehearſal, when and where you pleaſe, I'll attend.

Lamp. I'll ſtep for the caſt-book, and you ſhall chooſe your characters.

Trap. And, Sir, I'll write out the play-bills directly. [*Exeunt Lamp and Trap.*

Rov. Since I muſt remain here ſome time, and I've not the moſt diſtant hope of ever ſpeaking to this goddeſs again; I wiſh I had enquired her name, that I might know how to keep out of her way.

Enter JOHN DORY, *and* LANDLORD.

Land. There's the gentleman.

John. Very well. [*Exit Landlord.* What cheer, ho! maſter ſquire?

Rov. What Cheer! my hearty!

John.

John. The very face of his father! And an't you aſham'd of yourſelf?

Rov. Why, yes, I am ſometimes.

John. Do you know, if I had you at the gang-way, I'd give you a neater dozen than ever you got from your ſchoolmaſter's cat-a-nine tails?

Rov. You woudn't ſure?

John. I wou'd ſure.

Rov. Indeed?—Pleaſant enough! who is this genius?

John. I've diſpatched a ſhallop to tell Lady Amaranth you're here.

Rov. You hav'nt?

John. I have.

Rov. Now, who the devil's Lady Amaranth..

John. I expect her chariot every moment, and when it comes, you'll get into it, and I'll get into it, and I'll ſet you down genteely at her houſe; then I'll have obeyed my orders, and I hope your father will be ſatisfied.

Rov. My father! who's he, pray?

John. Pſhaw! leave off your fun, and prepare to aſk his pardon.

Rov. Ha, ha, ha! Why, my worthy friend, you are totally wrong in this affair. Upon my word I'm not the perſon you take me for.

(*going.*)

John. You don't go, tho' they have got your name down in the ſtage coach book, Mr. Thunder.

Rov. Mr. Thunder! Stage coach book! (*pauſes.*) Ha, ha, ha! This muſt be ſome curious blunder.

John. Oh! my lad, your father, Sir George, will change your note.

Rov. He muſt give me one firſt. Sir George!

then my father is a knight it ſeems; ha, ha, ha! very good faith! 'pon my honour, I am not the gentleman that you think me.

John. I ought not to think you any gentleman for giving your honour in a falſehood. Oh! them play actors you went amongſt have quite ſpoiled you. I wiſh only one of e'm wou'd come in my way. I'd teach 'em to bring a gentleman's ſon tramboozing about the country.

Enter STAGE COACHMAN.

Coach. Any paſſengers here for the balloon coach?

Rov. I was going; "but by the care of ſtanders by, prevented was."

John. Ay; that was my care—I don't ſail either, ſo you may weigh anchor without us.

[*Exit Coachman.*

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Her ladyſhip's chariot's at the door, and I fancy it's you, Sir, the coachman wants.

[*Exit Waiter.*

John. Yes, it's me. I attend your honor.

Rov. Then you inſiſt on it that I am——

John. I inſiſt on nothing, only you ſhall come.

Rov. Indeed! Shall! "Hear you this tritons of the minows? Mark you his abſolute Shall?" Shall is a word that does not ſound over agreeable to my ears.

John. Does a pretty girl ſound well to your ear?

Rov. "More muſic in the clink of her horſes hoofs

hoofs than twenty hautboys." Why, is this Lady Thing-o-me, pretty?

John. Beautiful as a mermaid, and ſtately as a ſhip under ſail.

Rov. A beautiful woman!—"Oh, ſuch a ſight! talk of a coronation."

John. Coronation! zounds! what are you thinking of?

Rov. "I was thinking of a ſide-ſaddle."

John. Side-ſaddle! why, we go in a coach.

Rov. I've a mind to humour the frolic—Well, well, I'll ſee your mermaid. But then on the inſtant of my appearance the miſtake muſt be diſcovered. (*aſide.*) Hearky, is this father of mine you talk of at this lady's?

John. No. Your father's in chace of the deſerters. I find he's afraid to face the old one, ſo, if I tell him he won't go with me. (*aſide.*) No, no, we ſhant ſee him in a hurry.

Rov. Then I'll venture. Has the lady ever ſeen me?

John. Pſha! none of your jokes man; you know that her ladyſhip, no more than myſelf, has ſet eyes upon you ſince you were the bigneſs of a Rumbo Canakin.

Rov. The choice is made, I have my Ranger's dreſs, in my trunk, "Couſin of Buckingham, thou ſage, grave man!"

John. What?

Rov. "Since you will buckle fortune on my "back, to bear her burthen, whether I will or "no, I muſt have patience to endure the load? "but if black ſcandal, or foul faced"——

John. Black! my foul face was as fair as your's before I went to ſea.

Rov. "Your mere enforcement ſhall acquit-"tance me."

John.

John. Man, don't ſtand preaching parſon Palmer—come to the chariot.

Rov. Ay, to the chariot! "Bear me, Bucephalus, among the billows,—hey! for the Tygris!" [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

LADY AMARANTH'S *Houſe.*

Enter LADY AMARANTH, *and* EPHRAIM SMOOTH.

LADY AMARANTH.

THO' thou haſt ſettled that diſtreſſed gentleman's debt, let his ſiſter come unto me, and remit a quarter's rent unto all my tenants.

Eph. As thou biddeſt, I have diſcharged from the pound the widow's cattle; but ſhall I let the lawſuit drop againſt the farmer's ſon, who did ſhoot the pheaſant?

Lady Am. Yea; but inſtantly turn from my ſervice the gamekeeper's man that did kill the fawn, while it was eating from his hand. We ſhou'd hate guile, tho we may love veniſon.

Eph. I love a young doe,—(*aſide*) Since the death of friend Dovehouſe, who, tho' one of the faithful, was an active magiſtrate, this part of the country is infeſted with covetous men, called robbers, and I have in thy name ſaid unto the

the people, whoever apprehendeth one of theſe, I will reward him, yea with thirty pieces of gold. (*A loud knocking without*). That beating of one braſs againſt another at thy door, proclaimeth the approach of vanity whoſe pride of heart ſwelleth at an empty ſound. [*Exit.*

Lady Am. But my heart is poſſeſſed with the idea of that wandering youth, whoſe benevolence induced him to part with (perhaps) his all, to free the unhappy debtor. His perſon is amiable, his addreſs (according to worldly modes) formed to pleaſe, to delight. But he's poor; is that a crime? Perhaps meanly born; but one good act is an illuſtrious pedigree. I feel I love him, and in that word are contained birth, fame, and riches.

Enter JANE.

Jane. Madam, my lady, an't pleaſe you.—

Lady Am. Didſt thou find the young man, that I may return him the money he paid for my tenant?

Jane. I found him ma'am, and—I found him, and he talked of—what he ſaid.

Lady Am. What did he ſay?

Jane. He ſaw me, ma'am—and called me Blowſabella, and ſaid he would—I'll be hanged, ma'am, if he didn't ſay he would—Now, think of that—but if he hadn't gone to London in the ſtage coach.

Lady Am. Is he gone? (*With emotion.*)

Enter JOHN DORY.

John. Oh, my lady, mayhap John Dory is not.

not the man to be ſent after young gentlemen that ſcamper from ſchool, and run about the country play acting! Pray walk up ſtairs, Maſter Thunder. (*calls off.*)

Lady Am. Haſt thou brought my kinſman hither?

John. Well, I havn't then.

Jane. If you havn't, what do you make ſuch a talk about it?

John. Don't give me your palaver—Will you only walk up, if you pleaſe, Maſter Harry?

Jane. Will you walk up if you pleaſe, Maſter Harry?

Lady Am. Friendſhip requireth, yet I am not diſpoſed to commune with company.—(*aſide.*)

Jane. Oh, bleſs me, ma'am! if it isn't—

Enter ROVER, *dreſt.*

Rov. "'Tis I, Hamlet the Dane!"—"Thus far, into the bowels of the land, have we march'd on."—"John, that bloody and devouring boar!"

John. He called me bull in the coach.

Jane. I don't know what brought ſuch a bull into the coach!

Rov. This the lady Amaranth!—By heavens, the very angel quaker!

Lady Am. (*Turns.*) The dear, generous youth, my couſin Harry!

John. There he's for you, my lady, and make the moſt of him.

Jane. Oh, how happy my lady is! he looks ſo charming now he's fine.

John. Harky! ſhe's as rich as a Spaniſh India-

man, and I tell you, your father wiſhes you'd grapple her by the heart—court her, you mad devil. (*apart to Rover.*) There's an engagement to be between theſe two veſſels; but little cupid's the only man that's to take minutes, ſo come. (*to Jane.*)

Jane. Ma'am, an't I to wait on you?

John. No, my laſs, you're to wait on me.

Jane. Wait on this great ſea-bull! am I ma'am?

John. By this, Sir George is come to the inn,—without letting the younker know I'll go bring him here, and ſmuggle both father and ſon into a joyful meeting. (*aſide.*)—(*To Jane.*) Come now uſher me down like a lady.

Jane. This way, Mr. Sailor Gentleman.

[*Exeunt John Dory and Jane.*

Rov. By heavens a moſt delectable woman!

(*aſide.*)

Lady Am. Couſin, when I ſaw thee in the village free the ſheep from the wolf, why did'ſt not tell me then thou wert ſon to my uncle, Sir George?

Rov. Becauſe, my lady, then I—didn't know it myſelf—(*aſide.*)

Lady Am. Why wou'dſt thou vex thy father, and quit thy ſchool.

Rov. "A truant diſpoſition, good, my lady, brought me from Wirtemberg."

Lady Am. Thy father deſigns thee for his dangerous profeſſion; but is thy inclination turned to the voice of trumpets, and ſmites of mighty ſlaughter?

Rov. "Why, ma'am, as for old Boreas, my "dad, when the blaſt of war blows in his ears, "he's a tyger in his fierce reſentment."—But for

for me, "I think it a pity, and ſo it is, that "villainous ſaltpetre ſhould be digg'd out of the "bowels of the harmleſs earth, which many a "good tall fellow has deſtroyed, with wounds "and guns, and drums, heaven ſave the mark!"

Lady Am. Indeed thou art tall, my couſin, and grown of comely ſtature. Our families have long been ſeparated.

Rov. They have.—Since Adam, I believe—(*aſide.*) "Then, lady, let that ſweet bud of "love now ripen to a beauteous flower!"

Lady Am. Love!

Rov. "Excellent lady! perdition catch my "ſoul, but I do love thee, and when I love "thee not, Chaos is come again."

Lady Am. Thou art of an happy diſpoſition.

Rov. "If I were now to die, 'twere now to "be moſt happy." "Let our ſenſes dance in "concert to the joyful minutes, and this and this "the only diſcord make." (*kiſſes her hand.*)

Enter JANE, *with cake and wine.*

Jane. Ma'am, an't pleaſe you, Mr. Zachariah bid me—

Rov. "Why, you fancy yourſelf Cardinal "Wolſey in this family."

Jane. No, ſir, I'm not a Cardinal, I'm only my lady's maid here—Jenny Gammon, at your ſervice.

Rov. "A bowl of cream for your Catholic Majeſty."

Jane. Cream! La, Sir, it's wine and water.

Rov. "You get no water, take the wine, great Potentate."—(*Preſents a glaſs to Lady Amaranth.*)

Jane.

Jane. Madam, my father begs leave—

Rov. "Go, go, thou ſhallow Pomona."—*(puts her out.)* Eh, s'death! my manager!

Enter FARMER GAMMON, *and* LAMP.

Gam. I hope her ladyſhip hasn't found out 'twas I had Banks arreſted. (*aſide.*)—Would your ladyſhip give leave for this here honeſt man and his comrade to act a few plays in the town, 'cauſe I've let'n my barn. 'Twill be ſome little help to me my lady.

Rov. I underſtand more of theſe affairs than ladies do Leave me to ſettle 'em, madam.

Lady Am. True; theſe are deluſions, as a woman, I underſtand not. But by my couſins advice I will abide; aſk his permiſſion.

Gam. So; I muſt pay my reſpects to the young Squire. (*aſide.*) An't pleaſe your honour, if a poor man like me (*bows*) durſt offer my humble duty——

Rov. "Can'ſt thou bow to a Vagrant." Eh, Little Hoſpitality?

(*Farmer Gammon looks at him and ſneaks off.*

Lamp. Pleaſe your honour, if I may preſume to hope you'll be graciouſly pleaſed to take our little ſquad under your honor's protection.

Rov. Ha!

Lady Am. What ſaiſt thou, Henry?

Rov. Ay, where's Henry? True, that's me. Strange I ſhould already forget my name, and not half an hour ſince I was chriſtened! (*aſide*) Harky! do you play yourſelf? Eh! Ha! Hem! fellow?

Lamp. Yes, Sir; and Sir, I have juſt now engaged a new actor, one Mr. Rover. Such an actor! but

but I dare ſay, Sir, you've heard of Mr. Rover.

Rov. Eh! What! you've engaged that—what's his name, Rover? If ſuch is your beſt actor, you ſhant have my permiſſion. My dear madam, the worſt fellow in the world. Get along out of the town, or I'll have all of you, man, woman, child, ſtick, rag, and fiddle-ſtick, clapt into the whirligig.

Lady Am. Good man, abide not here.

Rov. Eh! What my friend? Now, indeed, if this new actor you brag of, this crack of your company, was any thing like a gentleman.

Lamp. (*Surpriſed*) It isn't!

Rov. It is. My good friend, if I was really the unfortunate poor ſtrolling dog you thought me, I ſhou'd tread your four boards, and crow the cock of your barn door fowl; but as fate has ordained that I'm a gentleman, and ſon to Sir, —Sir, what the devil's my father's name? (*aſide*) you muſt be content to murder Shakſpeare without making me an accomplice.

Lamp. But, my moſt gentle Sir, I, and my treaſurer, Trap, have trumpeted your fame ten miles round the country:—the bills are poſted, the ſtage built, the candles book'd, fiddles engaged; all on the tip-top of expectation. We ſhou'd have to-morrow night an overflow, ay, thirty pounds. Dear, worthy Sir, you wou'dn't go to ruin a whole community and their families, that now depend only on the exertion of your brilliant talents.

Rov. Eh! I never was uniform but in one maxim, that is, tho' I do little good, to hurt nobody but myſelf.

Lady Am. Since thou haſt promiſed, much as I prize my adherence to thoſe cuſtoms in which I

was

was brought up, thou ſhalt not ſully thy honor by a breach of thy word; for truth is more ſhining than beaten gold. Play, if it can bring good to theſe people.

Rov. Shall I?

Lady Am. This falleth out well; for I have bidden all the wealthy people round unto my houſe-warming, and theſe pleaſantries may afford them a cheerful and innocent entertainment.

Rov. True, my lady; your gueſts an't quakers, tho' you are; and when we aſk people to our houſe, we ſtudy to pleaſe them, not ourſelves. But if we do furniſh up a play or two, the muſes ſha'n't honor that churliſh fellow's barn. The God that illumines the ſoul of genius ſhou'd never viſit the iron door of inhumanity. No Gammon's barn for me!—

Lady Am. Barn! that gallery ſhall be thy theatre; and, in ſpite of the grave doctrines of Ephraim Smooth, my friends and I will behold and rejoice in thy pranks, my pleaſant couſin.

Rov. My kind, my charming lady! Hey, brighten up, bully Lamp, carpenters, taylor, manager, diſtribute your box tickets for my lady's gallery.—"Come, gentle coz,"

"The actors are at hand, and by their ſhew
"You ſhall know all
"That you are like to know."

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Inn.

Enter HARRY, *in a riding dreſs, and* MUZ *in a Livery.*

Har. Tho' I went back to Portſmouth academy with a contrite heart to reſume my ſtudies; yet, from my father's angry letter, I dread a woeful ſtorm at our firſt meeting. I fancy the people at this inn don't recollect me; it reminds me of my pleaſant friend, poor Jack Rover; I wonder where he is now.

Muz. And it brings to my memory a certain ſtray-vaguing acquaintance of mine, poor Dick Buſkin.

Har. Ha, ha, ha! Then I deſire, Sir, you'll turn Dick Buſkin again out of your memory.

Muz. Can't, Sir. The dear good-natur'd, wicked——beg your honor's pardon.

Har. Oh, but Muz, you muſt, as ſoon as I'm dreſs'd, ſtep out and enquire whoſe houſe is this my father's at; I did not think he had any acquaintance in this part of the country. Sound what humour he's in, and how the land lies, before I venture in his preſence.

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Sir, the room is ready for you to dreſs. [*Exit.*

Har. I ſhall only throw off my boots, and you'll ſhake a little powder in my hair.

Muz.

Muz. Then, hey, puff, I ſhoulder my curling irons. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir GEORGE THUNDER, *and* LANDLORD.

Sir Geo. I can hear nothing of theſe deſerters; yet, by my firſt intelligence, they'll not venture up to London. They muſt ſtill be lurking about the country. Landlord, have any ſuſpicious perſons put in at your houſe?

Land. Yes, ſir; now and then.

Sir Geo. What do you do with them?

Land. Why, Sir, when a man calls for liquor, that I think has no money, I make him pay before-hand.

Sir Geo. Damn your liquor, you ſelf-intereſted porpoiſe! Chatter your own private concerns, when the public good, or fear of general calamity ſhou'd be the only compaſs. Theſe fellows that I'm in purſuit of have run from their ſhips; if our navy's unmann'd, what becomes of you and your houſe, you cormorant?

Land. This is a very abuſive ſort of a gentleman; but he has a full pocket, or he wou'dn't be ſo ſaucy. (*aſide.*) [*Exit.*

Sir Geo. This raſcal, I believe, doesn't know I'm Sir George Thunder. Winds ſtill variable, blow my affairs right athwart each other.—To know what's become of my runagate ſon Harry, and there my rich lady niece, preſſing and ſqueezing up the noble plumage of our illuſtrious family in her little, mean quaker bonnet; but I muſt up to town after—S'blood, when I catch my ſon Harry!—Oh, here's John Dory.

Enter

Enter JOHN DORY.

Have you taken the places in the London coach for me?

John. Hahoy! your honor, is that yourſelf?

Sir G. No, I'm beſide myſelf—heard any thing of my ſon?—

John. What's o'clock?

Sir G. What do you talk of clocks or time-pieces—All glaſſes reck'ning, and log-line are run wild with me.

John. If its two, your ſon is at this moment walking with Lady Amaranth in her garden.

Sir G. With Lady Amaranth!

John. If half after, they're caſt anchor to reſt themſelves amongſt the poſies; if three, they're got up again; if four, they're picking a bit of cramm'd fowl; and, if half after, they're cracking walnuts over a bottle of Calcavella.

Sir G. My ſon! my dear friend, where did you find him?

John. Why, I found him where he was, and I left him where he is.

Sir G. What, and he came to Lady Amaranth's?

John. No; but I brought him there from this houſe in her ladyſhip's chariot. I won't tell him maſter Harry went among the players, or he'd never forgive him. (*aſide*) Oh! ſuch a merry, civil, crazy, crack-brain! the very picture of your honor.

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! What, he's in high ſpirits? ha, ha, ha! the dog! (*joyfully*) But I hope he had diſcretion enough to throw a little gravity over his mad humour, before his prudent couſin.

John. He threw himſelf on his knees before her, and that did quite as well.

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! made love to her already! Oh, the impudent, the cunning villain! What, and may be he—

John. Indeed he did gave her a ſmack.

Sir G. Me; ha, ha, ha!

John. Oh, he's your's! a chip of the old block.

Sir G. He is! he is! ha, ha, ha!

John. Oh, he threw his arms around her, as eager as I would to catch a falling decanter of Madeira.

Sir G. Huzza! victoria! Here will be a junction of two bouncing eſtates! but, confound the money. John, you ſhall have a bowl for a jolly boat to ſwim in; roll in here a puncheon of rum, a hogſhead of ſugar, ſhake an orchard of oranges, and let the landlord drain his fiſh-pond yonder. (*ſings*) "A bumper! a bumper of good liquor,"

John. Then, my good maſter, Sir George, I'll order a bowl in, ſince you are in the humour for it—"We'll dance a little, and ſing a little" [*Exit ſinging.*

Sir G. And ſo the wild rogue is this inſtant rattling up her prim ladyſhip. Eh, isn't this he? Left her already!

Enter HARRY *dreſt.*

Har. I muſt have forgot my cane in this room —My father!

Sir G. (*looks at his watch*) Juſt half after four! Why, Harry, you've made great haſte in cracking your walnuts.

Har. Yes; he's heard of my frolics with the players.

players. (*aſide*) Dear father, if you'll but forgive—

Sir G. Why, indeed, Harry, your running away was not well—I've heard all, you've acted very bad.

Har. Sir, it ſhould be conſidered I was but a novice.

Sir G. However, I ſhall think of nothing now but for your benefit.

Har. Very odd his approving of—I ſuppoſe he means to let me have my frolic out. (*aſide*) I thank you, Sir, but if agreeable to you, I've done with benefits.

Sir G. If I wasn't the beſt of fathers, you might indeed hope for none; but no matter, if you can get but the Fair Quaker.

Har. Or the Humours of the Navy, Sir?

Sir G. What! how dare you reflect on the humours of the navy? The navy has very good humours, or I'd never ſee your dog's face again, you villain! But I'm cool,—Eh, boy, a ſnug eaſy chariot?

Har. I'll order it. Waiter, deſire my father's carriage to draw up. (*calls off*)

Sir G. Mine, you rogue! I've none here. I mean Lady Amaranth's.

Har. Yes Sir, Lady Amaranth's chariot! (*calling off*)

Sir G. What are you at? I mean that which you left this houſe in.

Har. Chariot! Sir, I left this houſe on foot.

Sir G. What, with John Dory?

Har. No, Sir, with Jack Rover.

Sir G. Why, John has been a rover to be ſure; but now he's ſettled ſince I've made him my valet de chambre.

Har. Make him your valet! Why, Sir, where did you meet him?

Sir G. I met him on board, and I met him on ſhore, the cabbin, ſteerage, gallery, and fore-caſtle. He ſailed round the world with me.

Har. Strange this Sir! certainly I underſtood he had been in the Eaſt Indies; but he never told me he even knew you; but, indeed, he knew me only by the name of Dick Buſkin.

Sir G Then how came he to bring you to Lady Amaranth's?

Har. Bring me where, Sir?

Sir G. Anſwer me, are not you now come from her Ladyſhip's?

Har. Me? Not I.

Sir G. Ha! this is a lie of John's to enhance his own ſervices. Then, you have not been there?

Har. There! I don't know where you mean, Sir.

Sir G. Yes; 'tis all a brag of John's, but I'll—

Enter JOHN DORY.

John. The rum and ſugar is ready; but as for the fiſh-pond—

Sir G. I'll kick you into it, you thirſty old grampus.

John. Will you? Then I'll make a comical roaſted orange.

Sir G. How dare you ſay you brought my ſon to Lady Amaranth's.

John. And who ſays I did not?

Sir G. He that beſt ſhou'd know; only Dick Buſkin here. (*ironically*)

John.

John. Then, Dick Buckſkin might find ſome other amuſement than ſhooting off his guns here.

Sir G. Did you bring my ſon to Lady Amaranth's in her chariot?

John. And to be ſure I did.

Sir G. There, what do you ſay to that?

Har. I ſay its falſe.

John. Falſe! Shiver my hulk, Mr. Buckſkin, if you wore a lion's ſkin, I'd curry you for this.

[*Exit. in a rage.*

Sir G. No, no, John's honeſt, I ſee thro' it now. The puppy has ſeen her, perhaps he has the impudence not to like her, and ſo blows up this confuſion and perplexity only to break off a marriage that I've ſet my heart on.

Har. What does he mean? Sir, I'll aſſure you—

Sir G. Damn your aſſurance, you diſobedient, ungrateful—I'll not part with you 'till I confront you with Lady Amaranth herſelf face to face, and if I prove you've been deceiving me, I'll launch you into the wide ocean of life without rudder, compaſs, grog, or tobacco.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

LADY AMARANTH'S *Houſe.*

Enter LADY AMARANTH, *reading.*

LADY AMARANTH.

THE fanciful flights of my pleaſant couſin enchant my ſenſes. This book he gave me to read containeth good moral. The man Shakſpeare that did write it, they call immortal; he muſt indeed have been filled with a divine ſpirit. I underſtand, from my couſin, the origin of plays were religious myſteries; that, freed from the ſuperſtition of early, and the groſsneſs of latter ages, the ſtage is now the vehicle of delight and morality. If ſo, to hear a good play, is taking the wholeſome draught of precept from a golden cup, emboſs'd with gems; yet, my giving countenance to have one in my houſe, and even to act in it myſelf, prove the aſcendency that my dear Harry hath over my heart—Ephraim Smooth is much ſcandalized at theſe doings.

Enter

Enter EPHRAIM SMOOTH.

Eph. This manſion is now the tabernacle of Baal.

Lady Am. Then abide not in it.

Eph. 'Tis full of the wicked ones.

Lady Am. Stay not amongſt the wicked ones. (*loud laughing without*)

Eph. I muſt ſhut mine ears.

Lady Am. And thy mouth alſo, good Ephraim. I have bidden my couſin Henry to my houſe, and I will not ſet bounds to his mirth to gratify thy ſpleen, and ſhew mine own inhoſpitality.

Eph. Why doſt thou ſuffer him to put into the hands of thy ſervants books of tragedies, and books of comedies, prelude, interlude, yea, all lewd. My ſpirit doth wax wrath. I ſay unto thee, a play-houſe is the ſchool for the old dragon, and a play-book, the primmer of Belzebub.

Lady Am. This is one; mark! (*reads*) "Not "the King's crown, nor the deputed ſword, the "marſhall's truncheon, nor the judge's robe, "become them with one half ſo good a grace as "mercy doth. Oh, think on that, and mercy "then will breathe within your lips like man "new made!" Doth Belzebub ſpeak ſuch words?

Eph. Thy kinſman hath made all the ſervants actors.

Lady Am. To act well is good ſervice.

Eph. Here cometh the damſel for whom my heart yearneth. (*aſide*)

Enter

Enter JANE, (*reading*).

Jane. Oh, Ma'am, his honor the ſquire, ſays the play's to be "As you like it."

Eph. I like it not.

Jane. He's given me my character. I'm to be miſs Audrey, and brother Sims's to be William of the foreſt as it were. But how am I to get my part by heart?

Lady Am. By often reading it.

Jane. Well, I don't know but that's as good a way as any. But I muſt ſtudy it. "The gods "give us joy." [*Exit.*

Eph. Thy maidens ſkip like young kids.

Lady Am. Then do thou go ſkip with them.

Eph. Mary, thou ſhou'd'ſt be obeyed in thine own houſe, and I will do thy bidding.

Lady Am. Ah, thou hypocrite! To obey is eaſy when the heart commands.

Enter ROVER.

Rover. Oh, my charming couſin, how agree you and Roſalind? Are you almoſt perfect? "Eh, what, all a-mort, old Clytus?" "Why, "you're like an angry fiend broke in among the "laughing gods."—Come, come, I'll have nothing here, but, "quips and cranks and wreath-"ed ſmiles, ſuch as dwell on Hebe's cheek." (*looking at Lady Amaranth*)

Lady Am. He ſays we mus'n't have this amuſement.

Rov. "But I'm a voice potential, double as "the Duke's, and I ſay we muſt."

Eph. Nay.

Rover. Yea: "By Jupiter, I ſwear, aye." (*mitic without*)

Eph.

Eph. I muſt ſhut my ears. The man of ſin rubbeth the hair of the horſe to the bowels of the cat.

Enter LAMP, *with a Violin.*

Lamp. Now, if agreeable to your Ladyſhip, we'll go over your ſong.

Eph. I will go over it. (*ſmathes the book from Lady Amaranth, throws it on the ground, and ſteps on it.*)

Rover. Trample on Shakſpeare! "A ſacri-"legious thief, that, from a ſhelf the precious "diadem ſtole, and put it in his pocket!" (*takes up the book and preſents it to Lady Amaranth*) Si-lence, "thou owl of Crete," and hear the "Cuckoo's ſong."

Lady Am. To practice it I'm content.

(*Lamp begins to play. Ephraim joſtles him, and puts him out of tune.*)

Lamp. Why, what's that for, my dear ſir?

Eph. Friend, this is a land of freedom, and I've as much right to move my elbow, as thou haſt to move thine. (*Rover puſhes him*) Why doſt thou ſo friend?

Rov. "Friend, this is a land of freedom, and "I have as much right to move my elbow, as "thou haſt to move thine." (*ſhoves Ephraim out*) "Verily, I could ſmite that Amalekite 'till the "going down of the ſun."

Lady Am. But, Harry, do your people of fa-ſhion act theſe follies themſelves.

Rov. Ay, and ſcramble for the top parts as eager as for ſtar, ribband, place or penſion; and no wonder, for a good part in a play is the firſt good character ſome of them ever had.—Lamp, decorate the ſeats out ſmart and theatrical, and

drill the ſervants that I've giv'n the ſmall parts to— [*Exit Lamp.*

Lady Am. I wiſhed for ſome entertainment, (in which gay people now take delight) to pleaſe thoſe I have invited; but we'll convert theſe follies into a charitable purpoſe. Tickets for this day ſhall be delivered unto my friends gratis; but money to their amount, I will, (after rewarding our aſſiſtants) diſtribute amongſt the indigent of the village. Thus, whilſt we pleaſe ourſelves, and perhaps amuſe our friends, we ſhall make the poor happy. [*Exit.*

Rov. An angel! If Sir George doesn't ſoon arrive to blow me, I may, I think, marry her angelic ladyſhip; but will that be honeſt; ſhe's nobly born, tho' I ſuſpect I had anceſtors too if I knew who they were. I certainly entered this houſe the pooreſt wight in England, and what muſt ſhe imagine when I am diſcover'd? That I am a ſcoundrel; and, conſequently, tho' I ſhould poſſeſs her hand and fortune, inſtead of loving, ſhe'll deſpiſe me——(*ſits*) I want a friend now, to conſult—deceive her I will not. Poor Dick Buſkin wants money more than myſelf, yet this is a meaſure I'm ſure he'd ſcorn. No, no, I muſt not.

Enter HARRY.

Har. Now I hope my paſſionate father will be convinced this is the firſt time I was ever under this roof. Eh, what beau is here? Aſtoniſhing! My old ſtrolling friend! (*unperceived, ſits by Rover*)

Rov. Heigho! I don't know what to do.

Har. (*in the ſame tone*) "Nor what to ſay."

Rov.

Rov. (*turns*) Dick Buſkin! My dear fellow! Ha, ha, ha! Talk of the devil, and—I was juſt thinking of you—'pon my ſoul, Dick, I'm ſo happy to ſee you. (*ſhakes hands cordially*)

Har. But, Jack, eh, perhaps you found me out.

Rov. Found you! I'm ſure I wonder how the deuce you found me out. Ah, the news of my intended play has brought you.

Har. He doesn't know as yet who I am, ſo I'll carry it on. (*aſide*) Then you too have broke your engagement with Truncheon at Wincheſter; figuring it away in your ſtage cloaths too. Really tell us what you are at here, Jack.

Rov. Will you be quiet with your Jacking? I'm now Squire Harry.

Har. What?

Rov. I've been preſſed into this ſervice by an old man of war, who found me at the inn, and, inſiſting I'm ſon to a Sir George Thunder, here, in that character, I flatter myſelf I have won the heart of the charming lady of this houſe.

Har. Now the myſtery's out. (*aſide*) Then it's my friend Jack has been brought here for me. Do you know the young man they take you for?

Rov. No; but I'm proud to ſay he is honored in his repreſentative.

Har. Upon my ſoul, Jack, you're a very high fellow. Ha, ha, ha!

Rov. I am, now I can put ſome pounds in your pocket; you ſhall be employed—we're getting up "As You Like It". Let's ſee, in the caſt, have I a part for you—I'll take Touchſtone from Lamp, you ſhall have it, my boy; I'll

reſign Orlando to you with any other Roſalind: but the lady of the manſion plays it herſelf.

Har. The very lady my father intended for me. (*aſide*) Do you love her, Jack?

Rov. To diſtraction; but I'll not have her.

Har. No! Why?

Rov. She thinks me a gentleman, and I'll not convince her I am a raſcal. I'll go on with our play, as the produce is appropriated to a good purpoſe, and then lay down my ſquireſhip, bid adieu to my heavenly Roſalind, and exit for ever from her houſe, poor Jack Rover.

Har. The generous fellow I ever thought him, and he ſha'n't loſe by it. If I could make him believe—(*aſide*; *pauſes*) Ha, ha, ha! Well, this is the moſt whimſical affair! You've anticipated, ſuperceded me, ha, ha, ha! You'll ſcarce believe that I'm come here too (purpoſely tho') to paſs myſelf for this young Henry.

Rov. No!

Har. I am.

Sir G. (*without*) Harry, where are you?

Rov. Eh! Who's that?

Har. Ha, ha, ha! I'll try it, my father will be curſedly vex'd; but no other way. (*aſide*)

Rov. Somebody call'd Harry—"If the real Simon Pure" ſhou'd be arrived, I'm in a fine way.

Har. Be quiet—that's my confederate.

Rov. Eh!

Har. He's to perſonate the father, Sir George Thunder. He ſtarted the ſcheme having heard that a union was intended, and Sir George not immediately expected—our plan is, if I can, before his arrival, flouriſh myſelf into the lady's good graces, and whip her up, as ſhe's an heireſs.

Rov.

Rov. But who is this comrade?

Har. One of my former company, a deviliſh good actor in the old men.

Rov. So, you're turn'd fortune hunter! Oh ho! then 'twas on this plan that you parted with me on the road, ſtanding like a finger-poſt, "you walk up that way, and I walk down this." Why Dick, I did'nt know you were half ſo capital a rogue.

Har. I didn't know my forte lay that way, 'till perſuaded by this experienc'd ſtager.

Rov. He muſt be an impudent old ſcoundrel; who is he? Do I know him?

Har. Why, no—I hope not. (*aſide*)

Rov. I'll ſtep down ſtairs, and have the honor of—I'll kick him.

Har. No, I wou'dn't have him hurt either.

Rov. What's his name?

Har. His name is—is—Abrawang.

Rov. Abrawang! I never heard of him, but, Dick, why wou'd you let him perſuade you to ſuch a ſcandalous affair?

Har. Why faith, I would have been off it; but when once he takes a project into his head, the devil himſelf can't drive him out of it.

Rov. Yes; but the conſtable may drive him into Wincheſter goal.

Har. Eh! Your opinion of our intended exploit has made me aſham'd of myſelf—Ha, ha, ha! Harkey, Jack, to frighten and puniſh my adviſer, do you ſtill keep your character of young ſquire Thunder—you can eaſily do that, as he, no more than myſelf, has ever ſeen the young gentleman.

Rov. But by heavens I'll—"Quoit him down, "Bardolph."

Har.

Har. Yes, but, Jack, if you can marry her, her fortune is a ſnug thing; beſides if you love each other,—I tell you—

Rov. Hang her fortune! "my love more "noble than the world, prizes not quantity of "dirty lands." Oh, Dick, ſhe's the moſt lovely —but you ſhall ſee her, ſhe is female beauty in its genuine decoration. [*Exit.*

Har. Ha, ha, ha! this is the drolleſt—Rover little ſuſpects that I'm the identical ſquire Thunder that he perſonates.—I'll lend him my character a little longer.—Yes, this offers a moſt excellent opportunity of making my poor friend's fortune, without injuring any body; if poſſible he ſhall have her. I can't regret the loſs of charms I never knew, and, as for an eſtate, my father's is competent to all my wiſhes. Lady Amaranth, by marrying Jack Rover, will gain a man of honour, which ſhe might miſs in an Earl—it may teize my father a little at firſt, but he's a good old fellow in the main, and, I think, when he comes to know my motive—Eh! this muſt be ſhe—an elegant woman faith! Now for a little fineſſe to continue her in the belief that Jack is the man ſhe thinks him.

Enter LADY AMARANTH.

Madam, a word if you pleaſe. (*bowing*)

Lady Am. Who art thou, friend?

Har. I've ſcarce time to warn you againſt the danger you are in of being impoſed upon by your uncle, Sir George.

Lady Am. How?

Har. He has heard of your Ladyſhip's partiality for his ſon; but is ſo incenſed at the irregularity of his conduct, that he intends, if poſſible, to diſin-

diſinherit him; and to prevent your honoring him with your hand, has engaged, and brought me hither, to paſs me on you for him, deſigning to treat the poor young gentleman himſelf as an impoſtor, in hopes you'll baniſh him your heart and houſe.

Lady Am. Is Sir George ſuch a parent? I thank thee for thy caution.—What is thy name!

Har. Richard Buſkin, Ma'am; the ſtage is my profeſſion. In the young 'ſquire's late excurſion, we contracted an intimacy, and I ſaw ſo many good qualities in him, that I could not think of being the inſtrument of his ruin, nor deprive your Ladyſhip of ſo good a huſband, as I'm certain he'll make you.

Lady Am. Then Sir George intends to diſown him?

Har. Yes, Ma'am; I've this moment told the young gentleman of it; and he's determined, for a jeſt to return the compliment, by ſeeming to treat Sir George himſelf as an impoſtor.

Lady Am. 'Twill be a juſt retaliation, and, indeed, what my uncle deſerveth for his cruel intentions both to his ſon and me.

Sir G. (*without*) What, has he run away again?

Lady Am. That's mine uncle.

Har. Yes, here is my father; and my ſtanding out that I am not his ſon, will rouze him into the heat of battle, ha, ha, ha! (*aſide*) Here he is, Madam, now mind how he will dub me 'ſquire.

Lady Am. Its well I am prepared, or I might have believed him.

Enter

Enter SIR GEORGE.

Sir G. Well, my Lady, wasn't it my wild rogue ſet you to all the Calcavella capers you've been cutting in the garden? You ſee here I have brought him into the line of battle again—you villain, why do you drop aſtern there? throw a ſalute-ſhot, buſs her bob-ſtays, bring to, and come down ſtraight as a maſt, you dog.

Lady Am. Uncle, who is this?

Sir G. Who is he! Ha, ha, ha! That's an odd queſtion to the fellow that has been three hours with you cracking walnuts.

Lady Am. He is bad at his leſſon.

Sir G. Certainly, when he ran from ſchool—why don't you ſpeak, you lubber? you're curſt modeſt now, but before I came, 'twas all down amongſt the poſies—Here, my Lady, take from a father's hand, Harry Thunder.

Lady Am. That is what I may not.

Sir G. There, I thought you'd diſguſt her, you flat fiſh!

Enter ROVER.

Lady Am. (*taking Rover's hand*) Here uncle, take from my hand, Harry Thunder.

Sir G. Eh! (*ſtaring at Rover*)

Rover. Oh! this is our ſham Sir George? (*apart to Harry*)

Har. Yes; I've been telling the Lady, and ſhe'll ſeem to humour him. (*apart to Rover*)

Rover. I ſhan't tho'. How do you do, Abrawang?

Sir G. Abrawang!

Rov.

Rover. You look like a good actor.—Ay, that's very well, indeed—never loſe ſight of your character—you know, Sir George Thunder is a noiſy, turbulent, wicked old ſeaman.—Angry! bravo! —pout your under lip, purſe your brows—very well! But, dem it, Abrawang, you ſhou'd have put a little red upon your noſe—mind a rule, ever play an angry old man, with a red noſe. That's right! ſtrut about on your little pegs.

Sir G. I'm in ſuch a fury!

Rov. We know that. Your figure is the moſt happy comedy ſquab I ever ſaw, why only ſhew yourſelf, and you ſet the audience in a roar.

Sir G. S'blood and fire!

Rov. "Keep it up, I like fun."

Lady Am. Who is this! (*to Sir George, pointing to Rover*)

Sir G. Some puppy unknown.

Lady Am. And you don't know this gentleman? (*to Rover, pointing to Sir George*)

Rov. Excellently well. "He's a fiſhmonger."

Sir G. A what?

Lady Am. Yes, father and ſon are determined not to know each other.

Rov. Come, Dick, give the lady a ſpecimen of your talents, "Motley's your only wear, ha, "ha, ha! "I met a fool in the foreſt."

Har. Here comes Audrey, "Salutation and "greeting to you all, Trip, trip, apace, good "Audrey."

Enter JANE, (*he takes her arm under his, they trip round, then go up to Sir George.*)

Jane. "La! warrants, what features!" (*to Sir George.*)

Sir G. S'blood, what's this?

Har. "A homely thing, Sir, but ſhe's mine own."

Sir G. Your's? Oh, you moſt audacious—what, this ſlut?

Jane. "I thank the gods for my ſluttiſhneſs."

Lady Am. You know this youth? (*to Rover, pointing to Harry.*)

Rov. "My friend Horatio"—"I wear him in my heart's core, yea in my heart of hearts," as I do thee. (*kiſſes her hand*)

Sir G. Such freedom with my niece before my face! Do you know that lady, do you know my ſon, Sir?

Rov. Be quiet. "Jaffier has diſcover'd the plot, and you can't deceive the Senate."

Har. Yes, my conſcience woudn't let me carry it thro'.

Rov. "Ay, his conſcience hanging about the "neck of his heart, ſays, good Launcelot, and "good Gobbo, as aforeſaid, good Launcelot "Gobbo, take to thy heels and run."

Sir G. Why, my Lady! explain, ſcoundrel, and puppy unknown.

Lady Am. Uncle, I've heard thy father was kind to thee, return that kindneſs to thy child. If the lamb in wanton play doth fall among the waters, the ſhepherd taketh him out, inſtead of plunging him deeper till he dieth. Tho' thy hairs now be grey, I'm told they were once flaxen; in ſhort, he is too old in folly, who cannot excuſe it in youth. [*Exit.*

Sir G. I'm an old fool! Well, that's civil of you, Madam niece, and I'm a grey ſhepherd—with her viſions and her vines, and her lambs in a ditch; but as for you, young Mr. Goat, I'll butt you——

Rov.

Rov. My dear, Abrawang, give up the game —her Ladyſhip, in ſeeming to take you for her uncle, has been only humming you! What the devil, don't you think the fine creature knows her own true born uncle?

Sir G. Certainly; to be ſure ſhe knows me.

Rov. Will you have done? Zounds, man, my honor'd father was here himſelf to day—Her Ladyſhip knows his perſon.

Sir G. Your honor'd father! And who's your honor'd ſelf?

Rov. "Now by my father's ſon, and that's "myſelf, it ſhall be ſun, moon, or a Cheſhire "cheeſe—before I budge—ſtill croſs'd and "croſs'd."

Sir G. What do you bawl out to me of Cheſhire cheeſes, I ſay—

Rov. "And I ſay, as the ſaying is"—your friend, Dick, has told me all; but to convince you of my forgiveneſs, in our play, as you're a rough and tough, I'll caſt you Charles the Wreſtler, I do Orlando; I'll trip up your heels before the whole court.

Sir G. Trip up my heels! Why, dam'me, I'll —And you, you undutiful chick of an old pelican—(*lifting up his cane to ſtrike Harry*)

Enter JOHN (*who receives the blow.*)

John. What are you at here? cudgelling the people about? But Mr. Buckſkin, I've a word to ſay to you in private.

Sir G. Buckſkin!

Enter LAMP, TRAP, *and two female Servants.*

Lamp. "All the world's a ſtage, and all the men and women"—

Sir G. The men are rogues, and the women huſſies—I'll make a clear ſtage. (*Beats them off—amongſt the reſt, ſtrikes Rover.*)

Rover. "A blow! Eſſex a blow"—An old raſcally impoſtor ſtigmatize me with a blow—no, I muſt not put up with it.---Zounds! I ſhall be tweak'd by the noſe all round the country---I'll follow him. "Strike me! So may this arm daſh "him to the earth, like a dead dog deſpiſed--- "blindneſs and leproſy, lameneſs and lunacy, "pride, ſhame, and the name of villain light "on me if I dont"---bang---Mr. Abrawang.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment.

Enter Lady AMARANTH, *and* BANKS.

Banks. Madam, I could have paid the rent of my little cottage; but I dare ſay it was without your ladyſhip's knowledge that your ſteward has turn'd me out, and put my neighbour in poſſeſſion.

Lady Am. My ſteward oppreſs the poor! I did not know it indeed friend.

Banks. The pangs of adverſity I could bear; but the innocent partner of my misfortunes, my unhappy ſiſter—

Lady Am. I did deſire Ephraim to ſend for thy ſiſter—Did ſhe dwell with thee, and both now without a home? Let her come to mine.

Banks.

Banks. The hand of miſery hath ſtruck us beneath your notice.

Lady Am. Thou doſt miſtake—To need my aſſiſtance is the higheſt claim to my attention; let me ſee her. [*Exit Banks.*

I could chide myſelf that theſe paſtimes have turned my eye from the houſe of woe. Ah! think, ye proud and happy affluent, how many in your dancing moments, pine in want, drink the ſalt tear; their morſel, the bread of miſery, whilſt ſhrinking from the cold blaſt into their cheerleſs hovels.

Re-Enter BANKS, (*leading in Amelia.*)

Banks. Madam, my ſiſter. (*bows and retires*)

Lady Ame. Friend thou art welcome—I feel myſelf intereſted in thy concerns.

Ame. Madam!

Lady Am. I judge thou wer't not always unhappy—Tell me thy condition, then I ſhall better know how to ſerve thee. Is thy brother thy ſole kindred?

Ame. I had a huſband, and a ſon.

Lady Am. A widow! If it recal not images thou wou'd'ſt forget, impart to me thy ſtory—'Tis rumour'd in the village, thy brother is a clergyman—tell me.

Ame. Madam, he was; but he has loſt his early patron, and is now poor and unbeneficed.

Lady Am. But thy huſband—

Ame. By this brother's advice, now twenty years ſince, I was prevailed on to liſten to the addreſſes of a young ſea officer, (my brother was then a chaplain in the navy) but to our ſurprize and mortification, we diſcovered by the honeſty

honeſty of a ſailor, in whom he put confidence, that the Captain's deſign was only to decoy me into a ſeeming marriage, he having ordered him to procure a counterfeit clergyman; our humble friend, inſtead of us, put the deceit upon his maſter, by concealing from him that my brother was in orders; he, flatter'd with the hopes of procuring me an eſtabliſhment, gave into the ſuppoſed impoſture, and performed the ceremony.

Lady Am. Duplicity, even with a good intent, is ill.

Ame. Madam, the event has juſtified your cenſure; for my huſband, not knowing himſelf bound by any legal tie, abandon'd me—I follow'd him to the Indies, diſtracted, ſtill ſeeking him—I left my infant at one of our ſettlements; but, after a fruitleſs purſuit, on my return, I found the friend to whoſe care I had committed my child, was compell'd to retire from the ravages of war, but where I could not learn; rent with agonizing pangs, now without child or huſband, I again ſaw England, and my brother, who, wounded with remorſe, for being the cauſe of my misfortunes, ſecluded himſelf from the joys of ſocial life, and invited me to partake the repoſe of ſolitude in that humble aſylum, from whence we've both juſt now been driven.

Lady Am. My pity can do thee no good, yet I pity thee; but as reſignation to what muſt be, may reſtore peace, if my means can procure thee comfort, they are at thy pleaſure. Come, let thy griefs ſubſide, inſtead of thy cottage, accept thou and thy brother every convenience that this manſion can afford.

Ame. Madam, I can only thank you with—

(*Weeps*)

Lady Am.

Lady Am. My thanks are here——thou ſhalt be chearful. I will introduce thee to my ſprightly couſin Harry, and his father, my humourous uncle; we have delights going forward that may amuſe thee.

Ame. Kind lady!

Lady Am. Come, ſmile—tho' a quaker, thou ſee'ſt I am merry—the ſweeteſt joy of wealth and power is to cheer another's drooping heart, and wipe from the pallid cheek, the tear of ſorrow.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Road.

Enter Three Ruffians, dreſſed as Sailors.

1ſt RUFFIAN.

WELL, now, what's to be done?

2d *Ruf.* Why, we've been long upon our ſhifts, and after all our tricks, twiſts, and turns, as London was then too hot for us, our tramp to Portſmouth was a hit.

3d *Ruf.* Ay; but ſince the caſh we touched, upon pretending to be able bodied ſeamen is now come to the laſt ſhilling, as we have deſerted, means of a freſh ſupply to take us back to London muſt be thought on.

2d *Ruf.* How to recruit the pocket without hazarding the neck.

1ſt *Ruf.* By an advertiſement poſted on the ſtocks yonder, there are highway men upon this road;

thirty guineas are offered by the quaker lady, owner of the eſtate round here, to him, who ſhall apprehend one of theſe collectors; I wiſh we could ſnap up any ſtraggler to bring before her. A quaker will only require a yea for an oath—we might ſack theſe thirty guineas.

2d *Ruf.* Yes; but we muſt take care, if we fall into the hands of this gentleman that's in purſuit of us—S'death isn't that his man, the old boatſwain?

1ſt *Ruf.* Don't run, I think we three are a match for him. Inſtantly put on your characters of ſailors, we may get ſomething out of him; a pitiful ſtory makes ſuch an impreſſion on the ſoft heart of a true tar, that he'll open his hard hand and drop you his laſt guinea—If we can but make him believe we were preſſed, we have him, only mind me.

Enter JOHN DORY.

John. To rattle my lantern! Sir George's temper now always blows a hurricane.

2d *Ruf.* What cheer? (*to John*)

John. Ha hoy!

3d *Ruf.* Bob, up with your ſpeaking trumpet.

2d *Ruf.* Do you ſee, brother, this is the thing.

(*Enter* SIR GEORGE, *at the back unperceived*)

Sir Geo. If theſe ſhould be my deſerters. (*aſide*)

1ſt *Ruf.* We three hands, juſt come home after a long voyage, were preſſed in the river, and without letting us ſee our friends, brought round to Portſmouth, and there we entered freely, cauſe

 why?

why? We had no choice, then we run. We hear ſome gentleman is in chace of us, ſo as the ſhot is all out, we'll ſurrender.

John. Surrender! Oh then you've no ſhot left indeed—let's ſee. (*feels his pocket*) I hav'nt the loading of a gun about me now, and this ſame monſieur poverty is a bitter bad enemy.

Sir Geo. They are the deſerters that Iv'e been after. (*aſide*)

John. Meet me in an hour's time in the little wood yonder, I'll raiſe a wind to blow you into ſafe latitude—keep out to ſea, my maſter's the rock you'll certainly ſplit upon.

2d *Ruf.* This is the firſt time we ever ſaw you, but we'll ſteer by your chart, for I never knew one ſeaman to betray another. [*Exeunt Ruffians.*

Sir Geo. Then they have been preſs'd—I can't blame them ſo much for running away. (*aſide*)

John. Yes, Sir George wou'd certainly hang 'em.

Sir Geo. (*advancing*) I wou'dnt, they ſhall eat beef, and drink the King's health, run and tell them ſo—ſtop, I'll tell them myſelf.

John. Why, now you are yourſelf, and a kind, good gentleman, as you uſed to be.

Sir Geo. ſince theſe idle rogues are inclined to return to their duty, they ſhan't want ſea-ſtore—take them this money---but hold---I'll meet them myſelf, and adviſe them as I would my children.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Wood.

Enter ROVER, *in his firſt cloaths, with Piſtols.*

Rov. (*agitated*) Which way did Mr. Abrawang take? Dick Buſkin, I think, has no ſuſpicion of my intentions:—Such a cholerick ſpark will fight, I dare ſay. If I fall, or even ſurvive this affair, I leave the field of love and the fair prize to the young man I've perſonated, for I'm determined to ſee Lady Amaranth no more—oh, here comes Abrawang.

Enter SIR GEORGE.

Sir Geo. Now to relieve theſe fooliſh ſea-gulls---they muſt be hovering about this coaſt.---Ha! puppy unknown!

Rov. You, Sir, are the very man I was ſeeking. —You are not ignorant, Mr. Abrawang---

Sir Geo. Mr. What?

Rov. You will not reſign your title, ha, ha, ha! Oh, very well, I'll indulge you, Sir George Thunder, you honored me with a blow.

Sir George. Did it hurt you?

Rover. S'death! Sir, as it's my pride to reject even favours, no man ſhall offer me an injury.

Sir Geo. Eh!

Rov. In rank we're equal.

Sir Geo. Are we faith? The Engliſh of all this is, we're to fight.

Rov. Sir, you've marked on me an indelible ſtain, only to be waſhed out by blood.

Sir Geo. Why, I've but one objection to fighting you.

Rov. What's that, ſir?

Sir Geo. That you're too brave a lad to be killed.

Rover. Brave! No, ſir; at preſent I wear the ſtigma of a coward.

Sir Geo. Zounds! I like a bit of fighting---havn't had a morſel a long time---dont know when I've ſmelt gunpowder---but to bring down a woodcock.

Rov. Take your ground.

Sir Geo. Yes, but are we to thruſt with bulruſhes like two frogs, or, like ſquirrels, to pelt each other with nut ſhells? For I ſee no other weapons here.

Rov. Oh yes, ſir; here are weapons. (*gives a piſtol*)

Sir Geo. Well, this is bold work, for a Privateer to give battle to a King's ſhip.

Rov. Try your charge, ſir, and take your ground.

Sir Geo. I wou'd not wiſh to ſink, burn, or deſtroy, what I think was built for good ſervice; but, damme, if I don't wing you to teach you better manners. (*rams the charge*)

Enter the three Ruffians, not perceiving ROVER.

3d *Ruf.* Ay, here's the honeſt fellow has brought us ſome caſh (*looking at Sir George*)

2d *Ruf.* We're betray'd, it's the very man that's in purſuit of us, and this promiſe was only a decoy to throw us into his power---The Piſtol! (*apart and pointing to it.*)

2d *Ruf.*

2d *Ruf.* We'll ſecure you. (*Seizes and wrenches the piſtol from Sir George*)

Sir G. Ah, boys!

2d *Ruf.* You'd have our lives, now we'll have yours. (*preſents the piece at Sir George, Rover advances and knocks it out of his hand.*) [*They run off.*

Rov. Raſcals! (*purſues them*)

Sir G. (*takes up the other piſtol*) My brave lad! I'll—(*going*)

Enter JOHN DORY.

John. No, you ſhan't. (*holding him*)

Sir G. The rogues will—

John. Never mind the rogues—(*noiſe of fighting without, a ſhot fired.*)

Sir G. S'blood! Muſt I ſee my preſerver periſh. (*ſtruggling*)

John. Well, I know I'm your preſerver, and I will periſh, but I'll bring you out of harms way. (*ſtill holding him*)

Sir G. Tho' he'd fight me himſelf—

John. Sure we all know you'd fight the devil.

Sir G. He ſaved my life.

John. I'll ſave your life (*takes him in his arms*) So hey! haul up, my noble little crab walk!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in BANKS's *Cottage.*

Enter FARMER GAMMON, BANKS, *and* SIM—(*Sim writing and crying.*)

Gam. Boy, go on with the inventory.

Sim.

Sim. How unlucky! Feyther to lay hold of me when I wanted to practice my part. (*aſide*)

Banks. This proceeding is very ſevere, to lay an execution on my wretched, trifling goods.

Gam. Ay, you know you've gone up to the big houſe with your complaint—her ladyſhip's ſteward, to be ſure, has made me give back your cottage, and farm; but your goods I ſeize for my rent.

Banks. Only leave me a very few neceſſaries—by the goodneſs of my neighbours, I may ſoon redeem what the law has put into your hands.

Gam. The affair is now in my lawyer's hands, and plaintiff and defendant chattering about it, is all ſmoke.

Sim. Feyther, don't be ſo cruel to Mr. Banks.

Gam. I'll mark what I may want to keep for myſelf. Stay here and ſee that not a pin's worth be removed without my knowledge. (*to Sim*)

[*Exit.*

Sim. I'll be dom'd if I'll be your watch-dog to bite the poor, that I won't: Mr. Banks, as feyther intends to put up your goods at auction, if you cou'd but get a friend to buy the choice of them for you again. Siſter Jane has got ſteward to advance her a quarter's wages, and when I've gone to ſell corn for feyther, beſides preſents, I've made a market penny now and then. Here—it's not much; but every little helps. (*takes out a ſmall leather purſe, and offers it to Banks*)

Banks. I thank you, my good-natur'd boy; but keep your money.

Sim. Laſt ſummer, you ſaved me from being drown'd in black pool, if you'll not take this, Ecod, in there I'll directly fling it, and let old nick

nick ſave it, from being drown'd, an'he can; take it—now do take it—take it—take it. (*weeps*)

Banks. My kind lad, then I'll not hurt your feeling by oppoſing your liberality. (*takes it*)

Sim. He, he, he! you've now given my heart ſuch a pleaſure as I never felt, nor I'm ſure feyther afore me.

Banks. But, Sim, whatever may be his opinion of worldly prudence, ſtill remember he's your parent.

Sim. I will—"One elbow chair, one claw table." [*Exeunt. Sim writing.*

Enter AMELIA.

Ame. The confuſion into which Lady Amaranth's family is thrown by the ſudden departure, and apprehended danger of her young couſin, muſt have prevented her ladyſhip from giving that attention to our affairs, that I'm ſure was her inclination. If I can but prevail on my brother too, to accept her protection—I can't enjoy the delights of her Ladyſhip's hoſpitable manſion, and leave him here ſtill ſubject to the inſults of the churliſh farmer—Heaven's! who's this? [*retires*

Enter ROVER *haſtily, his hair and dreſs diſordered.*

Rov. What a race! I've at laſt got from the blood-hounds! Ah, if old Abrawang had but followed and backed me, we'd have "tickled their cataſtrophes;" but when they got me alone, three upon one were odds, ſo, ſafe's the word: what did they want with my life, if printed, it wou'dn't ſell for ſixpence.—Who's houſe is this I've daſh'd into?—Eh! the friendly cottage of my

my old gentleman, are you at home? (*calls.*) Gadſo! I had a hard ſtruggle for it; yes, murder was their intent, ſo it was well for me that I was born without brains, I'm quite weak, faint! (*leans againſt the wall.*)

Ame. (*advancing*) Sir, are not you well? (*with concern.*)

Rov. Madam, I aſk pardon—hem, yes ma'am, very well, I thank you—now exceeding well—got into an affray there, a kind of hobble with ſome worthy gentlemen; only ſimple, honeſt farmers. I fancy miſtook me for a ſheaf of barley, for they down with me, and then threſh'd ſo heartily, gad, their flails flew merrily about my ears, but I up, and when I could no longer fight like a maſtiff, why, I—ran like a greyhound—But, dear, ma'am, pray excuſe me. This is very rude, faith.

Ame. You ſeem diſturbed, Sir, will you take any refreſhment?

Rov. Madam, you're very good.—Only a little of your currant wine, if you pleaſe; if I don't forget it ſtands—juſt—(*points—Amelia brings a decanter from a beaufet, Rover takes it and fills.*) Madam, I've the honor of drinking your health. (*drinks*)

Ame. I hope you're not hurt, Sir.

Rov. "A little better, but very faint ſtill,"—I had a ſample of this before, and liked it ſo much, that, madam—"Won't you take another?"

Ame. Sir! (*takes a glaſs and lays it by.*)

Rov. Madam, "if you'd been fighting, as I have," you'd—well, well, (*fills and drinks.*) now I'm as well as any man—"In Illyria," got a few hard knocks tho'

Ame.

Ame. You'd better repoſe yourſelf a little, you ſeemed much diſordered coming in.

Rov. (*Places chairs and both ſit*) Why, ma'am, you muſt know, thus it was——

Enter SHERIFF'S OFFICER.

Offi. Come, ma'am, Mr. Gammon ſays this chair is wanted to make up the half dozen above. (*lays hold of Amelia's chair, ſhe riſes terrified.*)

Rov. What, what's all this?

Offi. Why, the furniture's ſeized on execution, and a man muſt do his duty.

Rov. Then, ſcoundrel, know, a man's firſt duty is civility and tenderneſs to a woman.

Ame. Heavens! where's my brother? This gentleman will bring himſelf into trouble.

Offi. Maſter, d'ye ſee, I'm repreſentative for his honour the High Sheriff.——

Rov. Every High Sheriff ſhould be a gentleman, and when he's repreſented by a raſcal, he's diſhonor'd.—Dem it, I might as well live about Covent Garden, and every night get beating the watch; for here, among groves and meadows, I'm always ſquabbling with conſtables. (*takes a ſtick from a corner of the room, and holds it behind him.*)

Offi. Come, come, I muſt—

Rov. "As you ſay, Sir, laſt Wedneſday, ſo it was,"—Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant —(*bows*) Pray, Sir, may I take the liberty to know, were you ever aſtoniſhed?

(*with great ceremony.*

Offi. What?

Rov. Becauſe, Sir, I intend to aſtoniſh you; my dear fellow, give me your hand (*takes his*

hand and ſtrikes him.) Now, Sir, you are aſtoniſhed.

Offi. Yes; but ſee if I dont ſuit you with an action.

Rov. "Right, ſuit the action to the word, "the word to the action, ſee if the gentlewoman be not affrighted"—"Michael, I'll make thee an example,"

Offi. Yes, fine example, when goods are ſeized here by the law, and——

Rov. "Thou worm and maggot of the law!" "Hop me over every kennel, or you ſhall hop without my cuſtom."

Offi. I don't value your cuſtom.

Rov. You are aſtoniſhed, now I'll amaze you.

Of. No, I won't be amazed—but only ſee if I don't—

Rov. Hop

[*Exit Officer muttering and frightened.*

Stop ma'am, theſe ſort of gentry are unpleaſant company for a lady—So I'll juſt ſee him to the door, and then I'll ſee him outſide the door.

(*bows, and exit haſtily.*

Ame. I feel a ſtrange curioſity to know who this young man is. He muſt have known the houſe by his freedom — but then his gaiety, (without familiar rudeneſs) native elegance of manners, and good breeding, ſeem to make him at home any where—My brother, I think muſt know——

Enter BANKS, *haſtily, and agitated.*

Banks. Amelia, did you ſee the young man that was here? Some ruffians, and a poſſe of the country people have bound and dragg'd him

him from the door, on the allegation of three men who mean to ſwear he has robbed them. They have taken him to Lady Amaranth's

Ame. How! He did enter here in confuſion as if purſued; but I'll ſtake my life on his innocence.

Banks. The freedom of his cenſures on Farmer Gammon's conduct, and the friendly office he did me, have brought the ſordid churl's malice on him, and he has encouraged theſe ruffians, in hopes of the reward offered by Ephraim Smooth, for apprehending footpads, to drag the young fellow up to Lady Amaranth's, where the Farmer ſays, he has already appear'd in a feign'd character.

Ame. I'll ſpeak to Lady Amaranth, and in ſpite of calumny, he ſhall have juſtice—he wou'd not let me be inſulted, becauſe he ſaw me an unprotected woman, without a huſband or a ſon, and ſhall he want an advocate? brother, come.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV; *and laſt.*

A dreſſing room in Lady Amaranth's.

Enter JANE, *with a light.*

Jane. I believe there's not a ſoul in the houſe but myſelf; my lady has ſent all the folks round the country to ſearch after the young 'ſquire, ſhe'll certainly break her heart if any thing happens to him;

him; I don't wonder, for ſurely he's a dear, ſweet gentleman, the pity of it is, his going ſpoils all our fine play, and I had juſt got my part quite by heart; however, I muſt do the room up for Mr. Bank's ſiſter, that my lady has invited here. (*adjuſts the toilet.*)

Enter EPHRAIM SMOOTH.

Eph. The man, John Dory, hath carried the man George, hither in his arms, and hath locked him up. Coming into the houſe, they did look to me like a blue lobſter with a ſhrimp in his claws—Oh, here is the damſel I love, and alone.

Jane. They ſay when folks look in the glaſs, at night, they ſee the black gentleman. (*As ſhe's looking in the glaſs, ſees Ephraim over her ſhoulder, ſcreams.*)

Eph. Thou art employed in vanity.

Jane. Well, who wants you?

Eph. It is natural for woman to love man.

Jane. Yes; but not ſuch ugly men as you. Why wou'd you come in to frighten me, when you know there's nobody here but ourſelves.

Eph. I am glad of that. I am the elm and thou the honey-ſuckle; let thy arms entwine me.

Jane. Oh, what a rogue is here! but yonder comes my lady, and I'll ſhew him off to her in his true colours. (*aſide.*)

Eph. Claſp me around.

Jane. Well, I will, if you'll take off your hat, and make me a fine low bow.

Eph. I cannot bend my knee, nor take off my beaver.

Jane. Then you're very impudent—go along.

Eph.

Eph. But to win thy favour. (*takes off his hat and bows.*)

Jane. Now kneel down to me.

Eph. I cannot, but one lovely ſmile may ſmite me down. (*ſhe ſmiles, he kneels.*)

Jane. Well now, read me a ſpeech out of that fine play book.

Eph. I read a play! a-bo-mi-na-ti-on!—But, Jane, wilt thou kiſs me?

Jane. I kiſs a man!—a-bo-mi-na-ti-on! but you make take my hand—

Eph. Oh! 'tis a comfort to the lip of the faithful (*kiſſes her hand.*)

Enter LADY AMARANTH.

Lady Am. How! (*taps him on the ſhoulder.*) ah, thou fly and deceitful hypocrite!

Jane. There, ma'am is the demure, holy man that would prevent our play.

Lady Am. So ſeverely cenſure others, and put fetters on me, which now I'm determined to break.

Eph. Verily Mary, I was buffetted by Satan in the ſhape of a damſel.

Lady Am. Go.

Eph. My ſpirit is ſad, tho' my feet move ſo nimble. [*Exit ſlowly.*

Lady Am. But, Oh, heavens, no tidings of my deareſt Henry! Jane, let them renew their ſearch.

Jane. Here's Madam Amelia, you ſee I've got her room ready my lady; but I'll go make brother Sim look for the young ſquire. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter AMELIA.

Ame. Oh, madam, might I implore your influence with——

Lady Am. Friend, thou art ill accommodated here, but I hope thou wilt excuſe me—My mind is a ſea of trouble, my peace ſhipwrecked—Oh, friend had'ſt thou ſeen my couſin Harry, thou too, all who knew him, muſt be anxious for his ſafety—How unlucky this ſervant to prevent Sir George from giving him that aſſiſtance, which paternal care, and indeed gratitude demanded, for it was filial affection which led him to purſue thoſe wicked men.

John. (*without*) Heave a-head!

Enter JOHN DORY, *and* SIR GEORGE.

Sir G. Raſcal! whip me up like a pound of tea, dance me about like a young bear, make me quit the preſerver of my life! yes, puppy unknown will think me a poltroon, and that I was afraid to follow, and ſecond him.

John. Well, you may as well turn into your hammock for this night outyou ſhall not budge—(*ſees Amelia.*) Oh! marcy of heaven! isn't it—Eh, maſter? Only give one look.

Ame. (*ſeeing Sir Geo.*) My huſband! (*ſwoons; Lady Amaranth ſupports her.*)

Sir G. 'Tis my Amelia!

John. (*ſtopping Sir George, and looking attentively at Amelia*) Reef the foreſail! firſt, you crack'd her heart by ſheering off, and now you'll overſet her by bringing to.—

Lady Am. Hold—ſoft! She recovers.

Ame.

Ame. Are you at length returned to me, my Seymour?

Lady Am. Seymour! her mind is diſturb'd, this is mine uncle, Sir George Thunder.

John. No, no, my lady, ſhe knows what ſhe's ſaying very well.

Sir G. Niece, I have been a villain to this lady, I confeſs. But, my dear Amelia, Providence has done you juſtice in part. From the firſt month I quitted you, I have never enter'd one happy hour on my journal; hearing that you founder'd and conſidering myſelf the cauſe, the worm of remorſe has ſince gnawed my timbers.

Ame. You're not ſtill offended with me.

Sir G. Me! if you can forgive my offence, and condeſcend to take my hand as an atonement—

Ame. Your hand! Do you forget that we are already married?

Sir G. Ay, there was my raſcality.

John. You may ſay that.

Sir G. That marriage, my dear—I'm aſham'd to own it; but it was—

John. As good as if you had been laſh'd together by the chaplain of the Eagle.

Sir G. Hold your tongue, you impudent crimp, you pandar, you bad adviſer,—I'll ſtrike my falſe colours, I now acknowledge that the chaplain you provided was—

John. Was a good man, and a greater honor to his black, than your honor has been to your blue cloth—Eh, by the word of a ſeaman, here he is himſelf.

Enter BANKS.

Sir G. Your brother?

Banks.

Banks. Captain Seymour!

Sir G. My dear Banks, I'll make every reparation.—Amelia ſhall really be my wife.

Banks. That, Sir, my ſiſter is already; for when I perform'd the marriage ceremony, which you took only as the cloak of your deception, I was actually in orders.

John. Now, who's the crimp, and the pandar? I never told you this ſince; becauſe I thought a man's own reflections were the beſt puniſhment for betraying an innocent woman.

Sir. G. You ſhall be a poſt-captain, ſink me, if you ſha'n't—(*ſhakes hands with John Dory.*)

Lady Am. Madam, my inmoſt ſoul partaketh of thy gladneſs, and joy for thy reformation. (*to Sir George.*) But thy prior marriage to this lady, annuls the ſubſequent, and my couſin Harry is not now thy heir.

Sir G. So much the better; he's an unnatural cub; but, Amelia, I flatter myſelf I have an heir, my infant boy.—

Ame. Ah, huſband, you had.

Sir G. Gone! well, well, I ſee I have been a miſerable ſcoundrel—Eh, I will, yes, if my ſon Harry proceeds in his unworthy diſobedience, I'll adopt that brave kind lad, that wou'dn't let any body kill me but himſelf. My lady, marry him, puppy unknown's a fine fellow! Amelia, only for him, you would never have found your huſband Captain Seymour, in Sir George Thunder.

Ame. How!

Banks. Are you Sir George Thunder?

John. Oh, I didn't tell you that at the time becauſe

becauſe you might be for finding him out too ſoon and upſet all.

Enter LANDLORD, *followed by* EPHRAIM SMOOTH.

Land. Pleaſe you, Madam, they've got a foot-pad in cuſtody.

Eph. I am come to ſit in judgment, for there is a bad man in thy houſe, Mary.

John. Then why dont you get out of it.

Eph. Bring him before me.

Sir G. Before you, old ſquintibus! And perhaps you don't know I'm a magiſtrate?

Eph. I'll examine him.

Sir G. You be damn'd—I'll examine him myſelf. (*ſhoves Ephraim*) Tow him in here. I'll give him a paſſport to Wincheſter bilboes.

Ame. (*to Sir George*) Oh, Sir, as you hope for mercy, extend it to this youth; but even ſhould he be guilty, which from our knowledge of his benevolent and noble nature, I think next to an impoſſibility, let the ſervices he has rendered to us—he protected, relieved your forſaken wife, and her unhappy brother, in the hour of want and ſorrow.

Sir G. What, Amelia, plead for a robber! Conſider, my love, juſtice is above bias or partiality. If my ſon violated the laws of his country, I'd deliver him up a public victim to diſgrace and puniſhment.

Lady Am. Ah, my impartial uncle! Had thy country any laws to puniſh him, who inſtead of paltry gold, would rob the artleſs virgin of her deareſt treaſure, in the rigid Judge, I ſhou'd now behold the trembling criminal.

Enter TWITCH, *with* ROVER *bound, who keeps his face averted, and two Ruffians.*

Eph. (*advances*) Speak thou.

Sir G. Hold thy clapper thou.—You wretched perſon, have you no means to come at a little biſcuit and lobſcouſe, but you muſt plunder? The navy wants men, and if you wanted bread, like a man fight the enemies of your country, and not turn land pirate, you alligator! Who are the proſecutors?

Eph. Call in—

Sir Geo. Will nobody ſtop his mouth. (*John Dory puſhes him againſt the wall*) Who are the proſecutors?

Twitch. There, tell his worſhip, the Juſtice.

2d Ruffian. A Juſtice—Oh! the devil! I thought we ſhou'd have had nothing but quakers to deal with. (*aſide*)

Sir G. Come, how did this fellow rob you?

2d Ruffian. Why, your honor, I'll ſwear—(*in a feign'd country voice*)

Sir G. (*looking at them*) Oh, ho!

2d Ruffian. Zounds, we're wrong—this is the very—

Sir G. Clap down the hatches, ſecure theſe ſharks.

Rov. I thought I ſhou'd find you here, Abrawang, and that you had ſome knowledge of theſe fellows.

Lady Am. Heavens! my couſin Harry—(*aſide*)

Sir G. The devil! isn't this my ſpear and ſhield?

John. (*advances*) My young maſter—Oh! what have you been at here? (*unbinds Rover*) This rope may yet be wanted.

Enter

Enter HARRY:

Har. My dear fellow, are you ſafe?

Rov. Yes, Dick, I was brought in here very ſafe, I aſſure you.

Har. A confederate in cuſtody below has made a confeſſion of their villainy, that they concerted this plan to accuſe him of a robbery, firſt, for revenge, then, in hopes to ſhare the reward for apprehending him; he alſo owns they are not ſailors, tho' they fradulently took the bounty, but depredators on the public.

Sir G. Keep them ſafe in limbo. (*the ruffians taken off*)—Not knowing that the Juſtice of Peace whom they've brought the lad now here before, is the very man they attack'd, ha, ha, ha! The rogues have fallen into their own ſnare.

Rov. What, now, you're a Juſtice of Peace? Well ſaid, Abrawang!

Ame. Then, Sir George you know him too?

Sir G. Know puppy unknown! to be ſure.

Rov. Still, Sir George! What, then, you will not reſign your knighthood? Madam, I am happy to ſee you again. (*to Amelia*)—Ah, how do you do, my kind hoſt? (*ſhakes hands with Banks*)

Lady Am. I rejoice at thy ſafety—Be reconciled to him. (*to Sir George*)

Sir G. Reconciled!—If I don't love, reſpect and honor him, I ſhou'd be unworthy of the life he reſcued. But who is he?

Har. Sir, he is—

Rov. Dick, I thank you for your good wiſhes; but I am determined not to impoſe on this lady—Madam, as I at firſt told this well-meaning tar,

when he forced me to your houſe, I am not the ſon of Sir George Thunder.

John. No! Then I wiſh you were the ſon of an admiral, and I your father.

Har. You refuſe the lady! To puniſh you I've a mind to take her myſelf.—My dear couſin—

Rov. Stop, Dick.—If I, who adore her won't, you ſhall not. No, no; Madam, never mind what this fellow ſays, he's as poor as myſelf—Is'nt he Abrawang?

Har. Then, my dear Rover, ſince you are ſo obſtinately diſintereſted, I'll no longer teaze my father, whom you here ſee, and in your ſtrolling friend, his very truant Harry, that ran from Portſmouth ſchool, and joined you and fellow comedians.

Rov. Indeed!

Har. Dear couſin, forgive me, if thro' my zeal for the happineſs of my friend, I endeavour'd to promote yours, by giving you a huſband more worthy than myſelf—(*to Lady Am.*)

Rov. Am I to believe! Madam, is your uncle, Sir George Thunder, in this room?

Lady Am. He is.—(*looking at Sir George*)

Rov. 'Tis ſo! you in reality, what I've had the impudence to aſſume! and have perplexed your father with my ridiculous effrontery.—(*turns to John Dory, angrily*) I told you, I inſiſted I wasn't the perſon you took me for, but you would thruſt me into your chariot and drag me hither. I am aſhamed, and mortified. Madam, I take my leave——

Eph. Thou art welcome to go.

Rov. Sir George, as the father of my friend, I cannot lift my hand againſt you; but I hope Sir, you'll apologize to me (*apart*)

Sir

Sir G. Ay, with pleaſure, my noble ſplinter—now tell me from what dock you were launch'd, my heart of oak?

Rov. I've heard in England, Sir; but from my earlieſt knowledge, till within a very few years, I've been in the Eaſt Indies.

Sir G. Beyond ſeas? Well, and how?

Rov. It ſeems I was committed an infant to the care of a lady, who was herſelf obliged by the gentle Hyder Ally, to ſtrike her toilet, and decamp without beat of drum, leaving me a chubby little fellow ſquatted on a carpet. A ſerjeant's wife alone returned, and ſnatched me off triumphant, thro' fire, ſmoke, cannon, cries and carnage.

Lady Am. Doſt thou mark? (*to Amelia*)

Ame. Sir, can you recollect the name of the town, where—

Rov. Yes, ma'am, the town was Negapatnam.

Ame. I thank you, Sir. (*gazes with delight and earneſtneſs on Rover*)

Rov. An officer who'd much rather act Scrub on the ſtage, than Hotſpur in the field, brought me up behind the ſcenes on the Calcutta theatre—I was roll'd on the boards, acted myſelf into the favour of a colonel, promiſed a pair of colours; but, impatient to find my parents, hid myſelf in the ſteerage of an homeward bound ſhip, aſſumed the name of Rover from the uncertainty of my fate, and having murder'd more poets than Rajahs, ſtept on Engliſh ground, unincumber'd with rupees or pagodas. Ha, ha! Wou'dſt thou have come home ſo, little Ephraim?

Eph. I wou'd bring myſelf home with ſome money.

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Ame.

Ame. Excuſe my curioſity, Sir, What was the lady's name in whoſe care you were left.

Rov. Oh, ma'am ſhe was the lady of a Major Linſtock; but I heard my mother's name was Seymour?

Sir G. Why, Amelia?

Ame. My ſon!

Rov. Madam!

Ame. It is my Charles! (*embraces him*)

Sir G. Eh!

Lady Am. Thou ſeeſt he is my gay, gallant, generous couſin.

John. Tol, lol, lol, tho' I never heard it before, my heart told me he was a chip of the old block.

Ame. —Your father!—(*to Rover, pointing to Sir George*)

Rov. Can it? Heavens! then have I attempted to raiſe my impious hand againſt a parent's life!

Sir G. My dear brave boy! My ſon with ſpirit to fight me as a ſtranger, yet defend me as a father.

Ame. And knowing her only as a woman wronged, to protect his helpleſs mother.

Banks. By relieving the ſtranger, Charles, you little thought 'twas an uncle you ſnatched from a priſon.

Lady Am. Nor that thou by that benign action, didſt firſt engage the eſteem of thy fond couſin, (*takes him by thy hand*) Uncle you'll recollect 'twas I, who firſt introduced a ſon to thee.

Sir G. And I hope you will next introduce a grandſon to me, young fly-boots. Harry you've loſt your fortune.

Har. Yes, Sir, but I've gained a brother, whoſe

whoſe friendſhip (before I knew him to be ſuch) I prized above any fortune in England.

Rov. My deareſt Roſalind!

Ame. Then, will you take our Charles. (*to Lady Am.*)

Lady Am. Yea; but only on condition thou beſtoweſt thy fortune on his friend and brother, mine is ſufficient for us, is it not?

Rov. Angelic creature! to think of my generous friend—But now for "As You Like It." Where's Lamp, and Trap—I ſhall ever love a play—A ſpark from Shakſpeare's Muſe of Fire, was the ſtar that guided me thro' my deſolate and bewilder'd maze of life, and brought me to theſe unexpected bleſſings.

To merit friends ſo good, ſo ſweet a wife,
The tender huſband be my part for life;
My Wild Oats ſown, let candid Theſpian Laws
Decree, that glorious harveſt—your applauſe.

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN, JUN. ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MRS. POPE.

'TWAS Epilogue's tame taſk in ancient days,
With trembling ſtep advanced, to court you praiſe,
And mercy beg for guilty Poet's lays——
Good lack! how ſhe is changed! long uſed to ſpeak,
She ſcorns to bear her faculties ſo meek,
Like a ſpoilt Miſs, vain, pert, and forward grown,
She chatters---on all buſineſs but her own.
The Play, the Poet, Actors, all forgot,
Epilogue prates about ſhe knows not what;
Lugs head and ſhoulders in, a jumble all!
Box-lobby Bobbies, Lady Mayoress' Ball,
Thick neck-cloths, city frumps, cork rumps, and
hops at Pewterer's Hall.
Thus would-be Wits, whate'er has been expreſt,
Foiſt in their par---they have but one smart jeſt:
Start bluntly from the ſubject that's before ye,
To tell their frothy, threadbare, only ſtory.
Let us for once, however, faſhion ſway,
Speak ſomewhat of the Poet and his Play.
How like ye his Wild oats? would ye know.
A certain ſower, who came forth to ſow,
Sprinkling his Oats---that's character---his Quakers,
His Sailors, Players, o'er five acts---that's Acres!
Or rather here his field---'tis you who nouriſh
The ſeeds of Genius, and make merit flouriſh.
Hence ſprings the harveſt of the labourers toil,
From hence, this genial air, this generous ſoil,
Here humble worth ſecurely ſtrikes the root,
While favour fans the plant, and bids it ſhoot:
No ſpleen to bite the bloſſoms as they ope,
No malice breathes, to mildew---modeſt hope.

If

If ſuch the land, ſecure our Poet then;
Safe his Wild Oats; ſecure his Strolling Gentlemen;
And let no Stroller, who our Drama ſees,
For Strollers now there are of all degrees,
Think we mean ſatire, when we mean to pleaſe;
We wou'd not wring their withers, whoſe ſad curſe
It is in barns, to bellow forth blank verſe;
Were hungry Richard deals forth death and grief,
And ſtakes a kingdom, for a ſteak of beef:
Where crook'd-back'd Glo'ſter plays the bloody glutton,
And cuts up Kings; but never cuts up mutton.
Where Romeo too, that billing Turtle Dove,
Feeds with his Juliet upon airy Love;
While Hamlet vainly ſighs for boil'd and roaſt,
'Till Hamlet's ſelf appears like Hamlet's Ghoſt.
Where Denmark's King, his murd'rous ends fulfilling,
Soon gains a crown---the Actor not a ſhilling!
Theſe wou'd we not offend, our Bard reveres,
Our ſtrolling Actors, and our acting Peers.
Nor would he glance, like ſome invidious elves,
At thoſe who act to entertain themſelves.
He is not one of thoſe ſame trait'rous fellows
To vex Right Honorable, tame Othello's.
If our wiſe Commons, in a ſapient mood,
Act Plays thro' Chriſtmas for their country's good;
If Pierre Plans treaſon, thro' a black December,
And votes at laſt---an honeſt Country Member:
If faſhionable Jaffier rants, whoſe life
In private proves the love he bears his wife;
If four-foot Lords, will gay Lothario roar,
And round, ſquat, Lady Betties, act Jane Shore,
If this be true as holy Writ or Bible,
Tho' 'tis a truth our Author means no Libel;
His mark is life, ſhould his ſketch give you pleaſure,
The grateful Bard is happy beyond meaſure.

EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR, INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY MRS. POPE, IN THE CHARACTER OF LADY AMARANTH.

I, now plain Mary, when Jack Rover's wife,
A Lady Quaker ſhall ſtep into life,
Not all my wiſh, but now, I muſt obey,
Yet where I do not like, I'll give my nay;
If to the Marriage yoke with joy I bend,
Why not forſooth? my huſband is my friend:
So prim bronght up, you'll think no ton can reach me;
But life my Rover knows, and he ſhall teach me:
Late ſlow in Speech, ſoon glibly will I talk;
My Chariot quit, in Kenſington to walk.
Tho' Sunday, ſweet I'll hum an opera tune,
Mount "Cockle hat," and tread in "Sandal ſhoon,"
To make me follow'd I ſhall mend my pace,
And to be look'd at more, I'll veil my face,
Each ſeaſon I ſhall match with diff'rent charms,
Huge winter muff, in ſummer ſwing my arms,
My watch like men's, whilſt hid from public ſhew,
To view, I hang in chain the painted beau.
Aſſembly, play, rout, concert, drum and ball,
With gentle Charles, I'll hurry to them all;
I'll Veſtris ſee, I've heard he came from France,
To tell a diſmal ſtory in a dance;
Flies up, comes down, ſo light, can't break an egg,
And charms the fair with horizontal leg.
Now that they have no Nobles left at home,
Theſe French amongſt our Nobles flocking come:
My Lord Anglois, their play bill gravely reads,
And as it bids, he turns his horſes heads;
Firſt Engliſh Nobles, all in council meet,
On queſtion grand,---if fiddles ſound more ſweet,
In market to ſell hay, or Oxford-ſtreet.

My

My Lent'n Fridays, I cannot profane,
At Covent Garden, or at Drury Lane:
So ſacred thus, no Engliſh jeſt there bides,
Yet ſing of laughter, holding both his ſides;
Or ſacred or profane, to pleaſe ſo pliant,
Now David's harp, then Polypheme the giant.
I'll hear wiſe Lords ſo mighty in debate,
Mourn the grey hairs of mighty northern Kate;
See noble Peers with fiſts a porter drub,
And ſee a Peer that is---a famous Scrub;
Gay coach, outſide all gold, and paint, I'll find,
With groom in dirty boots, I'll ſee it lin'd,
While three fine gentlemen ſtep up behind.
See ancient virgins weep for poor Jane Shore,
Yet turn the ſtarving infant from their door;
Yet 'mongſt ſmall actions mixt, are noble deeds,
In faſhions garden, flouriſh flowers and weeds;
Oh let me not in an unguarded hour,
E'er chuſe the weed and fling away the flow'r;
You know good manners or report belies you,
So with a Quaker's curtſey I'll ſurpriſe you.

THE

WICKLOW MOUNTAINS,

IN THREE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1795.

THE MUSIC BY MR. SHIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Franklin, ... Mr. TOWNSHEND.
Donnybrook, ... Mr. RICHARDSON.
Droſs, ... Mr. KNIGHT.
Sullivan, ... Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Felix, ... Mr. INCLEDON.
Billy O'Rourke, ... Mr. FAWCETT.
Redmond O'Hanlon, ... Mr. BOWDEN.

Helen, ... Mrs. CLENDINING.
Roſa, ... Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

PEASANTS, SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE, *Arklow, and the Mountains adjacent.*

THE

WICKLOW MOUNTAINS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Road.

Enter FRANKLIN *and* SERVANT.

FRANKLIN.

So, once again have I got up among the mountains of Wicklow; aye, yonder is the very cabin where I ſupped my bread and milk a little chubby-cheek'd yonker.—Oh, but I'm every hour to expect Mr. Donnybrook, by Sir Richard's advice, my guardian that is to be, and his charming daughter from Dublin.—William, remember you're not to drop my name here.

Serv. Never fear, Sir.

Frank. Well, return to the public-houſe where we ſtopt, open the portmanteau, and lay out my dreſs.

Serv.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Frank. This delightful country! now mine thanks to the will of my crabbed uncle. In the diſguiſe of the character I aſſumed ſo ſucceſsfully at the Maſquerade, I'll ſee what they are all about here: I'll have a ſharp eye on my old companion Felix, of whom I have heard ſuch dreadful ſtories—I'm aſtoniſh'd, and griev'd to think that from the promiſing ſimplicity of his childhood, he ſhould turn out a villain!—Lucky my finding in Dublin the good old woman that nurs'd us both; my opulent family neglect, and leave her to indigence! and this young man her only ſupport—Felix puts part of his depredations to good uſe however: this letter that ſhe gave me for him, might to a certainty diſcover his reſources, but I've promiſed to deliver, and he ſhall have it.—When metamorphos'd, I may alſo ſpeak to my lovely Helen without her knowing me; ſhe may be ſmitten with ſome finer fellow than myſelf.—If Felix proves a raſcal I'll rid the country of him, if report has wrong'd him, I'll be his friend—Virtue is it's own reward, but not amiſs to help her out with a few guineas now and then. And if I find Helen not as amiable as ſhe is beautiful, then farewell, love. Now for my diſguiſe—inſtead of the young ſquire and lord of the manor, I'm an old, merry, jolly, lying, rattling, ſinging, wicked, mumping, travelling merchant. (*mimicks*) Sleeve-buttons, ſhirt-buttons, ſciſſars, threads, tapes, and needles, ſpectacles for all ages—Do extend your charity to the poor old man!—very well. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Mountains.

ROSA'S *Cabin in the Front.*

ROSA *ſitting at the door knitting.*

AIR.—ROSA.

Here at her Cabin door is Roſa ſitting,
But oh, her thoughts in Dublin are with thee---
Move ſilly fingers, I muſt mind my knitting,
For ah! my Felix may not think of me.

That does he, ſays my heart in double beating,
Now blythe from hill to hill he bounds along;
How ſweet is abſence that can bring ſuch meeting,
Beat, beat my boſom to my cheerful ſong.

Fly, fly refreſhing gales, ah gently by me,
In paſſing ſoftly whiſper who is come;
No news of him I love, Oh ne'er come nigh me---
Sing, ſing ye pretty birds his welcome home.

Enter BILLY O'ROURKE, (*eating fruit*).

Billy. Will you eat ſome fraughns, Roſa child?

Roſa. Billy, you have been rambling over the mountains when you ſhould be teaching the children at Mr. Sullivan's ſchool, you're a pretty uſher.

Billy. And you ſinging here like a lazy ſparrow, when you ſhould have open'd your ſhop.—Ah, you're a pretty ſhopkeeper! But you ought to marry me at once, when a young woman is left with property, ſhe cannot do without a man of the houſe. (*takes down a wooden ſhutter, places on it a bottle and pipe, a turf hung by a ſtring, and a Sign on it written "Dry Lodging."*)—I'm able and will-

willing to be maſter of that ſhop. Now Roſa might not twenty people paſs by and not know you could ſell them a quart of Buttermilk, by your not hanging out the turf? or might not people afraid to go over the mountain at night, wiſh to take here a nice clean bed of freſh ſtraw, and you not hang out your ſign! No Inn from this to Arklow could give them a better dry lodging—when it doesn't rain.—Now Roſa, mind I won't marry you if you're ſo idle as to ſit working in this manner all the morning.

Roſa. Well, Billy, don't ſay I waſte my time, ſee what I've been doing. (*takes a ſhirt from a baſket*) there!

Billy. My new ſhirt finiſh'd! why you've put a ruffle on it! two ruffles! (*joyfully*) then bleſſings on you, do you want to make me a man in a ruffled ſhirt? a ruffle on my right hand, and a ruffle on my wrong—no my left hand, and a great long ruffle down my neck; next ſunday I ſhall ſtrut into chapel like a white-gill'd turkey-cock. No man that ever ſold goats milk on the mountains of Wicklow was—you talk of Felix! Pſha! I am——

AIR.—*Billy.*

Some run after the Buck and Doe,
Some a Fox will ſet galloping,
Some will chace a Hare puſſy ſo,
Chevy their horſes ſides walloping.
Gentlemen guzzle up Claret wine,
Ale in my throat will run ripple down;
Ladies tea talk like a Parrot fine,
O my Goats milk is the tipple down!
Step out beſt leg, and cry come body,
When I look ſmart give me joy for it;
Genteels ſhall find that I'm ſomebody,
Billy O'Rourke is the boy for it.

My

My goat he's fond of ſkipping high.
Dance he ſhall at the Hay-market.
My kid ſings ſo top tripping---why
Not Ma-ma ſweetly as they lark it?
Ditches a good nag brings us over,
Dogs thro' all troubles will follow man,
If long beards make a Philoſopher
Then is my goat a wiſe Solamon.
Step out beſt leg, &c.

Ruffles ſhall over my knuckles dab,
Blue ſilk waiſtcoat I'll dreſs in too,
Sullivan's white powder'd wig I'll nab,
And take a compliment leſson too,
Step out beſt leg and cry come body,
When I look ſmart give me joy for it,
Genteels ſhall find that I'm ſomebody---
Billy O'Rourke is the boy for it.
Step out beſt leg, &c.

Enter FRANKLIN, (*diſguiſed as a Pedlar.*)

Frank. (in a feign'd voice) Ha! I'm glad to ſee the boys and girls ſo ſweet to one another, and my honey were you ſinging a ſong for her? the very birds in the air ſet you that gay example—look among the hens and chickens—ſee that tight ſmart cockerel how he chaunts and crows around the little pullets.

Billy. What do you chatter to me about cocks and hens you beggarly looking thief, who are you? With the devil to you.

Roſa. Oh ſhame! Billy, you're always abuſing every body—curſing and ſwearing, fie, fie.

Frank. Let him alone Honey, the poor muſt bear and forbear—I'll tell you who I was—for I have had my day.

Billy. So have I.

Frank. Aye, every dog has his day.—You muſt know there was a great dealer, and he uſed to rob

horſe

horſe ſhoes, ſo at the Clonmell Aſſizes the Sub-Sheriff ordered him to be choak'd; and they buried him oppoſite my door upon Bally-houry mountain, where I ſold a good drop of ale, and do you know that even under ground he coudn't be quiet with his old tricks, for as the travellers rode by, that is if it was evening, he'd up with his big fiſt, out of his grave, and claw off the horſes ſhoes as they gallop'd over him.—Oh, oh! ſays the gentleman of the county this wont do, ſo they open'd his grave, and there they found a buſhel of horſe ſhoes ſnug and airy—however it ſpoil'd my houſe for nobody would ride near it, and they turn'd the road another way and left me by myſelf proudy at the ſign of the Harrow, then I drank off my ale and commenc'd travelling merchant.

Billy. What do you ſell? Speak this inſtant. (*ſhakes him*)

Frank. Oh, why do you ſhake one about, as if I was a bag of cockles?

Roſa. You've got ſuch a croſs way Billy by crowing over the little boys in Mr. Sullivan's ſchool—but you're not an Uſher here.

Billy (*ironically*) Oh, Miſs—ſweet lips—pretty Roſebud (*bows*) what do you ſell if you pleaſe ſir? (*bows*)

Frank. Oh ſir, (*bows*) decent ſleeve-buttons, and handſome ſpectacles, for all ages; comely pins, and needles, and well behaved threads, and tapes, when I can't ſell I beg, ſo either in charity or fair dealing I've always the beſt of the bargain

Billy. Bargain! I'm your cuſtomer—I'll buy a pair of ſleeve buttons for my new ruffled ſhirt—(*takes the ſhirt*) oh how nice you've mark'd it, as if you had pick'd out the letters from your very ſampler and ſtuck them on—now for the W. O. R. eh, what!—F-O fof! *Roſa.*

Roſa. To be ſure, it's for Felix, O'Fin.

Billy. Ruffling ſhirts for Felix! that's pretty damned behaviour! *(walks in a paſſion)*

Roſa. Don't be angry Billy, beſides his kindneſs to me my Felix is goodnatured to every body, he is generous to all that's in want, or ſickneſs.

Frank. My companion ſuch an excellent character!—This is not what I've been led to believe. *(aſide)*

Roſa. Then Billy, Felix never ſwears, and he is ſo handſome.

Billy. Here he is, and he is not.

Frank. Ah, I remember the boviſh features, but exceedingly well grown up indeed. *(aſide looking out.)*

Enter FELIX.

Billy. You're not ſo handſome as me. *(to Felix)*

Roſa. Felix! why I believe you've been to Dublin.

Felix. I have my ſweet Roſa, and have brought you a ſilver thimble, and here Billy is a red ſilk handkerchief for Sunday.

Roſa. I thank you Felix, but I can't accept it.

Billy. Thank 'ye Felix, but I cannot accept it. *('Ties the handkerchief in a great bow round his neck)* there that's Felix's way—he's always making preſents to the folks, a buſy cur! Now I never make preſents to any body.

Roſa. Do not be offended, but I muſt not take any thing from you till I firſt know how you get the money to buy it.

Billy. Felix, I dont want to affront you, but I believe you're a robber.

Frank. How! Oh this may be the malice of ruſtic jealouſy, *(aſide)* but young gentleman you

generoſity

generoſity hurts the poor man that wants to live by turning the penny.

Felix. Oh I'll not do miſchief either—what have you got?

Billy. He's got ſpectacles---I wiſh I had a pair to make a preſent to my maſter Mr. Sullivan, it would ſave me many lugs by the ear---Felix I'll buy a pair if you'll pay for them.

Felix. Ha, ha, ha! with all my heart. (*gives ſpectacles to Billy, and money to Franklin*)

Roſa. Felix! you've given him two half crowns! why you might have bought them for ſixpence. Ah! light come, light go.

Billy. What's got over the devil's back is—

Frank. Oh, fie! don't blame the lad for helping honeſt induſtry.

Roſa. Certainly it's very good in him ſo far; but his having ſo much money is the talk of every ſoul in Croghan.

Billy. You pull'd out the laſt time you came from Dublin, four guineas, two half guineas, ſix crown pieces, three bright farthings, and a bundle of ſixpences.—What do you ſtand ſtaring at him with your great eyes, and open mouth?

Frank. Why I dont want to bite you.

Billy. Heark'ye you Felix, you go from your home here without a penny in your pocket—you ſtand behind a windmill on Red Croſs Hill, and you rob the gentlemen and ladies as they paſs in their coaches.

Frank. Not ſo quick—there's no windmill on Red Croſs Hill.

Billy. Well that's no old fools buſineſs---look now, there's a coach coming over the Common yonder---ſee how Felix watches it, juſt as a cat would a Robin.

Frank.

Frank. Then but for us he'd be at his trade. (*Apart*)

Billy. He's groping for his piſtol. (*a noiſe and ſhrieks without*)

Felix. Thoſe horſes are running with the coach down the hill. [*Exit.*

Billy. There's a lady within, ſhe's in a bleſſed way.

Frank. Heavens! it's my Helen. [*Exit.*

Roſa. Why don't you go and aſſiſt in ſtopping the horſes Billy?

Billy. Lord if ever I ſaw ſuch ſpirited nags! there they kick and jump, the chaiſe will have an immenſe tumble down the quarry; talk of horſes and carriages, nothing like a man's own handſome legs. (*traverſes*)

Roſa. There, Felix has caught hold of the bridle of the firſt horſe.

Billy. See how he rears and pulls him up in the air. Hoo! (*ſhouts*) if I wanſn't ſure Mr. Sullivan didn't want me to open ſchool I'd join in the fun, but let old Sullivan go to the Devil I will divert myſelf. (*going*)

Enter SULLIVAN.

Sul. Oh, ho! You're here. (*Takes him by the ear und leads him off*)

Roſa. The gentlefolks are ſafe, thanks to my brave Felix.

AIR.—*Roſa.*

They call me poor Roſa, but why,
When rich in the love I hold dear?
Let thoſe who will envy not I
Your ladies with thouſands a year:

Aye

Aye let them with liberty part
For titles and riches they're ſold,
My title is Queen of his heart,
His ſmile is my treaſure of gold.

No dower have I to beſtow,
Not even a heifer or lamb.
And yet is my fortune quite low
With ſeven white kids, and their dam?
Tho' fine to have haggarts well fill'd
No harm to have flocks in the fold;
Tho' rich is the buttercup field,
A ſmile is my treaſure of Gold.

Re-enter FELIX.

Oh, my Felix, how good you are.

Felix. Its very wrong the ladies not getting out and walking down that hill.

Roſa. They're not hurt I hope?

Fel. Oh no. No harm but what the coach-maker can repair.—But my dear Roſa, I'm exceedingly hurt by your ſuſpicions.——

Roſa Well now nobody is by, do tell me how you get your money.

Fel. The time will come, and very ſoon, when you ſhall know how I have a guinea for others people's ſhilling, but while I put it to a good purpoſe don't think ill of me. I think I may truſt Roſa. *(aſide.)* Come my love look pleaſant, I'll call upon you to night, and then, perhaps, I may tell you.

Roſa. I ſhall expect you to ſupper, but dear Felix, let me know no more than you think proper.

DUET—FELIX AND ROSA.

Ah deareſt love will you ever love me?
Treaſur'd in Vi'lets are ſweets for the bee?

Is the morning ſun-beam cheering,
Is the lark's firſt note worth hearing,
Is the dew drop clear,
Called the ſnow drop's tear,
Setting ſun do ploughmen joy to ſee?

Felix. Does Roſa then doat on her own gramachree?

Roſa. Does Felix then doat on his own gramachree?
My deareſt!

Felix. My deareſt!

Roſa. Say, oh, will you love me.

Felix. Do ſweet flowers open to the morning ray?
You are my roſe bud,

Roſa. You the dawn above me.

Felix. Adieu my deareſt Roſa!

Roſa. Adieu my deareſt Felix!

Both. Oh, may our hour's in love ſerenely glide away.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

Sullivan's Houſe.

Enter SULLIVAN *and* BILLY.

Sul. And you muſt be courting Roſa.

Bil. Yes I muſt—And the Horſes were ſo ruſty.

Sul. I thought Billy, I was Poſtmaſter in this town of Arklow, and Schoolmaſter, and that my ſchool was the chapel, and I was owner of three herring boats.

Billy. Well, and an't you?

Sul. Then as you are my uſher, never ſtand before me with a hat upon your cangrona. (*Snatches off his hat, Billy picks it up and wipes it*

upon Sullivan's coat.) and never ſpeak to me without ſaying, Sir.

Billy. Lord, I coudn't remember that, it would hurt my intellect.

Sul. What, you ſpalpeen cur! mind you ſet Maſter Fogerty a copy.

Bil. For your cruſtineſs Felix's ſpectacles never rides upon your bandy noſe. (*aſide.*)

Sul. What are you talking about me?

Bil. I was only ſaying I wanted a quill for a new pen.

Sul. You want a quill! And pray what do you think the old gander is marching about the door for? d'ye hear, write Maſter Pat. Mulvaney's multiplication table on his new ſheet of brown paper, and tell Maſter Shamos Mcguiggin that I'll whip him for drawing dogs and foxes on his ſlate, that is, if his daddy, Mr. Mcguiggin don't ſend me that ſheaf of barley he promiſed me.

Bil. Oh, death, hell and thunder! Sir, what a ſlave I am!

Sul. Now Billy didn't father Murphy tell you no later ago than laſt ſunday, that if you went on ſwearring ſo, you'd be ſuddenly ſtruck with the palſy, or a crooked mouth, or a thunder bolt, or ſome terrible example fall upon you. Billy, Billy, in the hearing of my boys never go beyond a gadzooks or a "pon my fany."

(*Shouts without.*

Bil. There's the boys making a hullaballo at the ſchool door, upon my fany.

Sul. And why don't you go and open it you whelp.

Bil. (*Takes down laſh, ſlates, books, rules, &c. from a ſhelf.*) If every babe of them doesn't give me

me his morning's bread and butter, how my cat will wiſk her nine tails about their legs.

[*Exit.*

Enter REDMOND O'HANLON.

Sul. Now Redmond, what do you want? I tell you I don't like your coming into my houſe, nor even your walking into the town of Arklow.

Red. Well Mr. Sullivan, once for all, will you lend me your caſe of horſe piſtols, your old ſword, your blunderbuſs, and your baſket hanger? and on the word of a chriſtian, you ſhall have them ſafe again.

Sul. Once for all, honey, go out of my houſe, you get no fire-arms from me. Arrah man is it like a chriſtian breaking into gentlemen's peaceful dwellings for muſkets, and ſuch like combuſtibles!

Red. Well, mind Mr. Sullivan, you call me a Defender, and a Heart of Steel, if I am what you ſay, take the conſequence.

Sul. Why, Redmond, honey, do you threaten me?

Foot. Eh houſe! who's here? (*without.*)

Sul. Oh monumen doull! if here isn't 'Squire Donnybrook arrived from Dublin. Get out of my parlour—go to the other ſide of my ſtreet-door—ſtop—the gentry ſha'n't ſee ſuch an ill looking bird fly from under my thatch—go out at the back-door, and thro' the cabbage garden.

Red. Our party ſhall have fire-arms for all this, [*Exit.*

Enter two FOOTMEN, *in rich liveries, and* COUNTRYMAN, *carrying portmanteaus.*

1ſt. *Foot.* Leave them here friend.

2d. *Foot.* Zounds! is it in this ſmoaky cabin, that our maſter has taken lodgings?

1ſt. *Foot.* This cannot be the houſe.

2d. *Foot.* Houſe, dog-kennel!

Sul. Dog-kennel! why gentlemen, are you going to lodge here?

Enter DONNYBROOK, *in full dreſs, carrying parcels, &c.*

Don. (*Sings.*) "Begone dull care, I prithee begone from me." Eh! gentlemen, will you let me ſee you to your chambers? permit me to help you off with your boots. Which is maſter?

1ſt. *Foot.* We only ſtept in firſt, Sir, to ſee what apartments were for you.

Don. Ah, Mr. Sullivan I preſume—well my friend, Sir Richard told you, I ſuppoſe, of my coming down or rather up here, and that I'll lodge with you.

Sul. Oh, Mr. Donnybrook, then it was your coach that was overturned juſt now? Well, Sir, you ſhall have a glaſs of claret, and in our Iriſh way, I won't aſk you whether you will or no.

Don. Thank'ye Dan Sullivan; ant your name Dan.

Sul. May be ſo Sir, but I remember being chriſtened Bob,

Don. Well Bob, I'd prefer a little of your Wicklow Ale.

Sul.

Sul. And that you ſhall—here Billy!

Enter BILLY.

Billy. May be you want me?

Sul. And where's your Sir? and where's your bow? (*Billy bows*) Arrah, boy, dont toſs up your leg in that manner: ſuppoſe Maſter M'Fogerty was behind you, what a devil of a kick you'd give him in the ſhin.

Billy. Sir, will you ſit down? (*places a chair.*)

Don. Thank'ye. What a fine creature a man is when he's got from his wife.

Sul. Then how dare you aſk, even the Pope, to ſit in my ſchool elbow-chair?

Billy. Oh, very well—pray, Sir, ſit on this ſtool! (*Don. riſes and ſits on the ſtool.*)

Sul. Squire, dont think me unmannerly; you're welcome to my great chair if it was made of gold and ivory, but my uſher, and my boys, muſt believe that I'm the greateſt bird in the buſh. (*apart*) Billy, boy, from your behaviour I'm ſure the gentleman couldn't tell who I am.

AIR.—SULLIVAN.

Pray look on me, Sir, and then gueſs my vocation,
I'm ſchoolmaſter here, and I teach the young boys;
I ſquat in my chair, and ſuch curſt botheration,
Enough for to deafen a drum with their noiſe.
This lad you ſee here, you've a hole in your ſtocking;
(*apart*)
Why, Sir, he's my uſher: pho, Bill, where's your bow? (*apart.*)
How neatly he ſtands---with your elbow out-cocking;
(*apart*)
What a mannerly child---to kick up like a cow.
(*apart*)
Then,

Then, Sir, he can write;
Your ſoul he'd delight
With his A B C,
And his B C D;
And his E F G,
And his fal lal lal la.

The boys bring me corn when their daddies are reaping,
They cypher ſo famouſly all on their ſlate;
I lock up their books, juſt to teach them book-keeping,
Tho' ſhut now his mouth, Sir, that cur's full of prate.
In ſhort, of my youths I'm a noble commander,
Fine horſes I make out of young ragged colts;
On Sunday, before 'em, I walk like a gander,
And they all hop after like gay turkey poults.
Then, Sir, they can write, &c.

[*Exeunt Sullivan and Billy.*

Don. (*Sings*) "Care flies from the lad that is "merry." Why does my daughter ſit in the coach? Helen! come out and come in.

1ſt *Foot.* Sir, Miſs Helen's woman was ſo frighten'd at the danger, that ſhe fell quite ill upon it: and my lady obſerving a ſmart looking girl at a cottage door, as we paſs'd thro' the village, thought ſhe might hire her; and ſo has walk'd back to have ſome talk with the girl herſelf.

Don. Well, do you ſee, your lady, my wife ſent me up to the mountains in ſtate, but now I'll unſtate myſelf, for one month at leaſt. (*pulls off his laced coat, and bag wig, and puts on a ſhort jacket and brown wig.*) There now, my two ſinecure footmen, take yourſelves and my fine gingerbread chariot back again to Merion ſquare. I come hither for ſport, that I'll have in ſhooting grouſe; my daughter, Miſs Helen Donnybrook, comes here for health, that ſhe'll quaff up in fine air and goat's milk; ſo begone back to Dublin,

you

you ſuperfine gaudy raſcals—march, trip, ſkip, hop, bounce.

2d *Foot.* Ah! maſter breaks out now he hasn't my lady to controul him. (*apart.*)

Don. Troop, fly! (*ſhoves them off.*) What a fine creature a man is when he's got rid of his wife.

Re-enter SULLIVAN, (*calling off.*)

Sul. Come, Billy, bring it in—Eh! why ſquire, you've ruſticated yourſelf into a country fox.

Don. Time and ſeaſon: in town I was gay; I rattl'd, ſwore, guzzl'd, and gambl'd—but here I'm rural, ſimple, and ſerene. Here, among your mountains, I'll neither game, nor get muzzy; and if I ſwear again, may I be ——

Sul. Now by that I ſee you'll play an evening's rubber with us.

Don. No, my gaming bets and wagers are all over.

Sul. Come, ſquire, you'll take up the firſt bet that's offer'd you.

Don. No I won't, fly Bob.

Sul. I'll lay a guinea you do.

Don. Done!

Sul. Ah, ah! it's mine—put it here—(*holds out his hand.*)

Don. Eh! Well ſaid Bob—(*ſhakes hands.*)

Enter BILLY, *with a Mug.*

Billy. Sir, I juſt now handed Miſs, your beautiful daughter, out of the coach; I hope I wasn't too bold—what a ſhabby figure I muſt have cut—(*aſide*) Pray, ſquire, what do you do with your old cloathes that you throw off? (*looking at them.*)

Don. Why I give them to my man.

Billy.

Billy. Your Honor's welcome to Arklow. (*Drinks.*) Maſter, here's long life to you.

Sul. Then the black devil fly away with your manners!

Don. You ſhou'd have firſt taught him a few, Bob. Come come, don't be cow'd down, Billy, my man.

Billy. Oh I'm his man—thank'ye, Sir; theſe old cloaths I ſhall be obliged to wear. (*Takes the cloaths Donnybrook had thrown off, and hides them in a preſs.*)

Sul. For him to come and take up the mug—

Billy. (*Advances*) Take up the mug? yes, Sir.

Sul. Hold, hold! Why you're making quite a trade of it—Sir, I do allow my uſher a draught now and then.

Billy. Yes, Sir, I took it then, and I'll take it now.

Don. Stop! Give me leave now to drink your health. (*Drinks.*) Sullivan, I've not the leaſt pride; I'm never above making free with what is call'd the lower claſs—your hand Billy.

Sul. Lower claſs! but, Sir, as I'm ſchool-maſter, I'm at the bottom, and at the top, and the middle, and the head of all the claſſes.

Billy. Squire, if you'll let me ſerve Miſs with goat's milk ſhe ſhall have a pail of it under her window every morning before the crow can ſhake his ears.

Sul. But Billy, we ſhou'd warn Mr. Donnybrook againſt Felix.

Billy. Right—Sir, never go ſhooting on the hills without taking a gun with you.

Don. Why it's what I generally do.

Sul. My way.

Don. Felix, I ſuppoſe, is that travelling pedlar,

that

that aſſiſted us when we broke down? I thought he came to pick our pockets, ſo I drove him away.

Billy. Oh, Sir, no! Felix is a ſaucy boy that courts my Roſa: but he's very ugly, isn't he, maſter?

Sul. Yes, he's a deform'd man.

Don. I don't care twopence about his uglineſs or prettyneſs; but if he's a rogue, there's danger.

Sul. Then, Felix is ſo helliſhly uncivil.

Billy. He woudn't put one foot before another to oblige a living ſoul.

Sul. And he's ſo unmannerly, that if you'd take off your hat, and ſay "How do you do Mr. "Felix?" He'd ſtump by you like the poſt of a pigeon houſe.

Don. I'd be glad to ſee theſe walking pigeon houſes—ſo, on a ſum up, this Felix is a ſaucy, rude, ugly, deformed, uncivil ſtump of a poſt.

Sul. Sir, he's a thief.

Don. I'm a magiſtrate; he ſhan't ſtay here to frighten me when I'm running over the ſweet blooming heaths. I'll tranſport him, the raſcal! you've fired me ſo, that if he comes in my way, I'll ——

Enter FELIX.

Ah, my dear worthy lad! (*ſhakes hands cordially*) I'm very glad to ſee you—I long'd to make ſome acknowledgement, and return you my hearty thanks.

Fel. Sir, the pleaſure of aſſiſting any that ſtand in need, is to me ſufficient recompence.

Sul. Billy—I'm amazed!

Billy. Sir, I'm aſtoniſhed!

Don. Why what's the matter with you both? is a little civil gratitude ſuch a raree ſhew amongſt you?

Sul. Felix, I charge you before ſquire Donnybrook, as a common high-way footpaddy.

Don. Then this is the lad you've been abuſing ſo?

Billy. Sir, he's a robber.

Don. He can't, he ſaved my life!

Billy. He's the ſcare-crow of the whole country.

Don. Impoſſible, he ſav'd my daughter!

Sul. I tell you, Sir, he's a moſt notorious depredator.

Don. No ſuch thing; he ſaved my four coach horſes—your proofs?

Sul. Sir, he wears the beſt of cloaths.

Billy. And a ruffled ſhirt; ſo he muſt be a rogue—I wiſh I had ruffles to my ſhirt—Dom him, how fine he looks!

Sul. Felix, you either rob, or have ſold yourſelf to the devil for your gold.

Fel. Neither.

Sul. Why you do more good in the village, than all of us put together: ſo you muſt be a bad man.

Don. Eh! How's that, Bob?

Sul. Then you're always going to Dublin, and coming back, and what for?

Don. Why he goes to come.

Billy. And people ſends him letters; now nobody ſends me letters, tho' I'm an O'Rourke.

Sul. Well thought on; as I'm poſtmaſter, and all the letters come thro' my hands, I'll open your's, and find how you come by your money.

Fel.

Fel. Open my letters! then all is blown indeed: the boy is now on the road with the Arklow mail. (*aſide.*)

[*Exit, haſtily.*

Sul. There, he coudn't ſtand the charge, but has run away with himſelf.

Don. Then by the time this Felix does good enough to be canoniz'd for a ſaint, he'll be quite a devil amongſt you all. But am I to have no ſupper here?

Sul. And that you ſhall.

Billy. Suppoſe, Sir, you go and ſhoot a little; I'll ſhew you ſuch big round fat flocks of grouſes —I wiſh I cou'd get ſome for a preſent to Roſa. (*aſide.*)

Don. But it will ſoon be dark—Come, boy, then you ſhall ſee how I'll cock one eye, and wink the other—Hey, they're up, whiz! (*points and ſhouts.*)

Sul. Pray, ſquire, turn your muzzle another way.

AIR.—TRIO.

DONNYBROOK, SULLIVAN, BILLY O'ROURKE.

Don. A life of town faſhion is all a mere folly,
Grimace, affectation, nor friendſhip nor truth;
High up among green hills, in altitude jolly,
We rove on the tip-toe of pleaſure.
The bees in great cities, for drones buz and cluſter,
Why blaſt in ſmoak'd dungeons, our roſy-cheek'd youth?
To freedom and nature, dull mortals be juſter?
O'er mountains your limits come meaſure.

Sul. A baſket of turf go bring in my brave Billy,
I love a good fire, Sir, to comfort my noſe;
A bowl of Calcannon Oghone! is the lilly,
And let a big Turkey be roaſted.

Billy. I'll bring you of whiſky a plentiful mether,
And, Sir, I'll remember a pitcher of booze;
Then round your ſquare table we'll ſit down together,
And all the fine girls ſhall be toaſted.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Duſk.—Before Roſa's Cabin.

Enter FRANKLIN (*in his diſguiſe.*)

Frank. This claſh of contradictory reports—they allow Felix is their univerſal benefactor, yet alſo agree that he muſt get his money by improper means. Eh! he's here—running out of town this late hour is ſuſpicious—if, as that clown ſaid, his buſineſs ſhould be to collect from travellers.

[*Retires.*

Enter FELIX.

Fel. Yes, here the poſt-boy muſt paſs; if there is a letter for me in the bag, he may, for a little caſh, give it, and keep ſecret, ſo prevent Sullivan diſcovering my hidden precious reſource. A pity my nurſe was from home when I called there yeſterday; ſhe'll be diſtreſs'd, and her uneaſineſs may induce her to write this very poſt—what may ſhe ſay in the letter? perhaps enough to let any reader know the means by which I have

have relieved her. (*ſees Franklin*) Isn't that the facetious pedlar?

Frank. He ſees me. (*aſide, advances*) Then Heaven bleſs you, my good young man.

Fel. The ſame to you.

(*Horn without.*)

Frank. The poſt-boy.

Fel. Yes, with the Dublin letters for Arklow—I—I—want—to—ſpeak to him.

Frank. Sure he wont rob the mail—yet ſo communicative of his villany. (*aſide*)

Fel. I think he has a letter for me, that I woudn't wiſh ſhou'd fall into the poſt-maſter's hands.

Frank. Then its only a letter for himſelf he wants out of it—I think, I hope he is ſlander'd. (*aſide*) From a girl? Eh! ah, ah.

Fel. Ha, ha, ha! No, faith, its from my old nurſe that lives in Dublin.

Frank. Indeed! How fortunate! (*aſide*)

Fel. To get that from the boy would make me the happieſt fellow in the world. (*half aſide*)

Frank. If your mind is really good—now for a ſevere trial. (*aſide*)

[*Exit. unperceived.*

Fel. Shou'd I aſk the boy or no? upon conſideration I'd better not---he might refuſe, and I get vext---perhaps he run into town complaining ---then Sullivan will have a handle for his ill will to me. No, if there is a letter, I'll leave it to chance---Eh! I'm before Roſa's cabin---well thought on, I ſup with her to-night. (*Horn without*) How ſweet that ſound this tranquil evening over the hills! but harſh to the voice of love and Roſa.

AIR.

AIR.---FELIX.

The Horn ſhrill, mellow, loud and clear,
May call to chace a fearful Deer;
How poor the hunter's pride!
The Trumpet puffs in boaſting ſtrain,
To fight, and o'er the verdant plain
Muſt flow a crimſon tide.

The poſt-boy's Horn---hark! muſic rare!
Now ſkims the lake, now fills the dell,
Or ſink, or float upon the air;
Or dying pant, or nobly ſwell.
His eager ſports let death proclaim,
To camp and foreſt round;
The lover hears the voice of fame,
When flutes melodious ſound.

At rural feaſts, the maſter's ſkill,
The pipe can warble, make at will;
To join the dulcet voice.
Blind Minſtrel, ſit in tuneful ſtate,
Thy Harp! oh ſweetly modulate;
You charm, and we rejoice.

The poſt-boy's horn---hark! muſic rare!
Now ſkims the lake, now fills the dell,
Or ſink, or float upon the air;
Or dying pant, or nobly ſwell.
Horn, Harp, Pipe, Trumpet loud proclaim,
Fight, dance, or ſong around;
The lover hears the voice of fame,
When flutes melodious ſound.

Re-enter FRANKLIN.

Ha! my merry honeſt fellow here again!

Frank. Young man, the money you generouſly gave me this morning for my ſpectacles was four and ſixpence over the price; that buys me a jolly ſtock

ſtock of merchandize, and makes me happy. You ſaid the letter you expected wou'd make you ſo—there it is. (*gives a letter.*)

Fel. S'death! you havn't forced it from the boy?

Frank. Aſk no queſtions, you have it, and be happy. [*Exit.*

Fel. This is a very dangerous act of kindneſs—why there's no poſt mark! ſhe muſt have ſent it in a cover—then my new 'venturous friend has torn it off to prevent detection—I wiſh he hadn't been ſo buſy; however, ſince I have got it, I may as well ſee what ſays my good old woman. (*peruſes*)

Enter BILLY, (*with Birds in a net.*)

Billy. Ah, they'll catch the robber. I've left Mr. Donnybrook to grope his way home as he can—let him lay down on the top of the hill, and roll into the town at the bottom of it. He, he, he! I've got all his birds; he has had the ſport, but I have the game. Roſa ſhall broil theſe fat grouſes for her and my ſupper. (*going in ſees Felix*) What, Felix! Arklow, and the whole country is up—do you know any thing about it?

Fel. About what?

Billy. Why the mail is robbed.

Fel. Ha! Then he did force it from the boy—is he in the habit of doing theſe things? or was it the impulſe of the moment, to ſerve me? I obſerv'd his activity in endeavouring to aſſiſt the people when the coach broke down, ſo I'll think the beſt of him. (*aſide*) But, Billy, ſure there's only one letter taken—and for that, I'll—ſooner than have a noiſe—I myſelf will pay the poſtage out---out of my own pocket, and then there's no harm done.

Billy.

Billy. You'll pay the poſtage! Why what is it to you? and how came you to know how many letters were taken? No harm done! Mr. Sullivan ſays they're always gibbetted upon the ſpot where the fact is committed, hung up in chains, as a warning to the crows, and the ſheep, and the ſea-gulls.

Fel. Wretched man! Why wou'd he do this? (*aſide, much agitated*)

Billy. What's the matter with Felix? he was reading a letter juſt now---Eh! How, bleſs my head! He ſaid there was but one letter taken---Oh, oh! Then the ſecret's out—(*whiſtles*) if this ſhould be the way he gets his money. (*aſide*) Felix, upon the very ſpot where we now ſtand, what a terrible fine place for a gibbet. (*ſignificantly*)

Fel. I'm faint—and tremble—

Billy. Why your face is as white as a goat's elbow!—here's Mr. Sullivan and the whole poſſe coming to look for the robber. Ah Felix, I wasn't quite out when I ſaid you hid behind the windmill to rob the gentlefolks.

Fel. (*alarmed*) Me! Am I ſuſpected of this?

Billy. Oh no, you're not ſuſpected—pretty well known—I'll go in and tell Roſa—that winds him up with her, ſhe's ſo honeſt—good bye, Felix. [*goes into houſe.*

Fel. The poor fellow wou'd not have committed this action but for me—the crime is all mine—yet unleſs I give him up, a ſhameful death muſt be my doom—how to eſcape? Roſa is beloved by all, if ſhe conceals me, they'll not force their way into her cabin—Roſa! Roſa! (*calls*)

(*Roſa appears at the window.*)

Roſa. Who's there?

Fel.

Fel. My love open the door, quick, quick and you ſave my life.

Roſa. Felix, as long as I could, my affection for you repell'd every thought to your prejudice; whilſt all were in full certainty of your diſhoneſty, Love whiſpered, "Roſa only doubt it," but this laſt action—I muſt ſpeak to you no more, and if poſſible forget you. [*Retires.*

Fel. My life is in your hands, won't you preſerve it? Save me my dear, my only love! (*kneels*)

Billy. (*at the window*) Get away we know nothing about you.

Fel. Then this is the cauſe—treacherous Roſa!

Billy. Come don't you abuſe the girls with your impudent robberies.

Fel. Oh my Roſa!

AIR.—FELIX.

The Day from the tops of the Mountains is fled,
No Stars will appear, and the Moon hides her head;
The voice of pale Death hollow ſounds in the wind,
But quick let him come, for my Roſa's unkind;
Still I cry my ſweet Roſa, dear love let me in,
And ſave the poor life of thy Felix O'Fin.

My heart ſinks with grief, and my ſoul is diſmay'd,
My limbs how they tremble, is Felix afraid?
Tho' Death is ſo dreadful, more terrors I prove,
For ſhe gives me up, the dear maid that I love:
Still I cry my ſweet Roſa, dear love let me in,
And ſave the poor life of thy Felix O'Fin.

[*leans againſt a tree.*

Billy. Here they come to take him—Ecod I'll have the reward—my beautiful Felix, if you attempt to run away I'll ſhoot you flying.

[*retires.*

Enter SULLIVAN *and* REDMOND O'HANLON.

Red. When I queſtioned the boy, he ſaid the robber was muffled, and he cou'dn't ſwear to him.

Sul. Redmond, I know Felix did this by his running out of my houſe, when I talk'd about his letter.

Enter DONNYBROOK, *groping.*

Don. I'm quite aſtray, how ſhall I get home.

Sul. Juſtice Donnybrook! Sir, the mail is robbed.

Don. Aye you're a pretty parcel of pick-pockets! that fellow pretend to be my guide—lead me about, and about then run away with my birds.

Enter BILLY *haſtily from houſe.*

Billy. Maſter, I ſaw a letter——

Don. Oh you poaching villain! Where's my game? (*collars him*)

Billy. Lord Sir, none of your game now, a'nt we going to law?—Maſter, I juſt this moment ſaw Felix reading a letter that he took from the mail.

Sul. You ſaw him! then Billy honey you were the man that was ſeen with him.

Don. You're an accomplice.

Billy. Me! I wasn't within ten miles of him.

Red. I know who it was.

Don. There! I knew it wasn't Felix—an honeſt fellow! didn't he ſave my life? tender-hearted

hearted fellow! didn't he ſave my daughter? a brave fellow! didn't he in the danger put Helen's little lap-dog in his coat-pocket?

Billy. Pocketed a puppy! aye he can afford to pay the dog tax.

Red. The begging pedlar was Felix' confederate.

Fel. (*advancing*) I had no confederate, the crime was all my own.

Don. Indeed! is it poſſible I cou'd be ſo deceived in this young man—but what a fooliſh knave to own it. (*aſide*)

Red. Felix muſt be lock'd up in the chapel to-night, and to-morrow I'll convey him under a ſtrong guard to Wicklow jail—let him ſlip the collar by the way tho'. (*aſide*)

Sul. Billy boy, fetch away the children's copy-books, or Felix will be ſtealing the paper to write petitions to the Lord Lieutenant.

QUARTETTO.

Sul. Felix you have robb'd the mail.
Don. And thus I ſpeak the law's decree.
Sul. Honey you muſt go to jail.
Red. And hang upon a tree.
Fel. I ſhall make no reſiſtance,
With Hope loſt is exiſtence.
Roſa. (*at the window*) Ah how cruel! to my jewel,
Love I have uſed thee too ill.
Chor. Felix you have robb'd the mail, &c.
Fel. Like the glorious Sun is death,
Which we cannot bear to look on:
Come, and yet my lateſt breath,
Shall bleſſings call on Roſa.
Billy. Strike a light, gay and bright,
Roſa broil our little grouſy;
Felix ſwing, oh I'll ſing,
Roſa then ſhall be my ſpouſy.

Roſa. When worth thus from the world departs,
Our prayers to heaven aſcend;
And tears and ſighs from grateful hearts,
Thy fleeting ſoul attend.
Chor. When worth thus from the world departs, &c.
Sul. We'll lock you up in the chapel all night.
Red. Tomorrow to priſon as ſoon as light.
Fel. Come then away farewell, in your night ſtories tell,
How fond Felix was betray'd, by a dear lovely maid:
With joy ſhall I hear the knell of poor Felix' paſſing bell,
Bear me then quick along, love hear my dying ſong.
Chor. Felix you have robb'd the mail, &c.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Inside of ROSA's *Cabin.*

Enter ROSA.

ROSA.

THIS muſt be ſome malicious ſtory raiſed againſt Felix thro' envy—laſt night he was to have told me how he came by his money—he'll place my ſhutting him out to preference for Billy, ah! how that will wound his heart!

AIR.—ROSA.

A Linnet purſued, to my window it flew.
It flutter'd, and trembled, the Hawk was in view;
So plaintively tender his note ſtill I hear,
Ah tender indeed! 'twas the voice of my dear;
No pity cou'd move, I the trembler betray,
And thus the vile Hawk tears my Linnet away.

Where now is my Felix? where ſoon ſhall he be?
And what muſt his thoughts be if thinking of me?

The

The Dog he once gave me, I view with a ſigh,
So faithful his maſter, as faithleſs am I:
No longer my gentle companion and friend,
My innocent flock like a Tyger he'll rend.

Enter HELEN.

Helen. Ha! good morning to you my dear girl. —Roſa I pretended to my father that I'd take an eaſy quiet ſaunter over the hills—but 'twas only to have a little more chat with you—do you know that I like you vaſtly.

Roſa. Oh ma'am, I cannot think that ſuch an ignorant young girl as I could ſo ſoon obtain the favor of a lady.

Helen. What a delightful romantic place this is. Have you ever been in Dublin? No? then you have no idea of the elegant delights of plays, riddottos, public breakfaſts, caſtle balls, Circular road canters, new garden concerts, and black rock caſſinos? Roſa you ſhall be my confidante. Lord I cou'dn't exiſt without a confidante, when we're ſo puzzled and perplexed that we dont know what to do, how ſweet to have a friend to aſk their advice—When we are predetermined to follow our own. (*aſide*) Both papa and mama think me ill, but dear I only counterfeited—deceived even the Doctors. So they ſent me into the country.

Roſa. But why Miſs did you pretend to be ill?

Helen. Becauſe mama ſo grand! would have me marry a man only on account of his having come to an immenſe eſtate by the death of an uncle, and this compulſion has given me a great averſion for him—I hav'nt yet ſeen him, but have ſet him down in my fancy as a coxcomb.

Roſa. Aye, but ma'am, ſince theſe delights of Dublin

Dublin are only to be enjoyed by rich gentry, a marriage with this gentleman procures you pleaſure to your heart's content.'

Helen. True Roſa, but the content of my heart is to chuſe for myſelf: I never yet was in love, and 'tis'nt mama's experience can convince me its ſo charming.

AIR.—HELEN.

Virgin ſnows the landſcape ſpreading,
Wide one vacant blank diſplay,
Hidden charms our ſteps o'er-treading,
'Ere deſcends the ardent ray.
Tender thoughts, the maid deſpiſing,
Cold to nature and her laws,
Love's pure genial flame ariſing,
Forth each latent paſſion draws.
Fly my boſom ſage reflection!
Fill the void ſome kind affection.
Friendſhip ſmiling,
Time beguiling,
Soothing, cheering,
Life endearing,
Till the lover
I diſcover,
Who can make me yes repeat,
And my heart pit-pat to beat,
Such the ſpark of life to me,
Or my heart be cold and free.

Enter BILLY *in* DONNYBROOK'S *firſt cloaths and large wig, a flaggon in his hand.*

My father! (*ſeeing Billy*) Roſa I muſt be very ill. (*apart*) Oh this laſſitude is intolerable—heigho! (*pretends to faint, Roſa ſupports her*)

Roſa. (*not looking at him*) Oh Sir! Miſs is ſo fatigued, and ſo weak—won't your honor pleaſe to ſit down?

Billy.

Billy. Honor! Now ſhe's talking to my garb. (*aſide*) Get out of that you huſſy—how dare you catch ladies in your arms when I am by?

Roſa. Why gracious!—Miſs, its only Billy O'Rourke.

Helen. (*ſtarts up*) What an impudent creature, to put me to the trouble of fainting for nothing. —But who is this in papa's cloaths?

Roſa. Billy! isn't this Felix's ruffled ſhirt? Where did you get it?

Billy. Aſk no queſtions you—Miſs I've been ſearching in every room thro' our houſe, and I did'nt find you. (*takes a glaſs and trencher from his pocket*)

Helen. You did'nt find me—ſure!

Billy. So I thought I'd bring you this fine glaſs of goats milk—(*preſents it*) Drink it Miſs for the recovery of your conſumption.

Helen. Here offers a little diverſion. (*aſide*) Wasn't it you that handed me out of the coach laſt night?

Billy. It was Miſs—You to ſet the lady ſinging till ſhe piped herſelf out of breath—poor little ſoul!

Helen. I thought I remembered it was juſt ſuch a handſome young man.

Billy. Eh! hem! Roſa, Ladies can find I'm a handſome young man—Roſa I know loves me—I'll vex her—Miſs your'e a very beautiful ſoul.

Helen. So I've made a conqueſt here. (*aſide*) And pray is it your way to preſs ladies hands, when you galant them out of coaches?

Billy. Did I? I believe I did.—I aſk pardon Miſs—I'll throw a ſheep's eye at her. (*winks and grimaces*)

Roſa.

Roſa. Billy you're very rude to ſtand and make faces at the young lady.

Billy. Ah ſhe's jealous—go you and make faces at your fine thief Felix, thro' the ſpike holes of the chapel—May be now I'm making my fortune and don't know it—She fainted at ſight of me—I'll court her. (*leers, and aukwardly pats her with his hat*) He, he, he! Roſa is ready to die with ſpite—She'll come and give her a dig with her ſciſſars by and by. (*aſide*)

Helen. How ſhall I keep my countenance.

Billy. Ma'am wont you ſwallow the milk?—Stop, I'll ſweeten it with a touch of my own cherry lips. (*drinks it off*) Ecod it was ſo nice, it ſlipped down before I could whiſtle after it.

Helen. Well this is the compleateſt love-ſcene I ever ſaw, heard, or read of. Ha, ha, ha!

Roſa. I diverting myſelf here, and my poor unhappy Felix! Miſs Helen might make intereſt with her father for him. (*aſide*) Madam could I ſpeak a word with you.

Helen. With pleaſure, my dear—Adieu, Billy, farewell,—bye, bye—Heigho!

[*Exeunt Helen and Roſa.*

Billy. Well, if this is not being in love with a body I'm not Billy O'Rourke... What a rare conception for me to put on this apparel, how good of her papa to give it me, that jealous wretch to run away with her—this moment is the nick of my fortune. I wiſh I had ſome friend to conſult—I've a hazle eye and a ſilver watch—Her father is a ſportſman, ſo am I in my ſmall way, I hunt and I ſhoot, and damn me I'm a pretty lover too.

AIR.—BILLY.

A ſportſman I am, for to ſport is my habit,
No danger I fear when I'm hunting the rabbit;
My boots are two ſtockings, a dram is my ſpur,
And my fleet pack of hounds is my bandy leg'd cur.
With my hey tallyho! I'm a rare hunting beau,
Chivy! tantivy! Oh Row! my horn is the horn of a cow.
We chace and we race, thro' brakes, ſtakes and lakes,
Thro' vales, and thro' dales, quick-ſets, and thick-ſets,
Hey Towler! and Rowler! and Bowler! and Jowler!
Sylvan ſcenes, ſhave the greens,
Bruſh the dew from your ſhoe.
The hounds and the grounds, ſhrill echo hark ſounds!
The fleeting wind we leave behind,
See the roſy morn, and the game all forlorn,
We ſpy, him die!
Heigh, ho! hi! hi!
Was e'er ſuch a ſportſman as I?

A markſman I am, and when ſhooting I go,
I wink my left eye, and I bring down a crow;
For a ſhot, oh a paving-ſtone anſwers ſo pat,
And my pointer ſo ſtaunch is my tabby ram cat.
Ruſh, ſluſh, beat the buſh,
Anchovies, and covies,
Rough ſtubble, brace double, and birds in a trouble,
Hey boys remember the firſt of September.
Partridge in corn, ſhot-bag, powder-horn,
Take aim at the game, wild and tame,
Fowls ſighing, and crying, ſhoot flying;
I fling him, and wing him,
Gun, barrel, flint, lock,
Prime, ram, load, and cock,
Flint, trigger, whiz, fire!
Heigh! ho, ho! hi!
Was e'er ſuch a markſman as I?

A lover I am, and I'm mighty love-ſick,
My cupid has leather'd me with his oak-ſtick;

With

With hearts and with darts, oh I'm at it ding dong,
And the roſe and the dove, I lug into my ſong.
I cry, ſigh, die!
Tears flow, ah! oh!
Cruel creature! angel feature!
Groves, alcoves, and doves, and loves,
Faces, graces, poney races,
Roſes, lillies, Jenny's, Billy's,
Cupid, ſtupid, Venus, genus,
Quick palpitation, and ſoft adoration.
Wiles, and ſmiles, the lover beguiles,
Tender, ſurrender, and kettle bender;
Reeling, and wheeling, and kneeling,
Breezes, and treezes, and Phœbus freezes,
Frolickſome zephyrs, galloping heifers.
Trobbing, and ſobbing,
From harms, in my arms, her charms, rude alarms,
Admiring, deſiring, and firing.
Ranting, galanting, enchanting, and panting.
Willing, and billing, and thrilling, oh killing!
But if ſhe flout, then without doubt, her beauty I'll ſcout.
Heigh! ho, ho, hi, hi!
Was e'er ſuch a lover as I?

Enter SULLIVAN.

Sul. This ſcoundrel Billy! I ſend him round to the young gentlemen's daddies and mammies, to tell them I could have no ſchool to-day, becauſe of Felix being locked up priſoner in the chapel, and he—(*ſees Billy*) Arrah then—is it—Billy O'Rourke! The ſquire's cloaths! and my new caxon too—Oh I ſee it, you've put them on to come courting.

Billy. You may ſay that.

Sul. But I'll let Roſa know ſhe's not to take my uſher's time, if ſhe was as pretty as a yellow-

hammer. Come you back home Billy, and mind your affairs. (*ſtretches out his hand*)

Billy. (*ſhrinking away*) Pho, let my ear alone now I beſeach you.—Maſter there's a great deal of good ſenſe under your wig.

Sul. Why boy, I have ſenſe to be ſure, were you going to talk about that?

Billy. Mr Sullivan, when a man's without a wife what is he to do?

Sul. Why he's to do without a wife.

Billy. Yes Sir, but how is he to get one?

Sul. Court her to be ſure.

Billy. No occaſion for that, ſhe I've choſen, love's me already.

Sul. Then are you ſo vain as to ſuppoſe Roſa likes you.?

Billy. Roſa! Miſs Helen Donnybrook.

Sul. What! Pho you conceited fop—be eaſy—eh! But what reaſon have you to think ſhe likes you Billy boy?

Billy. Ca'nt tell my love ſecrets. Honor, honor, honor! (*ſtrikes his breaſt*)

Sul. True, nothing like honor, as I ſay when I catch you at my hen-rooſt thieving my new-laid eggs.

Billy. Miſs Helen Donnybrook.

Sul. Eh, the Squire giving him his cloaths is ſome ſign of favor, now if merely to thwart his proud wife's ſcheme of marriage for his daughter, he ſhould give her to O'Rourke, and that the young lady herſelf ſhould take a fancy to him.—I've heard of grand ladies running away with drummers, and footmen, and counſellors, and ſuch ſort of jockies.—Billy, I'll give—no I'll lend you my advice,

advice, if when you've ſucceeded you'll get my leaſe renew'd without a riſe on the farm.

Billy. Well Sir, I will.

Sul. Then my advice is——You'll make me a preſent of a hamper of wine?

Billy. Yes, yes.

Sul. Then Billy—liſten—You'll give me a Cheſhire cheeſe?

Billy. I will; I will—tell me.

Sul. Marry her if you can.

Billy. You may be ſure on't—and if I get her fortune, put me in mind of the bottle of wine, and the pound of cheeſe.

Sul. Pho! a hamper and a hundred.

Billy. Aye Sir, 'twill be a hamper in a hundred.

Sul. Yonder is her father going to the chapel to examine Felix, run and propoſe for her to him.

Billy. What did ſhe ever do for me that I ſhould do ſuch a fine thing for her.

Sul. Pſha! Go and aſk his conſent—fie, with that little bit of a pot-lid on your head—here's my grand three cock'd beaver. (*puts it on him*) There now look fierce. Run or he'll be out of ſight.

Billy. She's in the next room, let me ſhew myſelf to her.

Sul. Talking to the girl before the daddy is beginning the alphabet, at the great A, inſtead of the aperceeand What ſtrange things happen, 'twas but laſt Sunday, that Father Murphy ſaid "Mr. Sullivan," ſaid he, "that Billy O'Rourke your uſher, will certainly for his wickedneſs come to ſome dreadful end."—And here you're going to be married, Ha, ha, ha!

Bil.

Bil. Ha, ha, ha!

Sul. We ſhall ſplit our ſides with laughing when you aſk the father to perform his function. Ha, ha, ha!

Bil. Ha, ha, ha! But here's the Squire, I muſt look grave—how is my face?

Sul. Very grave, how is mine? (*looking at each other*)

Bil. Quite grave.—I'll put on a bold look—will that do?

Sul. Aye, Aye, copper, copper. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Fields—with a view of the Chapel.

Enter DONNYBROOK.

Don. I ſhould like to hear what Felix has to ſay for himſelf, more diſorders in the country than I imagined, but muſn't let all go aſtray here either. I ſhall ride a little; muſt ſee how my horſes look, ah this ruſtic clod Billy, ſhall give them a rub down.

Enter SULLIVAN.

Sul. How do you do, Sir? Come Billy—

Enter BILLY.

Don. But about this Felix, Mr. Sullivan—— Eh! who's this?

Bil.

Bil. I'm ſo baſhful, damn my ſhame-face.

Sul. Arrah what did you ſay? None of your deed and deeds before the gentleman.

Don. My cloaths!

Bil. Put in a good word, praiſe me. (*apart*)

Sul. I will—Sir, this Billy has a fine capacity. Then, Sir, he's ſo genteel in his phraſeology, he never ſwears, except now and then a gadzooks, or 'pon my faney.

Bil. And, Sir, I'm ſo handy.

Don. Handy indeed!—Do you think I'll ever wear thoſe cloaths again?

Bil. There you ſee he gives them me entirely. —Squire if I was to ſpend all my wife's fortune, I could maintain us both without her wetting a finger.

Sul. Then Sir, he'd ſend his ten children to my ſchool.

Don. And pray what is this to me?

Sul. Oh that's very good! the ſchooling of his eighteen ſmall children is nothing to their own grandfather—Pho boy, aſk his conſent at once.

Bil. I will—hem—you aſk him.

Sul. I will—aſk him you.

Don. What are you about?

Bil. Sir, I'm about nineteen, and I'm about ſix inches high, and five foot to the back of that, and I intend to be very fat.

Sul. You're fat enough already, that my cupboard can tell.

Bil. And I've three months wages owing to me.

Sul. Oh boy you muſt never aſk for that.

Don. Theſe are ſurpriſing things, but what's the jet—Come to the point. What want you more than you've got?

Bil.

Bil. Why, Sir, the caſe is——the affair——

Don. But what affair is in this wooden caſe? (*putting his hand on Billy's head*) Come unlock—open—ſpeak!

Billy. Then Sir, as I don't think it would be fair for me to run away with your daughter without——

Don. Eh—how—what's that!

Sul. Oh, oh, I ſee how the conſent goes—becauſe Sir, this vulgar low-bred ſcoundrel has had the aſſurance to think you would give him Miſs Helen Donnybrook in marriage.

Don. I'm ſtruck into ſuch a ſurpriſe of amazing ſtupefaction—touch my cloaths, and even dare look at my daughter! I may thank my condeſcending humility for this—but I'll not vex myſelf in this fine air.—Mr. Sullivan I'd ſpeak with you. [*Exit with ſmothered rage.*

Sul. You go home, and bruſh my boots—and make them ſhine like white marble. (*ſnatches his hat and wig off Billy puts them on himſelf*) [*Exit.*

Bil. I'm an impudent ſcoundrel!—my twenty little babes ſhall never learn manners from you, old Sullivan. Here a young lady falls in love with a young fellow merely for his prettineſs, and I'm to be badger'd by her codger of a father. I'll be dom'd if I dont have her tho'—this hand that has ſqueez'd a lady's finger bruſh boots! No, no, Bob Sullivan, I'll go back no more to your mouldy cupboard. I'll run away with her or may I— — Oh here's Redmond O'Hanlon—tho' now the Conſtable and the County-keeper, yet he was a Heart of Steel.

Enter

Enter REDMOND O'HANLON, (*With chains*)

Red. I'll have Felix out of this before he's ordered to Wicklow jail. (*aſide.*)

Billy. Redmond I've a deſperate wicked buſineſs, and I want you to help me my good fellow.

Red. I can't, I'm now going to put theſe irons on Felix.

Billy. You're a bold and a big man, Redmond O'Hanlon; and a fine thief taker when you pleaſe, becauſe you were a rogue yourſelf once.

Red. Yes, I think I'm clever at arreſting a man or doing him an execution of chattles—in Antrim I was a Heart of Steel, in Clonmell I was a White Boy.

Bil. But Redmond, what makes you a Heart of Steel?

Red. You aſk! See you not what heavy grievances we lay under—our great landlords ſpending their money abroad, their ſtewards patch by patch encloſing our commons, and their parſons with their rich livings leaving us in the claws of their curſed griping tithe proctors.

Billy. Well, well, you're a fine lad, but you muſt help a young lady to run away with me.

Red. Lady! I will—Muſt ſtep home for my hanger.—This cuts out more work for me.

AIR.—REDMOND.

When young they call'd me roaring boy,
For blows I took delight in,
My Drum I thought a darling toy,
Game chicks I ſet to fighting.
My play was luſty cudgel raps,
When not my Gig-top laſhing,

The

The girls I ſet to pulling caps,
My work was barley threſhing.
The goſſips ſay, ay they'll be ſworn,
A dreadful night when I was born!
The Moon in clouds her face did muffle,
The Elements were all at ſcuffle,
The brooks into a torrent ſwell'd!
A Rock was ſplit! an Oak was fell'd,
The neighbours ſcream'd, "the houſes ſhake"
The Banſhee moand! the earth did quake!
A raven ſung!---a thunder peal!
For then firſt throbb'd an Heart of Steel.

At ſpeed I ride, it does me good,
If on a Horſe that's vicious
From wrangling Bull a ſlice my food
Such Beef-ſteak how delicious!
Of all my liquors Punch I love,
Sweet contradiction jumble:
With joy the craggy cliffs I rove
So winds and waters rumble.
The Goſſips ſay, aye they'll be ſworn, &c.
[*Exit.*

Billy. What a terrible fellow with his rocks and ſplit ravens, and banſhees and bull-beef—he may take Miſs Helen from me, and murder us both and throw us into a quarrry, like two dying lovers, then they'll be a ballad made about us.

Frank. (*Sings without*) "I humbly beg good chriſtians kind."

Billy. That's the jolly Pedlar—I think he'd help me, and not make ſuch a rumpus as Redmond O'Hanlon intends.

Enter FRANKLIN, (*in his diſguiſe*)

Frank. My poor Felix within here, under all the horrors of expected death. (*going towards the chapel ſees Billy—ſtops*).

Bil.

Billy. Heak'ye you (*goes over to him with caution*) I want—to—(*whiſpers*) Come hither, (*takes him to the other ſide*) you muſt know—this way—(*takes him to the oppoſite ſide*) There's a ſoul I want to ſteal—

Frank. What, a fiſh?

Billy. A fiſh! Why you're a raſcal, what do you talk to me in that ſtile.

Frank. I don't know, I heard of your running away with the Squire's fowls.

Billy. I eat up your Grouſy, and now I'll have your Pheaſant old Donnybrook---he, he, he! (*aſide*) No, no, do you ſee that little girl yonder---ſhe's not a lady, tho' ſhe is ſo fine---ſo you need not be frighten'd---you muſt help me to carry her off.

Frank. Indeed! here's a young villain! (*aſide*) Ay, well.

Billy. And when I get her to Dublin I'll marry her by hook or by crook---huſh---when I touch her fortune I'll give you two guineas to ſet up a Tavern. How you gape---now don't you go for to give yourſelf a good name and ſay you're a rogue if you are not, becauſe I can have a capital Peep a day boy to help me.

Frank. (*In an under tone*) Then to tell you the truth I'm a Defender.

Billy. You'll do---huſh---here ſhe is.

Frank. It is my charming Helen, lucky for her that I came into this part of the country. (*They retire*)

Enter HELEN.]

Helen. I've conceived a vaſt liking for Roſa. her poor Felix! love has made the ſimple damſel

quite a Dido and a Cleopatra---'till I'm in love myſelf I profeſs a friendſhip for all true lovers.

AIR.—*Helen.*

Let winter with a churliſh blaſt
Sweet Flora's triumph end,
And angry ſcowl along the waſte,
And far the Swallow ſend;
Tho' Seas in chryſtal fetters lie,
And own its fierce controul,
The ſtorm is ſoften'd to a ſigh,
If love is in the ſoul.

Returning Spring can ſtrew delight
The length'ning day along,
And ſoothe to reſt the liſt'ning night
With Philomela's ſong.
Tho' round to charm the ear and eye
Tranſporting pleaſures roll,
We ſeal our tranſports with a ſigh
If love is in the ſoul.

Ah! this is the Chapel where Felix is confined---I'll tell him thro' the key-hole that I'll intercede with Papa, that will comfort the poor fellow.

[*Going towards the Chapel.*

BILLY *and* FRANKLIN *advance.*

Oh Billy, did you ſee my father?

Billy. Your Papa was juſt now ſpeaking to your huſband my love.

Helen. My huſband! what d'ye mean?

Billy. Stop, my ſweet, you muſt come with me.

Helen. What's the fool at.

Billy. Fool! oh, oh!

Re-enter REDMOND, (*with a hanger*)

Redmond, that's ſhe.

Red.

Red. But who's this? (*looking at Franklin, draws hanger*)

Billy. Our friend-- he's a Defender. (*apart to Redmond who advances to Helen.*)

Frank. (*Interpoſing*) Offer to touch that lady, and receive the contents of this, (*Shews piſtol.*)

Red. S'blood O'Rourke! didn't you tell me he was a Defender?

Frank. I am a Defender — of the helpleſs, againſt the brutality of a ruffian.

[*Exit Redmond.*

Bil. Oh, by the infernal black powers——

Enter SULLIVAN.

Sul. How black you've made my boots--eh? (*takes him by the ear and leads him off.*)

Hel. I'm ſo frightened—who could ſuſpect ſo much miſchief in a clown—cou'd he really have been ſerious?—my dear honeſt fellow, how, how, ſhall I reward you?

Frank. When I aſk a reward, I hope Miſs, you won't refuſe me.

Enter ROSA.

Roſa. Well ma'am?—Oh, the poor pedlar.—

Hel. Pedlar! I proteſt I don't know what he is—I remark'd your activity when our horſes ran away with us yeſterday—Come, now really what are you?

Frank. What am I ma'am!

AIR.

AIR—*Franklin.*

I humbly beg good chriſtians kind,
You'll liſten to my ditty,
For tho' I'm neither lame nor blind,
I well deſerve your pity.
Tho' gaping friends may wiſh my death.
My will ſhall not deceive them,
For when that I reſign my breath,
Oh, all the world I'll leave them.
A farden, a farden, my fortune much de-
cay'd is,
Of all the hands out-ſtretched to me,
Oh! bleſſing on the ladies.

My boots you ſee are made of ſtraw,
My coat hath pockets twenty,
I have no gloves upon my paw,
Agra, I am not dainty,
Devoid of care my bags I fill,
For that let others labour,
My mercer's or my taylor's bill,
Is paid by ſome good neighbour.
A farden, a farden, &c.

In peace I ſleep, or night or morn,
My gold is never lock'd up,
My horſe eats neither hay nor corn,
And yet he's never knock'd up. (*Shews his ſtaff.*)
When aſking charity not one,
Will tell me lie ſo poorly,
For when they ſay "my friend I've none,"
Oh; that's a truth moſt ſurely.
A farden, a farden, &c.

Hel. (*Gives him money*) Well, ſurely I owe you ſomething; come Roſa, now for your Felix. (*They both go over to the Chapel.*)

Frank. Generous girl! the concern ſhe takes for the unfortunate, charms me, but I'll ſee how far it will carry her—from the curioſity of

of my boyiſh rambles, I believe I know more of the country then all its preſent inhabitants. (*aſide*) Roſa, child, you love Felix—I know he's innocent,

Hel. Innocent! I'll be ſworn he is.

Frank. Yet the event of his trial is uncertain, I think he might eſcape from this.

Roſa. How?

Frank. There is a way under ground from that very chapel, to the ruins of the old abbey, about a mile up among the mountains—I remember an old ballad about it. (*Sings,*) "Under "the font is a little trap-door."

Roſa. What the old abbey, yonder? dear, I recollect that cave perfectly.

Helen. Then Roſa, without telling a ſoul, we'll go by ourſelves, and if poſſible, free him. [*Apart.*

Roſa. Thank ye miſs we will. [*Apart.*

Helen. So in there that good benevolent youth paſs'd all laſt night.

Roſa. Aye, but heaven was about him.

GLEE.

On earth's cold face poor Felix lies,
Baum! goes the bell---'tis Felix dies!
Toll, ſad the ſound,
Our hearts to wound,
To heaven his deeds ſhall riſe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Inſide the Chapel.

Felix diſcovered ſitting on a form, peruſing a paper.

Fel. This unfortunate letter!—I muſt either betray

betray the man that procured it for me, or ſuffer in his ſtead; if I do, then the ſecret that has proved my ruin, ſhall die with me—this ſource of ill, ſhall produce no more miſchief. Mr. Droſs the ſilverſmith, my nurſe mentions will certainly be here to day, and if he meets Sullivan all muſt come out.

AIR—*Felix.*

Life is ſure the ocean,
Set in wild commotion,
Or rather ſay a gallant ſhip hard ſtruggling 'croſs the deep,
Now we're ſmoothly ſailing,
Now rough blaſts prevailing,
And now becalmed in ſight of land, the winds are rock'd to ſleep,
Whilſt below ſo jolly,
Foes to melancholy,
Sit the jovial laughing crew around the ſocial bowl,
From the top-maſt ſpying,
Jack aloft ſits ſighing,
"In yon flow'ry meadow roves the miſtreſs of my ſoul."
All warm his fond fancy,
Preſents his lov'd Nancy,
As reading the letter laſt ſent by her dear.
Now does ſhe bleſs him,
Cloſe would careſs him,
To her heart preſs him,
Was the Rover near;
Hope does but cozen,
"Hoy!" bawls the Boſen,
"From the land we ſteer."
Now we're ſmoothly ſailing,
Now rough blaſts prevailing,
And now becalmed the winds are huſhed, as rock'd to peaceful ſleep,
Life is ſure the ocean,
Set in wild commotion
Or rather ſay, a gallant ſhip hard ſtruggling 'croſs the deep.

Sul.

Sul. (*without.*) Felix I command you in the name of the Lord Lieutenant, to keep from the door, whilſt I open it to ſee whether you're there or no. (*Enters.*) Come in Billy—why do you hang behind?

Enter BILLY, *in his own clothes*, (*frightened.*)

Very odd, this wretch ſo beloved that all the country is in tears, and ſobs, at his being ſhut up. (*Locks the door.*

Bil. Maſter, you needn't mind locking the door till we're out.

Sul. I muſt take care of the two offenders.

Bil. Two! ſure there's only one.

Sul. You know, Felix, before you did this laſt damnable job of journey-work, you loſt your character by daſhing your money about; ſome thought you had found a pot of gold, others ſaid you had ſold yourſelf to the devil, but all were of one mind, that you went out robbing for it.

Fel. In a very ſhort time, I purpoſed making a full and open diſcovery, but as it has now happened, find it how you can.

Sul. Then ſtay there and be hanged, you obſtinate unmannerly wretch, till a guard of ſoldiers come with their muzzles ſcrewed upon their bagnets, to take you to Wicklow jail, then you'll be arraign'd, then the judge will put on his little black cap, you'll be condemned, the cord will be put round your neck, and then St. Patrick have mercy on your ſoul Billy O'Rourke.

Bil. Why the lord have mercy upon you for a great big fool—Sir, what do you talk to me at all, why don't you turn to Felix.

Sul. True, Felix you'll be hanged in chains, and as I write in the boy's copy-books, that will learn you wiſdom in the days of your youth.—Eh! what's here? (*Picks up the letter Felix had dropt.*) this is one of the letters Felix took from the mail bag, it may diſcover ſomething.

(*aſide, going.*

Bil. Now I'll make off. (*runs to the door.*)

Sul. (*Turns.*) Where are you going?

Bil. I—I was not going—only for Mr. Donnybrook to examine Felix.

Sul. (*takes the key from the door.*) Oh, he has run to look for his daughter—neither ſhe nor Roſa can be found. Redmond O'Hanlon has told the ſquire, that ſome raſcal attempted to carry her off.

Bil. Oh, lord! (*aſide.*)

Sul. Billy 'twasn't you ſure, was it? you deſerved only a horſewhipping for your confounded impudence in aſking for her, but the youth that tried to ſteal her away will ſhuffle out of the world with Felix—but I'll go and read this letter in a corner. [*retires thro' a ſmall door.*

Bil. (*terrified.*) Yes I ſhall ſwing—a young man gets no good by following the girls, plague choak 'em—Choak!—Oh!—Felix ſhou'd you be happy to ſhuffle out of the world in company? I dont mean my Company—I never did any thing to deſerve ſuch treatment.—maſter! (*turns*) gone! why old Sullivan has locked me in too! what have I done?—I didn't do any thing, I never did nothing, oh lord! oh lord!—Felix—I'd get you out if I could, I wiſh I could get you out, becauſe then I could get myſelf out.—Felix you ſhould try to get out—its a great ſin to die whilſt we're alive.

Fel.

Fel. True—Death conſtantly purſues and muſt overtake us, yet we ſhou'd keep our onward way, and not turn to meet him, this ſimpleton but ſad company for the hour of ſorrow. Here over the ſpot where I was born, ſhall I be hunted like a poor native of Jamaica.

AIR—*Felix.*

Be thy tomb o'er ſpread with boughs,
Poor hunted weary deer,
Quivering leaves thick ſhade thy brows,
Sad emblem of thy fear;
On them make a quick repaſt,
Bitter meal and ſure thy laſt.
Sore afflictions hem thee round,
And kindeſt friends forſake,
Cruel taſk to ſpare the hound,
Thy heart ſtrings nobly break,
Or when loud and diſmal yelling,
Shakes thy ſylvan palace green,
The dell and opening glade,
And the blood-hound ſcares thy dwelling,
Why behind thy flowery ſcreen,
Doſt thou ſkulk diſmayed,
Thro' the brake thy antlers puſhing,
Valiant in deſpair,
To face the brawling ſtrife,
From thy covert fiercely ruſhing,
Thus the conflict dare,
With glory end thy life.

[*retires.*

Bil. That wicked fellow ſinging in the chapel, ay, he's the hunted ſtag and I'm the goat in trouble.

AIR—*Billy.*

I'm in a bleſſed taking,
Gadzooks! with fear I'll die;
In bed of his own making.
Poor Billy now muſt lie.

Mercy! Oh dear! die in my ſhoe!
In Chapel I muſt not ſwear,
Oh death and ounds! what ſhall I do?
The door I'll open tear,
To hang me up like the ſign of the goat,
Will be but a fooliſh freak,
Then never from this little white throat,
Shall I hear my poor kid ſqueak.

No lad could wreſtle tighter,
The boys will not deny;
And who e'er danced more lighter?
The pretty girls all cry,
Oh! with my noſe I've ſuch a toſs,
And my chin I throw up ſo ſmart!
Then ſuch a leg!---for ſuch a loſs,
Will be many a broken heart;
The buck am I of our own little town,
And ſure I'm the greateſt beau,
To take from Billy a pretty green gown,
What girl would cry, Oh no!
To hang me up, &c.

Felix gone to ſit in the veſtry—I won't ſtay in this diſmal place by myſelf. *(going.)*

Hel. (*Sings underground.*) Fe—li—x!

Bil. What's that?

Hel. Fe—li—x!

Bil. That is ſurely old Harry calling this wicked fellow to him.

AIR—*Helen.*

Where now thou art is the path to heaven,
Yet ſinner in the world if thou'd'ſt longer ſtay,
To thy own choice is the power given,
With my little finger, I could point the way.
Under the font is a tiny trap door,
Opening to a paſſage under the floor,
Darkly winding to the ragged pile,
That crumbles down the mountains, hence one mile.

Bil.

Bil. An underground paſſage from this chapel to the mountains! what that opens at the old abbey—Huzza! huzza! thank you ſweet little cricket whoever you are.—Its a fine lonely place, I can get off to Dublin, without coming to Arklow again. (*Seeks and finds the trap.*) Here it is—Felix! Felix! but if I take him with me I ſhall yet be hanged for his reſcue—no, no, to ſave going up, I'll go down.

Re-enter SULLIVAN.

Maſter not gone! (*ſhuts the trap haſtily*)

Sul. Whoever wrote this letter didn't learn in my ſchool---hand! its a crow's claw---but I muſt read it, to prepare proofs before Mr. Donnybrook comes.

Bil. Mr. Donnybrook coming! then I'm gone for certain. (*frightened*)

Sul. Billy, where's that pair of ſpectacles Felix bought for me?

Bil. Yes, Sir, I'll go home for them, Sir, open the door, Sir.

(*Sullivan goes towards the door.*)

This will be better than eſcaping under the ground I dont know where.

Sul. No, Billy, ſtay here, we ſhall want you to write his confeſſion.

Bil. Aye, I ſhall be ſent to jail with Felix--- (*terrified*) hell! death! and fury, let me out---. (*very violent*)

Sul. Why, Billy, what do you curſe and ſwear ſo for? you're grown ſuch a reprobate! A pretty tutor you are for the boys.

Bil. May I be choak'd and curſed, if I——

Sul. Stop, you wretch! Do you know you are in

in the chapel, with your dreadful execrations? You make my very hair ſtand an end. I ſhoudn't wonder if ſome ſudden judgement was to fall upon your ugly head.

Bil. Let me out this inſtant, or may I be burn'd if I dont——

Sul. He's ſurely mad---you blaſphemous boy, your ſoul's gone. Billy, tremble when you think of old Geoghegen, the cobler; his conſtant oath was, "the devil burn me"---and ſure enough, as he was at his work one night, with the candle innocently ſtanding near him, drawing his arms out at length with the wax end, his right hand came over the flame of the candle, and he coudn't draw it back again, ſo there he was found by the neighbours as a mark of infernal wrath, groaning with the flame burning thro' his wriſt.

Bil. Very true! (*cries*) I wiſh the people woudn't put me into ſuch paſſions---I ſwore as many oaths to-day, about Miſs Helen, as wou'd ſink my poor ſoul. (*knocking without*) Oh Lord!

Don. (*without*) Who's here?

Sul. Oh Mr. Donnybrook. (*unlocks the door*)

Bil. I'm a loſt man---I'll ruſh out.

(*Runs againſt Donnybrook, who enters.*)

Don. Oh you Paris of Troy! where's my Helen? Dont let him go.

Bil. If I know any thing of her, may I be——

Sul. Hold your tongue, you harden'd profligate; I ſhoudn't wonder if the ground was to open and ſwallow you up alive.

Bil. Oh, oh! (*ſignificantly, goes to the trap, opens it, and returns unperceived*)

Don. Do you know where your Strephon has hid my daughter.

Bil.

Bil. Lord? What's that? (*looking at the trap, pretending terror.*)

Sul. What's what?

Don. Have you hid her down there?

Bil. A great hole in the earth! bleſs me!

Sul. (*Surpriſed and terrified*) Ah! too late to bleſs yourſelf now, after curſing and ſwearing in the holy chapel.

Bil. What's the matter with my feet—ſomething pulling them.

Don. I'll make you faſt by the legs, you villain.

Sul. Be quiet, Sir; father Murphy told me this would be his end. Billy, have ſome regard to the ſchool where you were uſher---go quietly, dont let them ſend up fire and brimſtone for you.

Bil. Oh, Sir! Maſter, hold me! oh they'll have me down! (*moving towards the trap.*)

Don. What's the uſe of that trap door?

Sul. No, no; there was never a trap door here before.

Bil. Oh, help! Help!

Sul. Dont lay a finger upon him; the horrid vengeance that awaits him may communicate like electricity.

Don. Give an account of Helen this minute, or by the heavens—

Sul. Take warning, dont you ſwear too.

Bil. Oh, they pull me!

Don. There keep him faſt—Why the raſcal's going!

Sul. Yes, he is going—let him go to the devil.

[*Billy deſcends, and cloſes the trap-door.*

Don. Where's my daughter?

Sul. If I know any thing of her, may—I mean —I dont, gadzooks, and upon my fany.—Dont be

be frighten'd; ſit down—and if you faint, I've a pitcher of water to throw over you.

Don. S'blood! What do you mean—Your ſcoundrel runs away with my child, and then you want to throw water over me. (*noiſe without*)

Sul. Oh lord, ſave me! Oh heaven bleſs me—(*runs about frighten'd*)

Don. To reſcue Felix! Dont touch me, I'm a magiſtrate; by the lord I'm a magiſtrate.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter FELIX. (*haſtily.*)

AIR.

Felix. Neighbours, for the ſake of Heaven,
Venture not a precious life;
Liberty cannot be given;
Without ſlaughter giving ſtrife.

(*Part of the roof broke through, and the door burſt open.*)

Enter REDMOND O'HANLON *and country people, with ſhirts over their cloaths, and oak boughs in their hats.*

CHORUS.

At the hazard of our lives,
Cattle, cabins, babes and wives;
Generous Felix, blythe and free,
Again ſhall taſte bleſt liberty.

Felix. Good or ill, what e'er betide,
I my trial will abide;
Hopeleſs tho' alas my cauſe,
I'll never violate my country's laws.

Red. Since deſtruction thus you dare,
Your unhappy fate we'll ſhare.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

At the hazard of our lives,
Cattle, cabins, babes and wives;
Generous Felix, blythe and free,
Again shall rove the hills, and merrily.

[*Exeunt hurrying him off.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

SULLIVAN's *Houſe.*

Enter SULLIVAN.

SULLIVAN.

BILLY's untimely fate has ſo ſtupified me, that I forgot all concern for this other rogue Felix; I thought that by the hurly burly at the chapel door, Lucifer was come for him too, but 'twas certainly at the black gentleman's inſtigation that the profane wretches broke open the chapel, to looſe him upon the world again.—Now for this letter, my threat'ning to ſtop his letters made him take this out of the bag—the roaſted cheſnuts muſt be very ſweet, to make a man thruſt his fiſt into the fire. (*opens letter*) "Margaret Fagen!" Why this is from Felix's old nurſe. (*reads*)

"Dear Child, I'm ſorry I was out when you "called, but more ſorry to tell you of an unfor-

"tunate

" tunate affair; going to ſell the two bits you " left with me, the ſilverſmith ſaid, he'd ſend " me to Newgate if I didn't tell him where I " got them: Dear Felix don't be angry, to ſave " myſelf, I was forced to tell him your having " diſcovered in one of the Wicklow Mountains, " a"—what—heaven—bleſs us! how's this—a diſcover'd—Heaven preſarve us, diſcover'd—St. Patrick and all his angels be about us, diſcover'd a " Gold Mine in Croghan Hill! when I told " Mr. Droſs the ſilverſmith, who is a hot-head- " ed young kind of a chap, he danced about his " ſhop like a madman, for joy. He ſaid, he " himſelf was a great chymiſt and a great miner, " and that he'd go up to Arklow to-morrow; he " made me promiſe to write to you, to tell him " all about it."—To-morrow—to-morrow's to-day—this miner will be here to-day—oh joy, oh joy! and Felix to know this, and not tell a ſoul of us, oh the moſt damnable villain! I wiſh I had found it, I wou'dn't have let a creature know till I had made myſelf as rich! but then I'm an honeſt man, as the rope is about Felix's neck, I'll meet the miner myſelf, and by letting him know I underſtand all about it, I'll larn how to find the gold, and to refine it, and ſuperfine it, and double refine it—faith I've an old book of chymiſtry I'll go read that to prepare me to talk to him.

Enter DONNYBROOK, *reading a letter, which he puts up.*

Don. What do they mean by their mail robbery, my letters have been delivered to me.—Well Bob Sullivan, we ſhall have ſome addition to our party—

Sul. I don't know who wrote the book, but its on the ſhelf. (*aſide*)

Don. You have a ſpare bed—Eh! honeſt Bob!?

Sul. I'll ſhew Mr. Droſs the miner that I know what gold bullion is. (*aſide*)

Don. Perhaps this Mr. Franklin is arrived—have you heard of any ſtranger——

Sul. We ſhall all be made up of guineas, Arklow will be the guinea coaſt—we can have guinea ſlaves, and guinea fowls, and guinea hens, and guinea pigs. [*Exit.*

Don. What's the matter with the man with his guinea pigs.—Can't imagine where my daughter has rambled to again—her health and ſpirits ſeem quite reſtored, the country air has already had an excellent effect on her, plague of their towns! A million of people cluſtering up together, as if the Iſland wasn't large enough! in a great city what are the tops of the houſes but the ſurface of the earth, and the inhabitants walking thro' the ſtreets and lanes as at the bottom of ſaw pits? I wiſh I could prevail on my wife to live in the country, but ſhe's for faſhion, riot, and the ſplendor of affluence.

AIR.—DONNYBROOK.

Ye Gracious powers oh give me ſenſe
Enough to be content,
With juſt an eaſy competence;
If more to me is lent,
A bounteous heart then freely grant;
And ever may that heart expand,
And prompt the ready open hand
To give and cheer the child of want.

If more I have than I can uſe,
That more I well can ſpare;
The poor man's boon then why refuſe,
My cup my morſel ſhare:

For

For tho' to-day my meal is ſcant,
To-morrow Heav'n may ſend a feaſt;
Or much, or little, be my queſt
The drooping friendleſs child of want.

But let me conſider the buſineſs of this letter, my friend Sir Richard aſks me to become guardian to Mr. Franklin, who when of age will be Lord of the Manor, and falls into the eſtate round here. He ſays, that tho' I have never ſeen Franklin, yet he is well acquainted with my wife, having met her at ſome public place or other—retire up here for a little relaxation, and purſued by buſineſs! troubled with farms, leaſes, and bonds.—The letter mentions his intention of being here this day to view his eſtate.—Guardianſhip is a perplexing truſt, but however the young man will be of age in a few months, ſo I'll not diſoblige his friends by a refuſal.

[*walks up peruſing the letter.*

Enter DROSS *dreſs'd faſhionably extravagant.*

Droſs. Now here am I in the Hibernian Potoſi; but where to find the diſcoverer of the mine. Dem it, how unlucky I ſhould forget the name the old woman told me when I threaten'd to apprehend her. If I mention a gold mine to the wrong perſon, I ſet the whole country in a flame.

Don. I muſt ſee if Sullivan has a ſpare chamber ſhould this gentleman come (*going*)

Droſs. What's that? do you expect any body from Dublin?

Don. Eh! Yes, Sir, I do expect a perſon from Dublin.

Droſs

Droſs. Had you notice of his coming, by a letter?

Don. Well, Sir, ſuppoſe ſo.

Droſs. Was he a ſmart taſty, tall, handſome young gentleman?

Don. Why as to his beauty, really Sir I know nothing of it, for I never had the honor of ſeeing him.

Droſs. Then you have that ſuperlative honor, now Sir, (*bows*) as to perſonal advantagts, I am —juſt ſo—an elderly looking lad this; but hard labour wears out theſe country clowns. Now to ſound him about his diſcovery. (*aſide*) Eh, what maſter of the ductile ſervant that maſters the whole world (*winks*) found it.

Don. Who is this ſmart beautiful youth, with his winking and blinking.—But I muſt inquire whether Mr. Franklin is arrived. (*going*)

Droſs. Stop, a word——

Don. Excuſe me, Sir, I'm engag'd—I expect a gentleman.

Droſs. Isn't he a miner.

Don. A minor! yes Sir, what then?

Droſs. I am the man.

Don. Indeed! Can this be my new ward Mr. Franklin! (*aſide*) I'm very happy to ſee you, Sir.

Droſs. You'll comply in this buſineſs?

Don. Yes, Sir, I received the commands of my old friend, and am willing to obey them.

Droſs. Oh then, he'll ſhew me where the mine lies, as the old woman deſired him. (*aſide*)

Don. Well Sir, and your know Mrs. Donnybrook.

Droſs.

Droſs. Mrs. Donnybrook! Eh, muſt be Mrs. Donnybrook, of Sackville ſtreet,—(*aſide*) Oh yes Sir, I have that honor— (*bows*) A fine flaſhy lady! ſhe had an exceeding handſome ſilver coffee pot from me.

Don. Indeed! very ſilly, my wife taking preſents from this ridiculous young man.

Droſs. Eighteen ounces, ſix grains, nine penny weights.

Don. A large property here Sir, fine ſcope of mountain.

Droſs. Mountain !——all——mine ?

Don. Why Sir, as to its being all yours that we ſhall ſee by the map, and rent roll.

Droſs. Rent roll! what rent roll?

Don. Well by the ſurvey.

Droſs. I'll ſurvey and examine it with the eye of a Roſecruſian.

Don. But Sir, tho' I do undertake this truſt, in four months you'll have the command of all yourſelf.

Droſs. What you doubt your ſkill in the working? Depend on me.

Don. I do think if cultivated it might be more productive.

Droſs. Productive! The ſtream ſhall equal the Portugal Tagus, the Italian Padus, the Thracian Hebrus, the oriental Ganges, and the Aſiatic Pactolus.

Don. Oh he has ſome wiſe ſtupid plans for improving his acres. An odd young fellow. (*aſide*) Why Sir, the hills are ſtony, but by the help of a little gunpowder and undermining, as you remark, they might produce grain.

Droſs. And duſt, juſt ſo, golden grain, and lovely duſt! ſo pure, we want no refiner, my lucky boy. (*claps him on the back*)

Don.

Don. You want a refiner—What the plague does he mean by his lovely duſt. (*aſide*)

Droſs. Is the river near?—Little ſhining bits among the pebbles.—I ſhould like to ſee a ſolid wedge.

Don. Look in the river and you'll ſee a ſolid block. (*half aſide*)

Droſs. What! a whole block! but it can't, be, do you take me for a tinker? that I know no more than ſawdering old ſaucepans.

Don. Sir!

Droſs. I tell you its black Jack. mere zink, is it ſoluble to aqua regulis? never mind my lad, I'll bring it to liquefaction, tho' you've got a little caſh by it, you mus'nt ſet up for a gentleman, white and delicate as my hands ſeem, I have blacken'd them with charcoal. I deſpiſe the fear of vapours.

Don. Charcoal and vapours! really Sir, I don't underſtand you.

Droſs. How ſhould you, you country dolt—Hearkye, a word, the knowledge of my coming may cauſe ſuſpicion, ſo dont mention the ſecret till I have viewed the ſpot, and digeſted my plan of operations. Liſten—both grain and duſt muſt be waſhed down the mountain by the rapidity of the current, for which a tank muſt be dug twelve feet deep and three hundred wide, at the brow end cut ten ſluices—theſe when opened ſhall let forth a guſhing torrent, but previous to that the channel down the valley muſt be planted thick, with roſemary buſhes, to catch the precious particles—I'll completely ſcoop the two hills on either ſide.—Cut thro' the rock and blow up.—

Don. Hold, hold Sir! Do you mean all theſe alterations by way of improvements?

Droſs.

Droſs. Juſt ſo, to improve my fortune.

Don. A plaguy fool was he who left it you—and I to perplex my head with the affairs of ſuch a puppy; (*aſide*) lookye, Sir, its not my wiſh to diſoblige your friends, but undertake this charge, I will not.

Droſs. Who cares? I'll be at all the charge myſelf, furnace, fire, and gunpowder. Oh I'm already in the very vein!

Don. Well Sir, if you are in the vein for cutting thro' mountains, and blowing rocks about, you dont ſaddle me with the management of your affairs.

Droſs. Why you upſtart ignoramus! do you take me for an ironmonger? I'll leave you to dabble in your little ſhabby brook like a kennel-raker as you are, but I'll help the Lord of the Manor to freight all the herring-boats in the bay with glorious bullion.

Don. As I underſtand you are Lord of the Manor.

Droſs. None of your ſneers, I'll play the devil with the old woman that ſent me to you.

Don. What, do you call my friend Sir Richard an old woman?

Droſs. There's more knowledge in the ſhadow of this profile, caſt upon a white wall, by the gleam of a ruſh-light, than in Meſue, Avicinna, Raymund Lully, Paracelſus, Geber, Arnoldus Rhazes, Baſil Valentine, Lazarus Erekern, Sir George Ripley, Pliny, and Georgius Agricola.

Don. Your friends brag'd to me of your intellect—but I ſuſpect you're no goldſmith.

Droſs. No, but I'm a ſilverſmith.

Don. A ſilverſmith!

Droſs. Juſt ſo.

Don. Are not you Mr. Franklin of Merrion-ſquare?

Droſs. No, but I'm Tom Droſs of Copper-alley.

Don. Tom Droſs!

Droſs. Juſt ſo. But what an ill uſe you have made of the caſh you've got in our way—You ſhould encourage our trade; ribband in your ſhoes and knees! fie, fie, nothing like a gold watch chain and ſilver buckles.

Don. How dare you impoſe upon me, as Mr. Franklin?

Droſs. Hold! are not you he that diſcovered the gold mine in Croghan mountain?

Don. A gold mine!

Droſs. No! I ſee it—you paſſed yourſelf on me for him to extract the ſecret; then you're a buſy, eves-dropping, curious, inquiſitive, ſhabby—(*Donnybrooke takes down a horſewhip and ſhakes it*) I've the honour to be your moſt obedient humble ſervant. (*bows*) [*Exit.*

Don. A gold mine! diſcovered in Croghan Hills.

Enter Boy.

Is my daughter returned yet?

Boy. No Sir, but I heard Redmond ſay, he was engaged by ſomebody to run away with her.

Don. More danger than I at firſt apprehended in that clown Billy talking to me this morning of Helen.

Boy. But Sir, a gentleman from Dublin wants you.

Don.

Don. Then this is Mr. Franklin, ſhew him up.
[*Exit boy.*
But firſt to enquire about Helen, don't half like her ſtay—that fellow Billy—Nothing but rogues and ſharpers in this innocent rural retreat. [*Exit.*

Re-enter SULLIVAN *with a large book.*

Sul. Now let the miner come when he will, I know how to talk to him. I've got every word out of the book into my head very ſcientifically; but he ſhan't know that I pick my knowledge out of books, ſo pleaſe to march up there, Mr. Old rags, and calves ſkin.
[*Retires.*

Frank. (*without*) Above ſtairs my boy?

Boy. (*without*) Yes Sir, Mr. Donnybrook is in that room.

Enter FRANKLIN, *in his firſt dreſs.*

Frank. Farewell my aſſumed character, and now to return to myſelf; my beggars diſguiſe has done its duty, yes, report has wronged Felix, and Helen's liberality of ſoul correſponds with her lovely perſon; but now for my firſt interview with Mr. Donnybrook, tho' given to ruſtic amuſements, as his lady deſcribes him, he muſt be a man of ſenſe, or my friends would not have fixt upon him to be my guardian. I will not now aſk his conſent for his daughter; no, I'll firſt render myſelf acceptable to my dear Helen herſelf—Eh! the boy ſaid Mr. Donnybrook was in this room.

Re-enter SULLIVAN.

Oh, he's here, doubtleſs pleaſed to learn that I have ſuch a noble eſtate here—Sir your moſt obedient. (*bows.*)

Sul. Now who is this ſma Buckll? (*aſide*)

Frank. As his lady ſays, ſeems a ſtrange ruſticated being. (*aſide*) Well, Sir, here I am for the firſt time, to view this new acquiſition.

Sul. Acquiſition! Why, Sir, have you heard that Felix has found—faith I had like to have let it out—Arrah who are you honey?

Frank. Did'nt the letter come to hand, Sir?

Sul. Why, ſure he means Felix's letter from his old nurſe.

Frank. It gave notice, I fancy, of my arrival.

Sul. All Saints be about us! why this muſt be Mr. Droſs, the hot-headed young ſilverſmith—then honey are you the miner?

Frank. The minor!—eh! oh yes, Sir, I am yet a minor, very right—how good of you to undertake the management of my property.

Sul. What does he think Felix has given it up to me—property! (*aſide*) oh, but, Sir, don't be in ſuch a hurry, its not your property yet.

Fel. No, true, but in a few months, I ſhall take all in my own hands in ſpite of my Lord Chancellor.

Sul. Oh, if he's ſo conceited as to think of ſnatching all the mine to himſelf, I'll let him underſtand that, thanks to my learning, I know a little of the nature of gold too. (*aſide*) Oh, moſt ingenious Sir! by the accidental diſcovery of this runagate Felix, you and I may poſſeſs—

what?

what? oh what! why that that makes Adamantine walls drop down like gates of cobweb, that can make the bad fellow a genteel hero, and the honeſt lad a ſneaking whipper ſnapper; it can give handſomeneſs and take away uglineſs—it turns a man's mind round about like a weather cock, and fixes a womans thoughts as ſteady as the noſe of a ſundial, it can make little girls run after gouty codgers, and pretty boys galant with old Lady Mouſers, it makes a man of talents be treated like a blockhead, and a blockhead talk like Sir Toby Butler, and has made me diſcourſe in this very wiſe manner.

Frank. So very wiſe Sir, that I confeſs you ſpeak beyond my comprehenſion.

Sul. Oh no, Sir, I'm ſure you underſtand, tranſmutation, diſtillation, ſublination, calcination, evaporation, volalilization, exhalation, dephlequation, concentration, rectification, ſaturation, cryſtallization, precipitation, conflagration, and botheration.

Frank. What could Sir Richard mean by chuſing ſuch a guardian as this for me—certainly touched! (*aſide*)

Sul. As to the edict of diocleſian or Pope John, that we muſtn't mind either in our purſuit in the mountains, or over the mountains, after metallurgy, antimony, mercury, ductility, alchemy, and ballinamonyoro, you may perceive Sir, that I have had a ſolid fixity over the furnace of Homogeneous fluids, as taught us by Boyle, and Bacon——

Frank. Boil'd bacon! a curſt vulgar fellow this! No, he ſhall have no concern in my addreſſes to his daughter.

Sul.

Sul. You think I mean bare calomine—that's falſe, my honey.

Frank. Do you mean, Sir, this as the counter-check quarrelſome, or the retort courteous?

Sul. Arrah, man; I'd put you in a retort, and diſſolve you in a crucible. I'll tell you what, tho' the old woman nurſed Felix, the finder, I'll hang him for robbing the mail; and ſo yourſelf, and your learning, may ride back to Dublin on a cabbage ſtalk.

Frank. Sir, you're mad! Let me ſee ſome rational being belonging to you.

Sul. Nobody knows any thing of the mine but me, Felix, and you: I have him lock'd up; and now, by the powers of Plutarch, the God of Riches, if you divulge it to man, woman, or child, or even whiſper it in the ear of your little dog, I'll murder you, as my old anceſtor did a big Briton. There, ſwear upon the book, (*offers a book*) or you go. Pho! This is Reynard the Fox; no matter, ſwear. (*Takes down a ſcythe.*)

Frank. Hold, Sir! S'death. I ſhall be murdered here. [*Exit.*

Sul. I muſt try to get the guineas by my own ingenuity; for what ſignifies my genius, and my courage, and my eloquence, and my honour, and my fame, and my beauty, without the guineas.

AIR.—SULLIVAN.

Beauty has a painted face,
And fame upon the Trumpet plays;
And honor, ſure, is no diſgrace,
And genius ſports his bit of bays;
And eloquence is full of clack,
And courage can a raſcal whack;
But of all the fine things a man can ſee,
A little rough guinea for me.

Beauty

Beauty in the ſtreet is ſold,
And envy ſpatters fame with dirt;
And honor's now deſpiſed and old,
And genius ſports a ragged ſhirt;
And eloquence makes white the crows,
And courage tweak'd is by the noſe;
So of all the fine things that a man can ſee,
A little rough guinea for me.

If beauty would a ſmicket buy,
Or madam fame would ſmoke a pipe;
Or honor eat a pigeon pye,
Or genius have a cherry ripe;
Or eloquence be out of debt,
Or courage a commiſſion get;
They'll ſing, of all the fine things that I ſee,
A little rough guinea for me.

Bright guineas I'll get galore O!
And then I'll rattle and roar O!
I'll break up ſchool,
And my golden rule
Shall be, to drive care from the door O!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Road.

(*Shouts and clamour without.*)

Enter FELIX. (*agitated.*)

Fel. My friends have hurried me again to life! (*acclamations without*) Ay, my treaſure lies open to the world; every one now can come at gold—was it firſt pointed out to me by my good or my evil genius?

AIR

AIR—FELIX.

Guardian fairies in a dream,
Softly flew my pillow round;
Caroll'd ſweet a golden theme,
So the precious ore was found;
No! a wiley fiend did ſing,
"Treaſures lie the earth beneath;"
All the miſchiefs gold can bring,
Yet avenge poor Felix' death.

[*Exit.*

Enter SULLIVAN.

Sul. The mine diſcovered to all the country—Oh the blaſphemers!

Enter country people, with ſpades, ſhovels, and divers inſtruments.

Sul. Oh you're all in a great hurry now—Where are you going, old Looney, and your nine ſons?

Old Man. Mr. Sullivan, you're a man of learning, and I want you to tell me about this gold mine.

Sul. I will, Mr. Looney, 'cauſe why you're a fine old fiſherman, and alſo the bell ringer.

Old Man. (*apart*) Go you, my nine ſons, and whilſt I keep him here in pallaver, fill the tub, and the pail, and the foſſit, and the piggin, and the bucket, and the noggin, with gold—and bring it home, and bury it at the bottom of the garden.

Lads. (*apart*) We will father. [*Exeunt.*

1ſt *Girl.* Mr. Sullivan, is this gold money in the mountains?

Sul. It is—may hap.

2d

2d *Girl.* What under Croghan hill?

Sul. It is—moſt likely.

1ſt *Boy.* Is the mine under or over the ground?

Sul. Very probably. But Mr. Looney, I'll open to you my whole ſoul. Before we go to look for this gold, we muſt conſider whether it's a pot of gold, or whether it's a little bit, or a big bit, or the devil-a-bit.

Old Woman. Ah! It's the black gentleman has hid it, and he that hides can find: I warrant you know where it is, Mr. Sullivan.

Sul. Arrah, then, are you making a devil of me, Mrs. Carney?

2d *Boy.* Whilſt we ſtand talking here—there old Looney is ſending his ſons. (*all running*)

Sul. (*Stops them*) Hold!

2d *Old Man.* (*very feeble and debilitated*) Tell us, Mr. Sullivan, what ſort of a thing is a guinea? for I never ſaw one in my life.

Sul. This hat ſhall be the cap of dignity the people's very bodies and ſouls ſhall bow to me, becauſe I ſhall be a golden calf. Stand all of you on this ſide of me, or elſe you can't hear what I'm going to ſay to you, as I'm deaf in this ear. Now friends and neighbours—Arrah, what do you ſtride your foot acroſs my leg, Darby Mullowny? Now, one word I've to ſay to you all—liſten to me—ſtart fair!

[*Exeunt running.*

SCENE V; *and laſt.*

Croghan Mountain—at a diſtance, the ruins of an abbey.

Enter ROSA.

Roſa. How long they ſtay—ſhe can't make Felix hear her—if ſhe ſhou'd loſe her way in theſe theſe dark windings, the pedlar ſaid it was dangerous to attempt it—Sweet lady, to run ſuch perils to ſerve me—My poor Felix.

AIR.—ROSA.

Ill ſet my Felix free,
Cou'd gentle hearts but ſee;
Thou woud'ſt relent,
As I repent,
The wrongs I've done to thee.
Good Angels ſend a charm,
To keep my love from harm;
Thy heart may hold,
That hearts are cold;
Yet mine to thee is warm.

Oh come ſweet love, his footſteps ſure I hear,
Impaſſion'd ſighs beſpeak my Felix near;
My ſoul's fond wiſh, my ſenſes why betray,
In plaintive ſounds, that fleeting die away.

Enter Donnybrook. (*with a fowling piece*)

Don. Oh you huſſy, tell me where's my daughter? ſhe was ſeen with you—I'll not let you go, tho' you ſqueak like fifty kids.

Roſa. Nay, Sir, dont be angry—Miſs is—is—

Enter

Enter HELEN. (*at an aperture cover'd with ſtones and brambles.*)

Helen. (*Speaks at the entrance.*) Come out, my fine little boy.

Don. My daughter in a hole with a fine little boy!

Roſa. No, ſtay in, you'll be taken.

Helen. My father! now, Sir, don't give the poor fellow up again.

Roſa. Oh, Sir! Save my Felix!

Enter BILLY (*from the opening.*)

Bil. Here I am, my ſweet little cricket—Oh lord! (*ſeeing Donnybrook*)

Helen. What is it you, you wretch?

Bil. Ah you traitreſs! I thought it was old Nick's voice that ſounded ſo ſweet. So then Miſs Belzeebub, you coak'd me from lock and key, only to throw me into the hands of your father. Oh, great ſquire! Spare my life, and indeed I'll never think again of marrying your noble daughter. I never robb'd a mail bag; the only letters I ever ſtole, were four and twenty on a ſquare of gingerbread, and for that, Father Foley made me do penance, by not eating a roaſted potatoe for ſeven long days.

Don. No, no—I'll ſend you back to old Nick, from whence you came. (*Preſents at Billy, who falls on his knees.*)

Bil. Oh mercy!

Enter FRANKLIN. (*haſtily.*)

Frank. Hold! don't let us have murder too.

Don. He has ſtole my game, my coat, and my girl——

Frank. (*calling off*) Bring the culprit this way.

Enter FELIX. (*ironed*) REDMOND *and people.*

Convey him immediately to Wicklow—but my lad, you're very young—you muſt have had ſome experienc'd accompliice—(*turns to Redmond*) You mention'd a perſon—a kind of pedlar, that was ſeen loi ering—come, confeſs—(*to Felix*) was not that beggarman your confederate? Give him up, and by my honor, I not only promiſe you a pardon, but a high reward, for your diſcovery of this gold mine on my eſtate.

Felix. Sir, if I die for it—my word to the laſt—the crime was all my own.

Red. I ſay all the miſchief was done by that rogue the pedlar.

Bil. Aye, ſquire, 'twas he that ſet me on to affront Miſs Helen: he told me himſelf, that he ſtole two ponies, four cows, a lamb, and a mile ſtone.

Roſa. He's a very good creature.

Helen. A brave old fellow.

All. I wiſh we cou'd catch the rogue.

Frank. Silence! (*ſings*)

"A farden, a farden, my fortune much decay'd is,
Of all the hands outſtretch'd to me,
Oh bleſſing on the ladies."

(*Addreſſing all around, they expreſs ſurpriſe.*)

Then Felix, you poſitively will not hang me? Your hand—do you forget your old companion, Maſter

Maſter Franklin, who was nurs'd with you in yon very cabin? I myſelf brought you that letter from Dublin, and bribed the boy to tell the ſham ſtory of the mail robbery. My diſguiſe and ſtratagem have proved, that your generoſity and gratitude are ſuperior to even the concern for your life; and Madam, (*to Helen*) your humane efforts to ſave a life ſo valuable, have acted more powerfully on my heart, than all I had before felt from the force of your charms.

Don. Ha, ha, ha! Helen, then this is Mr. Franklin, your mother's choice, and you, Sir, are my ward; I ſee now the ſimilarity of ſound cauſed our miſtakes of the minor and miner.

Fel. I recollect you, Sir; you are, indeed, the good-natur'd young gentleman, that when we were children, honor'd me with your friendſhip. Little merit in now acknowledging I did purpoſe revealing the ſecret of the mine at a certain period, but was reſtrained by the known avarice of the late poſſeſſor of this eſtate, who, on hearing it, would have inſtantly taken the treaſure into his own hands, and conſequently——

Don. Stopt the current of your generoſity.

Roſa. My dear Felix, if you conſider every unlucky circumſtance, I think you'll forgive me.

Fel. My innocent Roſa, had I been the unprincipl'd wretch you ſuppoſed me, your conduct but diſplayed the purity of your heart.

(*Droſs runs from a winding of the mountain, with a lump of gold in his hand, his dreſs cover'd with earth and clay.*)

Droſs. Oh joy! the pure glorious child of the ſun—here it is—look gentlemen—there! there!

Frank. Is it indeed gold?

Droſs.

Droſs. As certain as I have hid ſeven bars that will make a Lord Mayor's chain for Tom Droſs of Copper Alley. (*aſide*) Then this is Felix, (*kneels*) firſt favorite of heaven! the great diſcoverer of our Iriſh Potoſi!

Enter SULLIVAN, *with a ſack, followed by peaſants.*

Sul. Stop! I command you to ſtop, in the name of Mr. Sullivan, Poſtmaſter of Arklow, and that's myſelf. I ſeize upon all your ill-got pebble-ſtones and duſt; the landlord himſelf deſired me to keep the mine ſafe for him.

Frank. Did I faith? however, Sir, as I'm on the ſpot, I'll ſave you the trouble.

Sul. What, Billy! Oh then King Plutarch has ſent you up with this cargo of golden curſes.

Bil. Sir, do you forgive me for trying to run away with Miſs, and the wicked defender, Redmond O'Hanlon.

Don. It is a duty we owe our country, and the happineſs of ſociety, to puniſh theſe lawleſs depredators.

Frank. And yet, Mr. Donnybrook, in this land of abundance, why ſhou'd our peaſantry languiſh in ſuch lamentable wretchedneſs—were we to turn our attention a little more to this, inſtead of the unhappy neceſſity of puniſhing crimes, we might prevent their commiſſion, by awakening them from the idleneſs of deſpondency, with our countenance and protection, and rewarding their labours by the genial and cheriſhing encouragement of kindneſs and humanity.

Sul. But Sir you won't ſhut us out of the mine till we get enough to build Arklow into a young Dublin? and our China ware and our wooden

wooden ware ſhall be all gold, and we'll have ſuch plenty that we'll give a guinea for a half-penny roll.

Don. A good Iriſh plenty—as graſs is given to feed the native flocks that bound over the ſurface of the earth, ſo hath Providence ſent the ore as a gift to the poor inhabitants of this country, therefore they ſhall have the uſe of it till all are at leaſt better'd in their circumſtances: but as profuſion might deſtroy a greater treaſure, induſtry, then I'll encloſe the mine, and each man muſt leave gold-hunting, and return to a much nobler reſcource—honeſt Labour.

FINALE.

FRANKLIN.

Hence Care and Strife! nor damp our joy,
Come Friendſhip, Mirth, and Love;
And every ſordid baſe alloy
Let's from our boſoms ſhove.

DONNYBROOK.

For was our Gold but Iriſh Braſs,
Good humour's ſtamp can make it paſs.
With a fal lal la.

FELIX.

To London town our Iriſh wags
A Fortune-hunting run,
But if with heaps of ſhining bags
Their paltry ſouls are won——

HELEN *and* ROSA.

If Love could e'er unite with gain,
Come lads here find our Golden vein.
With a fal lal la.

BILLY.

BILLY.

I've learn'd the letters in the book,
By poſt you've letters ſent, (*to Sullivan*)
But till of late you're ſuch a rook,
You knew not what they meant.

SULLIVAN.

All Letters nonſenſe are to me,
But Letters call'd G, O, L, D.
With a fal lal la.

THE END.

FONTAINEBLEAU;

OR,

OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

IN THREE ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1784.

THE MUSIC BY MR. SHIELD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Winlove,	Mr. INCLEDON.
Colonel Epaulette,	Mr. WEWITZER.
Sir John Bull,	Mr. WILSON.
Tallyho,	Mr. EDWIN.
Henry,	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Lackland,	Mr. LEWIS.
Lapoche,	Mr. QUICK.
Robin,	Mr. ROCK.
Lady Bull,	Mrs. WEBB.
Roſa,	Mrs. BILLINGTON.
Celia,	Miſs WHEELER.
Miſs Dolly Bull,	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Mrs. Caſey,	Mrs. KENNEDY.
Nannette,	Mrs. MARTYR.

SCENE, *Fontainebleau in France.*

FONTAINEBLEAU;

OR,

OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street.—Sign of the Fleur de Lys on one ſide, the Britiſh Lion on the other.—Bells ring.

Enter MRS. CASEY *and* 1ſt *Waiter.*

MRS. CASEY.

COME Bob, what are you about boy? the company tumble in upon us like ſmoke—quick are all the cooks at work?

1ſt *Wait.* Yes, Ma'am. (*bell rings*) coming! coming! [*Exit.*

Lack. (*without*) You ſcoundrel I'll teach you to talk to a gentleman!

2d *Wait.* (*without*) Oh very well, very well, Sir.

Mrs. C. Hey day!

Enter 2d *Waiter.*

What's the matter now?

2d *Wait.* Only Mr. Lackland, Ma'am. You know you ordered me to keep the Globe for the large company, there he takes poſſeſſion of it, and tho' I told him it was beſpoke, he wou'd dine no where elſe; orders a bottle of Champaigne, and becauſe I didn't fly with it, kick'd me down ſtairs, tho' I bawl'd out coming up, Sir.

Mrs. C. Champaigne! and not a louis in his pocket! d'ye hear, tell Mr. Lackland, it's my deſire he quits the houſe.

Wait. Your deſire! Ecod Madam, he ſaid he'd make you bounce.

Mrs. C. Make me bounce! A ſhabby, ſpunging—without a ſecond coat the fellow's as proud as a Galway Merchant.—Make me bounce in my own houſe! pretty well that, upon my honor!

Lack. (*without*) Here waiters!

Mrs. C. Run, don't you hear?

Lack. (*without*) Where is that infernal——

Wait. Infernal! that's you Ma'am he's calling.

Lack. (*without*) Come here you raſcal!

Mrs. C. Huſh! here he is. [*Exit Waiter.*
Becauſe I'm a lone woman, he thinks to impoſe upon me——

Enter LACKLAND.

Lack. Landlady, your attendance is inameful:

Mrs. C. Why the truth is, Sir, my waiters have enough to do, if they properly attend on folks

folks who have money to pay for what they call for. (*takes out ſnuff-box*)

Lack. (*takes a pinch*) And even your ſnuff is execrable.

Mrs. C. Look'ee Mr. Lackland, that you're a gentleman every body knows, and you've an eſtate only its all gone, and you are allowed to be a ſix-bottle man, and a choice companion: Ah, the beginning of a good ſong at the latter end of a bottle, is a capital thing for a houſe—now—here during the race-time I'll give you your board at the table D'Hôte, and money in your pocket to pay the reckoning, if you'll only be a good jolly fellow and encourage the company to drink, by a droll ſong, or a comical ſtory.

Lack. What, live by entertaining a company!

Mrs. C. Yes, that's what I call earning your bread like a gentleman.

Lack. Make me your decoy-duck! Mrs. Caſey, you're a widow, you'll oblige me if you'll marry ſomebody immediately.

Mrs. C. And why ſo, pray?

Lack. Madam, that I may have the ſuperlative honor of kicking your huſband. (*bows gravely*)

Mrs. C. Well, upon my word you're a very mannerly fellow! but I wiſh I had a huſband for your ſake, oh I wiſh I had a huſband.

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Ma'am, there's a Paris chaiſe ſtopt, and the maſter of the Lilly of France has got hold of them already.

Mrs. C. Then he ſhall ſoon quit his hold, that he ſhall, as ſure as my name is Mrs. Caſey.—Bill, do you go and try to bring them this way, and I'll

I'll go ſee the rooms prepared myſelf.—Ah my dearee, I wiſh I had a huſband.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Caſey and waiter.*

Lack. (*looking out*) An Engliſh Officer.

[*retires.*

Enter HENRY *and* POSTBOY.

Hen. There. (*gives money*) Never ſatisfied!

Poſt. Monſieur, c'eſt toúte poſte royale de Paris juſqua Fontainebleau.

Hen. Oh, double poſtage for the horſes? aye, aye, if we approach a manſion of the grand Monarque, we muſt pay for it—ſeven poſts. (*gives money*) [*Exit Poſtboy.*

Lack. (*advancing*) By heaven my old college chum.

Hen. Pray friend can you direct me to the beſt —is't poſſible, but I heard ſomething of this—can you be—Charles Lackland?

Lack. How d'ye do Harry?

Hen. My poor fellow! but how has all this come about?

Lack. Eh!

Hen. I feel for you ſincerely.

Lack. What d'ye mean? oh my garb—pſha! never mind a man's outſide, I've a heart within equally warm to an old friend in ſnow or ſunſhine.

Hen. That I've paſs'd ſo many happy, happy days with. All gone? Play I ſuppoſe?

Lack. Aye my dear fellow play and pleaſure, but what the devil muſty melancholy! come to ſport here at the races? Eh, fluſh?

Hen.

Hen. Why faith Lackland as to caſh, my affairs are little better than your own.

Lack. Ahem! Egad that's rather unlucky for us both.

Hen. But my mind my dear Charles! I am this moment the moſt unhappy—in a word you ſee me here an exile, fled from the hands of juſtice! you remember my ſiſter Roſa?

Lack. What little romping Roſa that us'd to ſteal our fiſh, and throw our cards in the fire? Eh, did I dream, or wasn't there a match talk'd of between her and Lord Winlove?

Hen. All over!—Guided only by the weakneſs of her ſex and the art of ours, ſhe was prevail'd on by Lord Winlove to take the road for the Continent. I overtook them at Rocheſter, demanded reparation of my ſiſter's character, by an inſtant marriage: I was violent, my Lord's pride hurt at a charge, which perhaps he did not deſerve—a piſtol was the umpire—he loſt his life, and in apprehenſion that a verdict might endanger mine, I was compell'd to aſſume the diſguiſe of a woman to effect my eſcape.

Lack. Bravo! Shot a Lord! I wing'd a Marquis yeſterday.—Poor Roſa! where is ſhe now?

Hen. I have lodg'd her in the Convent of Villeneuve.

Lack. And have taken the races of Fontainebleau in your way back to Paris?

Hen. I'll tell you frankly, tho' you'll ſay rather inconſiſtent with my preſent ſituation; I'm drawn hither, purely for the hopes of meeting an amiable young Engliſh lady whom I engaged in converſation at the Sunday Opera in Paris.

Lack. Her name? good family—eh?

Hen.

Hen. I'm a total ſtranger to both—talks of her brother's having horſes to run, and of their intention of being here at the races.

Lapo. (*without*) Jy ny manquerai pas.

Lack. (*aſide*) This curſed taylor! Now ſhall I be dunn'd and plagu'd—

Enter LAPOCHE.

Lapo. Monſieur Lackland, I vill no longer wait for my——

Lack. Huſh. (*apart*) I'll make your fortune, a cuſtomer rolling in money—Captain, if you're unprovided with neat lodgings and a good taylor, here's your man, and there's his houſe. (*pointing*)

Lapo. Oh de new cuſtomer!—ſpeak de good vord for me. (*apart*)

Lack. He has good apartments.

Lapo. Oh very good! Speak more.

Lack. I will—This ill-looking little raſcal. (*apart to Henry*)

Lapo. Much oblige to you. (*bows*)

Lack. (*apart*) If you are ſlack in caſh, you'll find his lodgings convenient.

Lapo. Very convenient becauſe——

Lack. (*apart*) Becauſe when he aſks for his money you may kick him down ſtairs.

Lapo. Much oblige to you, Sir. (*bows*)

Lack. (*apart*) My way of doing things—wasn't I a good cuſtomer Lapoche?

Lapo. Oui, it does a tradeſman's heart good to ſee you—outſide of his door. (*aſide*)

Lack. I paid you eight livres a week was'nt it?

Lapo. Oui Monſieur you did——promiſe me dat. (*aſide*)

Lack.

Lack. Ladies! (*looking out*) Muſt attend where beauty calls. (*pulls down his ruffles*) My dear Henry at your time, I am yours, from a beef-ſteak to a bottle of Burgundy—Can't ſtay now—You know I was always a Philander among the Ladies? [*Exit.*

Lapo. Always great gander amongſt the ladies!

Hen. Poor Lackland!

Lapo. Lately from Londres, Sir? I was vonce great man in Londres, but now I am anoder man.

Hen. Another man! What then my motley friend, I ſuppoſe you have a character for every country?

Lapo. Oui, I have appear in many characters, but Londres vas my grand Theatre.—Ah England is de great field of battle for us ſoldiers of fortune; and ven I could no longer fight my vay——

Hen. Why then you——

Lapo. Oui, I ran avay. Ah Monſieur! in England I vas high, and I vas low, I vas dis, and I vas dat—I vas cook, parfumeur, Maitre de langue, juggle, and toos-drawer; in ſhort I vas every ting.

Hen. And pray my good friend what are you now?

Lapo. I am now myſelf in my true character—A taileur á votre ſervice.

AIR.—LAPOCHE.

In Londres I vas taylor nice,
And vork for Lor ſo gay;
He never beat me down in price,
But den he never pay;

From Lor I cou'd no money get,
My draper vou'd no ſtay.
So like my Lor I ran in debt,
And den I ran avay.

Vid trick on card I pleaſe my Lor,
He vonder how I do't;
And ladies all my ſkill adore,
Ven cock in glaſs I ſhoot;
De Britiſh guinea I command,
My pocket to recruit;
I ſhirt it off by ſlight of hand,
Shift off by ſlight of foot.

To touch de little ready pelf,
I ſell de cordial drop,
But none vou'd drink except myſelf,
So I ſhut up my ſhop;
Of chimney ſweep the tooth ſo white,
In noble mouth I drop;
My Lor he grin and den he bite,
Bon jour, and off he hop.

Now here in France I ave no dread,
For Lor to move my ſhear;
For here in France dey cannot plead,
De priviledge of peer;
Monſieur if you employ a me,
A pretty coat voud vear,
Your little taileur here I'll be,
Tres humble ſerviteur.

Hen. A taylor! what, and come here to the races to ſport your Louis d'ors upon the jockies of France?

Lapo. No Monſieur, but I am come here to ſport de pretty jacket upon de jockies of France. Ah! I vil ſhew ſo fine de green jockey, de blue jockey, and de red jockey—dey may talk of vip and ſpur, but de beauty of de race come from my ſhear and timble.

Hen. Pray, which is your beſt hotel here.

Lapo.

Lapo. Hotel! Ah Monſieur, why you no lodge in my houſe? Convenient for de ſingle gentilhomme.—I vil not tel him of de lady my lodger, becauſe I love her myſelf. (*aſide*)

Hen. Well, I don't know but private lodgings at this time may be preferable to the noiſe and buſtle of an hotel.

Lapo Eh bien Monſieur, vill you look at my logement?

Hen. With all my heart.

Lapo. Je vous attend. (*calls*) Nannette—and if you like dem you may ſend your baggage and little things after you.—Nannette! Prepare for de new lodger! [*Exit.*

Hen. To live here an exile away from my friends and country! I wiſh, like my unhappy ſiſter I could find a comforter in oblivion.

AIR.—HENRY.

My morning of life, ah! how tranquil, how bright,
No care found a place in my breaſt;
My noon now is evening, and ſoon muſt be night,
A night without comfort or reſt.

The flood how reſplendant with clear azure ſkies,
Tho' tempting, too late to his coſt
Beneath for his heaven who, wantonly tries,
In ſtreams of falſe pleaſure is loſt.

[*Exit.*

Enter WAITER *from the Fleur de Lys, and Mrs.* CASEY, *from the Britiſh Lion.*

Wait. This way, Sir John, this way your honor—Madam it's Sir John Bull, and Lady Bull, and Miſs Bull, and all the family.

Sir J. (*without*) I wiſh my Lady Bull you'd have let Robin roll'd us up to the door.

Mrs. C. Ha! upon my honor it is Sir John Bull and his lady, this is the truth of an Engliſh family.

Enter SIR JOHN *and* LADY BULL, *French Innkeepers, and Porters, with bandboxes, &c.*

Mrs. C. Sir John, you are welcome from Paris.

Sir J. Welcome from Paris! Where the devil are you taking us? ſuch a way to walk over your damned pavement!

Lady B. Oh fie, Sir John! do you conſider where you are? when Engliſh gentlemen come to France, they ſhould leave their damme's at Dover.

Sir J. I wiſh I had left you or myſelf there! What are theſe fellows doing with the things.

Lady B. Don't you ſee the gentlemen are porters, Sir John.

Sir J. Porters! pickpockets—paid by the ounce: one Thames-ſtreet porter wou'd take the whole ſeven, and their bundles on his knot, here's a proof.

Enter ROBIN *with a large trunk.*

My trunk Robin?

Robin. Yes, your honor, four of the Mounſieurs trying to carry it, dropped it in the dirt yonder. (*lays it down*)

Lady B. Robin you muſt immediately find Cononel Epaulette's lodge, and let him know we are arrived.

Sir J. Yes, when you've taken care of the trun..s;

trunks; and d'ye hear Robin, you'll find ſquire Tallyho there; tell him that I'm come, and that Dolly's longing to ſee him—But where is ſhe.

Lady B. Aye, where's Miſs Dolly Bull.

Enter Miſs DOLLY BULL.

Miſs D. Here I am Mamma. Ma'am pray which is the inn. (*to Mrs. Caſey*)

Lady B. Inn! Hotel Miſs if you pleaſe.

Miſs D. Miſs! Madamoiſelle, if you pleaſe Ma'am.

Sir J. Aha! Well ſaid Dolly, there was French upon French.

Lady B. Dear Sir, which is the hotel—(*to French inkeepers*)

Sir J. How curſed polite to a waiter too! only becauſe he's French.

French Inn. Dis vay Mademoiſelle—I keep de Lilly of France.

Sir J. Let's in, I'm plaguy hungry.

French Inn. Ah Monſieur de nice Vermicelle—de bon ragout and de frais ſalade.

Sir J. Ragouts! pſha!

Mrs. C. D'ye hear, George, carry that big piece of roaſt beef up to the Lion.

Sir J. Ay and carry me up to the Lion; I like to dine in good company:—Who are you, Madam?

Mrs. C. I'm Mrs. Caſey, Sir, at your ſervice—and I keep this houſe, the Lion of England.

Sir J. And are you Engliſh?

Mrs. C. Yes, that I am—born in Dublin—an honeſt Iriſhwoman, upon my honor.

AIR.

AIR—Mrs. Casey.

The Britiſh Lion is my ſign,
A roaring trade I drive on,
Right Engliſh uſage, neat French wine,
A landlady muſt thrive on.
At table d'hote to eat and drink,
Let French and Engliſh mingle,
And while to me they bring the chink,
Faith let the glaſſes jingle.
Your rhino rattle,
Come men and cattle,
Come all to Mrs. Caſey,
Of trouble and money,
My jewel my honey,
I warrant I'll make you eaſy.

When dreſs'd, and ſeated in my bar,
Let 'ſquire, or beau, or belle, come,
Let Captains kiſs me if they dare,
It's "Sir, your kindly welcome."
On ſhuffle, cog, and ſlip, I wink,
Let rooks and pidgeons mingle,
For if to me they bring the chink,
Faith let the glaſſes jingle.
Your rhino rattle, &c.

Let love fly here on ſilken wings,
His tricks I can connive at,
The lover who wou'd ſay ſoft things,
Shall have a room in private.
On pleaſures I am pleaſed to wink,
So lips and kiſſes mingle,
For while to me they bring the chink,
Faith let the glaſſes jingle.
Your rhino rattle, &c.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Caſey, Lady Bull, Miſs Dolly, and Servants.*

Enter Lackland.

Lack. Sir John Bull I think they call him from the City end of London. (*aſide.*) Monſieur, Si vous netes pas bien empreſſé——

Sir

Sir J. Don't you preſſé me, I am Engliſh.

Lack. You are? Your pardon—I ſee it in your honeſt face.

Sir J. Well, what have you to ſay to my honeſt face?

Lack. Say! me!—I have nothing to ſay—but only—how d'ye do?

Sir J. Why pretty well; how are you?—an impudent raſcal this. (*aſide.*)

Lack. And how have you left all friends in—in—Throgmorton Street.?

Sir J. Eh!

Lack. That is—I mean—you're come to Fontainebleau, and juſt arrived, my heart warmed at the ſight of my countryman, for I am Engliſh too, a little unfortunate—but——

Sir J. You're poor?

Lack. Why, Sir, I have had money.

Sir J. And what did you do with it?

Lack. Sir, I laid it out in experience.

Sir J. Oh, then I ſuppoſe you're a very cunning fellow now.

Lack. I know the world, Sir, I have had rent-rolls, lands, tenements, heriditaments, manſions, arables, paſtures, ſtreams, ſtewards, beaſts, tenants, quarter days, and ſuch other incumbrances.

Sir J. What, and you've got rid of them all?

Lack. Oh! yes.

Sir J. A clever fellow! but coudn't you have got your teeth drawn at the ſame time, I ſuppoſe now you've little uſe for 'em.

Lack. Ha, ha, ha! very well indeed!—oh, you vile dog! (*aſide*) as you're Engliſh I feel an attachment—harkye, a ſharping place this—you may profit by my advice; avoid ſtrangers, particularly

ticularly our own countrymen, all upon the ſharp — they'll introduce themſelves, intrude their converſation, amuſe you with ſome ſlam of their families, and ſpending fortunes and loſſes, and the ſtory generally ends in borrowing money from you, that is, if you are fool enough to lend it—now my dear, Sir, 'tis my pleaſure to warn a gentlemen like you, of the tricks and deceptions of theſe ſort of fellows.

Sir J. I'm very much obliged to you—give me your hand—will you eat a bit of mutton with us?

Lack. Sir, I ſhould be proud of the honour—but, ſomething aukward—this diſhabille—and as I underſtand you have ladies, you know they expect a man—the fellow here, detains a handſome ſuit of mine only for—Sir, if you could oblige me with a guinea, I ſhould repay you with many thanks.

Sir J. What! when the arables come back? —a guinea!—well, I dont mind as far as——diſtreſs in a ſtrange country is—what's your name?

Lack. Lackland, at your ſervice— . .

Sir J. A guinea, you ſay—there Mr Lackland. (*gives money*

Lack. Sir, I am eternally obliged to you—I fancy I may paſs in theſe cloaths, eh?

Sir J. Yes, yes, you may paſs—for a ſhoplifter. (*aſide.*)

Lack. Waiter! (*calls*) If you'll give me leave I'll treat you with a flaſk of moſt excellent Champaigne. (*goes to tavern*)

Sir J. Treat me! my own money too! champaigne! and I doubt if the fellow has got a ſhirt to his ruffles.

Lack.

Lack. (*advances.*) Upon my ſoul, you're a very fine old gentleman; mind my advice; I warn you againſt our countrymen, they'll only borrow your money, and laugh at you afterwards —ha, ha, ha!

Sir J. Ha, ha, ha! So they'll laugh at me afterwards. Ha, ha, ha!

Lack. Now you know their tricks, mind you keep your hand on your caſh.

Sir J. Yes, yes, the moment they talk of Throgmorton Street, you may be ſure I will, ha, ha, ha!

Lack. Ha, ha, ha! Very well! Bravo! Bleſs your jolly face, how a laugh becomes it.

Sir J. My jolly face! Good! Ha, ha, ha!

Lack. I'm thinking how ſurpriſed you'll be when I pay you this guinea to-morrow.

Sir J. I ſhall be ſurpriſed indeed.

Lack. Aye, I have bought my experience by wholeſale.

Sir J. Yes, and you now retail it out at a guinea a doſe.

Lack. My dear Sir, I ſhall always acknowledge myſelf your debtor.

Sir J. I dare ſay you will.

Enter WAITER.

Lack. Shew a room, ſcoundrel, and change for a guinea. [*Exeunt laughing.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber in Lapoche's Houſe.

Enter ROSA, *reading.*

Roſa. "Can'ſt thou forget what tears that
"moment fell,
"When warm in youth I bid the world
"farewell,
"As with cold lips I kiſſed the ſacred
"veil,
"The ſhrines all trembled, and the
"lamps grew pale."

Poor Eloiſa in the Cloiſter ſpoke my ſentiments! —I begin to repent my elopement; by this time the Abbeſs has heard of my departure from the Convent, heigh-ho! I wonder if Lord Winlove has received my letter, I wiſh he was come.

AIR—ROSA.

Oh, lingering time; why with us ſtay,
When abſent love we mourn,
And why ſo nimbly glide away,
At our true love's return.

Ah, gentle time! the youth attend,
Whoſe abſence here I mourn,
The cheerful hours in pity ſend,
That bring my love's return.

I feel my heart with rapture beat,
No longer ſhall I mourn,
My lover ſoon with ſmiles I'll meet,
And hail his glad return.

Enter

Enter NANNETTE.

Nan. Madam, here's a gentleman——

Roſa. My Lord Winlove himſelf! Why didn't I wiſh ſooner?

[*Exit Nannette.*

Enter LORD WINLOVE.

Lord W. My charming Roſa!

Roſa. Oh, my Lord!

Lord W. My dear creature, how could you think of Fontainebleau of all places, and at ſuch a time too—ſo full of Engliſh, and fifty people that may know both you and me; ſafer as I adviſed you waiting for me at Villeneuve, and by a croſs route get to Paris.

Roſa. Nay, dont be angry with me; if I had remained in the village, the Abbeſs might have diſcover'd my retreat; for tho' only in my noviciate, I dare ſay ſhe's highly incenſed at my eſcape.

Lord W. Your letter ſaid you got out of the convent in boy's cloaths—Ha, ha, ha!

Roſa. Yes, and I was even obliged to change before I got to Fontainebleau—Oh, my Lord, this is a wicked ſtep!

Lord W. The impiety is mine, my love, to rob heaven of an angel—Well, we may get from hence to-night: my death, from that ren-contre with your brother, is every where believed.

Roſa. My dear Lord! Now only yours—I know no guide but your opinion.

Lord W. My ſweet Roſa! tho' I wasn't to be threatened into a marriage by your brother, yet on my return to England, I ſhall with pride acknowledge my lovely Roſa to be Lady Winlove.

AIR.—LORD WINLOVE.

Flowers, their beauties all ſurrender,
When the Sun withdraws his ray;
Now they ſhine in borrow'd ſplendor,
Painted by the beam of day.

With each good, fair Eden planted,
Ev'ry ſweet that ſenſe cou'd move;
Paſſion ſighs, tho' all is granted,
No enjoyment without love.

Deareſt maid, thy ſmiles beſtowing,
Bright and gay my hours ſhall be;
By this heart, with rapture glowing,
Thou art light, and love to me.

[*They retire up.*

Enter NANNETTE.

Nan. Oh Madam, Madam! here my maſter has brought in a new lodger with him! the moſt charming, beautiful—young officer—our countryman too!

Lord W. Young officer!

Nan. I aſk pardon, Sir, I didn't ſee you.

Lord W. Then I ſee the neceſſity of our immediate departure—I'll inſtantly order a chaiſe, and remove you, my love, out of this group of jockies, grooms, peers, and pickpockets. [*Exit.*

Nan. Ah, Madam, of all the men in the globe, give me an Engliſhman after all. This pretty officer—(*opens a pair of folding doors.*)

Henry.

Henry diſcovered aſleep on a ſopha.

Dear Madam, look—he's aſleep: yes, he complained to my maſter that he had been up all night. (*makes ſigns to Roſa.*)

Roſa. Fye, fye, Nannette—When that gentleman returns, you'll let me know. [*Exit.*

Nan. Lud, how nice we are! Then I'll win the gloves myſelf. (*going towards him, Henry ſtirs*) Oh dear! he's awake!

Hen. (*Riſing and advancing*) This travelling by night—I thought to have ſlept in the chaiſe, but not a wink—

Nan. Did you call, Sir?

Hen. Who are you? my little countrywoman?

Nan. Nanny, Sir, at your ſervice—Maſter, tho' will call me Nannette, in the French faſhion.

Hen. Oh, you're the little Engliſh fille de chambre to Monſieur Lapoche, the French taylor.

Nan. At your ſervice, Sir.

AIR.—NANNETTE.

Indeed I'll do the beſt I can,
To pleaſe ſo fine a gentleman;
You lodge with us, and you ſhall ſee,
How careful poor Nannette will be;
So nice, ſo neat, ſo clean your room,
With bow-pots for the ſweet perfume.
An' pleaſe you, Sir,
When you get up;
Your coffee brown,
In china cup;
Dinner, and bon ſouper,
Sur mon honneur at night you'll be;
With waxen taper light to bed,
By poor Nannette, your chamber maid.

Enter

Enter LAPOCHE.

(*Goes round and turns Nannette from Henry.*)

Lap. Ah, here is fine doing in my houſe! and you come here vid your vaxen taper, and your caper, your ſmile, and your ſmirk on dis Engliſh boy—pardi! I vill knock his head againſt de—(*turns to Henry*) I hopè you had a good ſleep Sir?—Get you down ſtairs. [*Exit Nannette.* I hope you find every thing agreeable Sir? hope nobody diſturb you? and dat you like your apartments—Here you have all convenience; here you may have three courſe and deſert—you may invite your Engliſh friend to drink de bon vin here in my houſe—you may all get ſo merry, and ſo drunk, and laugh and roar, and ſing, and knock your fiſtes againſt one another's heads, ſo friendly, à-là-mode de Londres—Aha! you pleaſe to valk dis vay, Sir; I will ſhew you your ſalle à manger.

Re-enter NANNETTE.

Nan. Sir, here is——

Lapo. Go, get you gone! vat you come again here, peeping at de men.

Nan. Monſieur, I only want——

Lapo. You want! Oui, I know vat you vant—allez, go, begar I ſhall have no girl to myſelf—all de girl in my houſe vill come after dis jolie garçon.

Nan. Sir, you wont let me tell you that Colonel Epaulette has ſent to know if his new liveries are finiſhed;

finiſhed; and the Engliſh ſquire, Mr. Tallyho, has ſent for his hunting frock.

Lapo. Colonel Epaulette! and Mr. ſquire Tallyho! Monſieur, deſe are my great cuſtomer, dey match de two horſe to run on de race to-morrow; dat ſquire Tallyho is fine man; Ah! I do love to vork for Milor Anglais---dis vay, Monſieur—you vill excuſe a me---come, Nannette, he will excuſe a you too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another room at LAPOCHE'S.

Enter ROSA.

Roſa. I wonder what can keep Lord Winlove! I wiſh we were once upon the road! this anxiety is tormenting! I long, tho' why deſire, to ſee England, when all I love is here.

AIR.---ROSA.

The night when paſs'd, in golden ſkies
If whiten'd cliffs the ſailor ſpies;
Completely bleſt,
The ſight each tender thought inſpires,
His love's on ſhore, and fancy fires
His faithful breaſt:
The dancing waves ſalute his oar,
He pulls and ſings, my love's on ſhore.

He waves his hat, and cries adieu,
Farewel good ſhip, and friendly crew;
For love I ſteer---
And as around he turns his face,
To view the happy well-known place
That holds his dear;

The

The dancing waves ſalute his oar,
He pulls and ſings, my love's on ſhore.

Enter NANNETTE.

Nannette, is the gentleman come?

Nan. No Ma'am, not yet; but I deſired the boy to ſhew him to this apartment.

Hen. (*Without*) What! is the lady this way?

Nan. The blockhead! may I die if it isn't the young Engliſh officer he's ſending up here!

Roſa. Shut the door, I'll be ſeen by nobody—undone! my brother Henry——

Enter HENRY.

Hen. The boy told me a Lady deſired——

Nan. Yes, Sir, that the lady deſired to be ſeen by nobody.

Hen. Is it poſſible!—my dear, will you ſtep down a moment. [*Exit Nannette.*
My ſiſter!

Roſa. What ſhall I do?

Hen. Eſcaped from the convent! tell me, Roſa, what—loſt to every ſenſe of virtue! to fly from the only place that could afford an aſylum for your ſhame.

Roſa. My dear brother! tho' appearances are againſt me, yet, when you are acquainted with certain circumſtances, which prudence forbids me at preſent to account for—

Hen. Talk of prudence, and your fame blemiſh'd!—your character departed with it's deſtroyer, But of Lord Winlove's memory let me be tender, as his life anſwered for his ſhare in your offence.

Roſa.

Roſa. He does not yet know of my Lord's being alive—I dread his return, their meeting again muſt indeed be fatal. (*aſide*)

Hen. Tell me, Roſa? Why would you quit your convent?

Roſa. I muſt get Henry out of the houſe before Lord Winlove returns—How ſhall I? (*aſide*) Come, take me; I'll go with you there this inſtant—do forgive me—come, dear brother.

Hen. Yes, yes! I'll lodge you once more: yet, how perplexing! If I quit Fontainebleau at this juncture, I may loſe my with'd for interview with the unknown charmer that brought me hither. (*aſide*).

Roſa. (*Aſide*) Heavens! I think I hear—if it ſhou'd be Lord Winlove—Come, Henry, I have but few preparations, and will immediately attend you.

Hen. Be aſſured, Roſa, I will not part with you now, until I again deliver you to the Lady Abbeſs, with a ſtrict charge that ſhe will ſtrengthen your ſpiritual chains.——And yet the ſympathy of my own heart, inclines me to excuſe the weakneſs of my ſiſter's.

DUET.—HENRY *and* ROSA.

Brooks to your ſources, ah! quickly return,
Tear, drop on tear, and give life to the urn;
Truth and virtue paſs away,
Ere I for another, my true love betray.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Race Courſe.—Cries and Shouts without.

Enter TALLYHO *and* JOCKEY.

Tallyho.

HUZZA! ecod Dick my boy, you did the thing nicely!

Jock. Didn't I your honor? I ſaid I'd win for you—Huzza!

Tal. We've bang'd them—hey for Yorkſhire, d'ye hear, ſee Whirligig well rub'd down, and give her a horn of egg milk, oil, and ſaffron, and while you lead her round the courſe in triumph, let the French horns play—"Britons "ſtrike home." (*ſings*) Let's ſee beſides the five thouſand from this French Colonel Epaulette—aye, I ſhall win twenty thouſand by the day, and then my ſlang match to-morrow, eh Dick?

Jock. Aye Sir, Joan of Arc! Whirligig, and Old England againſt the globe, huzza!

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Engliſh Waiter.

Wait. Sir, my Miſtreſs wou'd be glad to know how many ſhe muſt provide dinner for?

Tal. Eh, dinner!—true; tell Moll Caſey to knock her whole houſe into one room, and to roaſt, boil, bake, and fricaſee, as if ſhe hadn't an hour to live.—We're a roaring, a ſcreeching party!

Enter LACKLAND.

Lack. Yes, tell your miſtreſs we're a numerous party—I've left my name at the bar.

[*Exit Waiter.*

Tal Ay, I'll be bound they have your name at the bar—I ſee by his grin he wants to come Captain Borrowman, but 'twon't do. (*aſide*)

Lack. Ah Tallyho! my dear fellow! I give you joy, upon my honor. I never ſaw finer running in the whole courſe of——

Tal. I won't lend you ſixpence.

Lack. Sir!

Tal. It's a fine day.

Lack. Why Sir, as to the——Ha, ha, ha! upon my ſoul, you are the moſt——

Tal. So I am—Ha, ha, ha!

Lack. Oh I have you. Ha, ha, ha!

Tal. No, you ha'nt, nor you won't have me—I'm not to be had—know a thing or two, if your flint I'm ſteel.

Lack. Well but don't ſtrike fire to me, reſerve your flaſhes of wit, or——

Tal. You will catch 'em as your coat is a kind of tinder. Ha, ha, ha!

Lack. Sir, I deſire you'll find ſome other ſubject for your jokes.

Tal. True, your coat is rather a thread-bare ſubject. Ha, ha, ha! touching a twenty thouſand makes a body ſo comical. Ha, ha, ha!

Lack. Twenty thouſand! ah your wit is ſterling to day, Tallyho, and as you carry your brains in your pocket, I wiſh you'd change me a ten pound joke.

Tal. Oh Lackland, you yourſelf are ſo full of jokes, that you even laugh at the elbows—Ha, ha, ha! that is the beſt humour'd ſuit of cloaths.

Lack. (*calmly*) Sir, if you were any one elſe, upon my honor I'd knock you down.

Tal. Hold, if you raiſe your arm you'll encreaſe the laugh—Come don't be angry—and I'll help you to a graver ſort of coat, that's not quite ſo much upon the broad grin—Huſh, I'll introduce you to Colonel Epaulette yonder.

Lack. (*looking out*) That! aye, a right Frenchman—one might gueſs by his mirth that he has loſt the day.

Tal. True, but I keep up the old ſaying. Ha, ha, ha! they may laugh that win.

Lack. I've heard the moſt unaccountable ſtories of his aping the Engliſh faſhions.

Tal. Yes, I'm his tutor, I teach him all our polite accompliſhments.

Lack. Polite, then I ſuppoſe by this, he can drink, ſwear, play, ſmoak, and——

Tal. Huſh—here he comes—Lackland I'll give him up to you——or you to him, to get rid of you. (*aſide*)

Lack. Yet I'm told this Colonel has a moſt benevolent heart—a man of much worth.

Tal. Yes, he is worth fifty thouſand a year.

Lack.

Lack. I like a man of fifty thouſand a year—hem! tell him who I am, d'ye hear Tallyho

Tal. I'll tell him you're a wrangling maſtiff, pointer-made.

Lack. A what, Sir?

Tal. Why he thinks ſo highly of our courage, with him the boldeſt bully is the braveſt Briton. —He's ſo fond of our Engliſh cuſtoms, that he'd introduce himſelf to a Ducheſs with a zounds; and thinks if he can come out with a dozen damme's or ſo, he ſpeaks very good Engliſh.

Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE. (*ſinging*)

Col. E. "Rule Britannia, Britannia rule de vay."—Ah my victorious ſquire!—(*ſings*) If you ſhould like de Yorkſhire type, "an *honeſt* lad behold me."—I loſe five touſand to you on dis match; dere is one touſand on de Paris bank, two de bank of England, von Drummond, and von Child. (*gives notes*)

Lack. Tallyho, as I have none of my own, I'll adopt that Child.

Col. E. Ha, ha! le drole! zounds! damme.

Tal. Oh yes, its a very good joke. (*puts up the notes*) Colonel, this is ſquire what d'ye call him. —Squire, that is Colonel Thing O'me; and now you know one another, ſhake hands.

Lack. Sir your moſt obedient.

Tal. Colonel, this is an honeſt fellow, and a finiſhed gentleman at jig, or allemande, Robin Grey, or Malbrook; he'll whip you thro' with a ſmall ſword, or break your head with a cudgel.

Col. E. I'm much obliged to him, zounds! damme! but is he fond of play?

Tal.

Tal. Play! he'll pull the longeſt ſtraw for a five pound joke, or run with you in a ſack for a ginger-bread hat.

Lack. Sir, my friend Tallyho is rather laviſh in his commendations. I have the honor to be known, and indeed live with ſome perſons, not of the loweſt order in this and—every country.

Tal. Yes, he has ſo many great acquaintances, and ſo polite himſelf—look at his hat, he has almoſt ſaluted away the front cock.

Lack. I hate ceremony—but one muſt know people ſometimes.

Tal. Says ſo many good things too—a capital Bon-motter.

Lack. Hang it, no Tallyho, my wit is rather of the—ſometimes indeed come out with a little Sally that——

Epau. Sir, I ſhould be proud to be introduced to your little Sally.

Lack. Ha, ha, ha! you ſhall Colonel, my little Molly and my little Jenny—you ſee what I am Colonel—rather an ordinary fellow; but the ladies do leer at me now and then—Overheard a moſt diverting confab amongſt that groupe of ladies yonder as I paſt 'em—Oh dear look at him, ſays one, who? ſays another, that ſmart gentleman, ſays a third; I vow a monſtrous pretty fellow, ſays a fourth: but who is he, perhaps he's the Engliſh Ambaſſador, oh Madam not he, oh not him, no, no: but at laſt they all concluded from a certain ſomething in my air, that I can be no other than the Emperor incog. Ha, ha, ha!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Tal. Well ſaid maſter Emperor—but I will new robe your imperial majeſty. I'll touch him for a coat for you. (*apart to Lackland*) A man of talle

high taſte in our modes. (*apart to Colonel*) I'll try and get him to change a ſuit with you.

Lack. Why I muſt ſay I'm ſomewhat partial to the Newmarket ſtile.

Epau. I tink his coat look de old-market ſtyle, ha, ha, ha!

Tal. Yes, but from your ſtriped coat and feather'd hat he took you for a drummer.

Epau. Sacre dieu! He did not, zounds! damme!

Tal. Yes, but he's ſuch a ſhot, he'd ſnuff a candle on your head.

Epau. Sir, I vill ſnuff my head myſelf, and I vill ſnuff my noſe myſelf in ſpite of any body. (*takes ſnuff haſtily*)

Lack. Colonel, without offence to your noſe, lend me your little finger.

Tal. Do, he'll give it you again.

Epau. (*ſhakes hands with Lackland*) Ah, I ſee he is de true brave man, for he has de courage to fight, and de good nature to forgive. Mr. Lackland, vill you dine vid me to-morrow.

Lack. Dine! My dear Sir, I'll breakfaſt with you, I'll ſup with you, I'll ſtay a whole month in your houſe.

Epau. Indeed! (*joyfully*)

Tal. Yes, and you'll find it curs'd hard to get him out of it, he's ſo friendly.

Epau. Mr. Lackland, give me your hand, you're a moſt hoſpitable fellow, zounds damme!

Lack. Oh, pray Tallyho, isn't that your ſiſter Celia? (*looking out*)

Tal. Yes, that's ſiſter Cely.

Lack. Haven't ſeen her ſome time—a fine girl indeed!

Tal.

Tal. I wiſh I had left her behind in Paris—badger'd—peſter'd with petticoats, when we have our betts and buſineſs to mind.

Epau. I vill vait on de lady.

Lack. Yes, we'll all wait on the lady—I ſhall engage her hand at the ball to night.

Tal. Lackland be quiet, ſhe has a fortune.

Lack. Well, has her money ſpoiled her dancing?

Tal. No, but I am her guardian, maſter Emperor.

Lack. Ha, ha, ha! then by heaven I'll attack Miſs Buffalo, or what is the name?—the Grocer there——

Tal. Thruſt your copper-face into Sir John Bull's family too!

Lack. Bull! Aye, I thought it was ſome beaſt or other.

Epau. Oh, my lady de Bull, dat is ſhe dat is recommend to me, by a noble Duke in Paris.

Tal. The daughter, Doll, is a fine filly, we ſtart for matrimony on our return to Paris. Yoicks forward my boys!

Lack. After dinner I'll challenge her in pint bumpers of Caſey's Burgundy.

Epau. And I ſall ſhake an elbow, and ſet the merry-caſter.

Tal. Very well, very well gentlemen, have at you both—yoicks! hurrah!

AIR—TALLYHO.

I'm yours at any ſort of fun,
My buck I tell you ſo!
A main to fight, a nag to run,
But ſay the word, 'tis done and done,
All's one to Tallyho!

Upon

Upon a ſingle card I'll ſet,
A thouſand pound or ſo!
But name the thing, I'll bind the bet,
And if I loſe I ſcorn to fret,
All's one to Tallyho!

Suppoſe you challenge in a glaſs,
Sweet Doll my pretty doe,
And think your love could mine ſurpaſs,
I'd ſwallow hogsheads for my laſs,
All's one to Tallyho!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CELIA.

Cel. Brother, but one word!
(*Calling after him.*

Re-enter TALLYHO.

Tal. Ah Celia—did you want me?
Cel. Yes, where are you going?
Tal. Spank along to Caſey's—I'm with you.
(*calling off.*
Cel. Lord, it's very odd, Brother, that you leave me here alone.
Tal. I'll lay you ten guineas of that.
Cel. Of what?
Tal. I don't know—any thing for a bet—hurrah! Celia, I'll be here again, when I come back—"I'm yours at any ſort of fun, my buck I tell you ſo." [*Exit ſinging.*
Cel. Was there ever ſuch a mad mortal! I wiſh he had left me in Paris, I wiſh I hadn't quitted England. Fontainebleau! better to have ſhone on the Eſplanade at Weymouth—Oh, if I had but one dear beau—ſuppoſe only to keep me out of the way of the coaches; talk of French gal-

lantry, and attention to the ladies, I proteſt we've quite ſpoil'd them; no I find I have no chance here, whilſt rivalled by Eclipſe, Highflyer, and Joan of Arc—now if love would but throw the handſome officer in my way that entertain'd me ſo agreeably at the Sunday opera in Paris—

AIR—CELIA.

Search all the wide creation round,
On earth in air, or deep profound,
To ſome great univerſal end
Power, ſenſe, inſtinct, reaſon tend,
'Tis love, ſweet univerſal love!

Why Phœbus ſmile upon the morn,
Why lend a ray to Dian's horn,
Why flowers perfume the breath of Spring
Or why do birds on hawthorns ſing?
'Tis love, ſweet univerſal love!

With honor join'd or form'd to bleſs,
Thy power let every heart confeſs,
If ſenſe and reaſon but remove
The bandage from the eyes of love!
Of love, ſweet univerſal love!

Deuce take the man! if he was worth a ſmile, he wou'd have follow'd me here to Fontainebleau. Oh temptation! yonder he is.

Enter HENRY *and* ROSA.

Hen. Yes, 'tis ſhe! 'tis my charming unknown. (*aſide*)

Cel. Is that lady with him! (*Roſa takes his arm*) Takes him by the arm! I wonder women haven't ſome regard to decency in public.

[*Exit ſinging.*

Roſa.

Roſa. (*Agitated*) If Lord Winlove follows me, death to him or my brother, muſt be the conſequence. (*aſide*) Henry, if you deſign to take me to the Convent to night, we ſhall be too late, the gates ſhut at veſpers.

Hen. (*aſide*) 'Sdeath! if I loſe her now, difficult perhaps to meet her again, and if I quit Roſa——

Enter LAPOCHE.

Lapo. Ah, Mademoiſelle Roſa, I'm glad you have eſcape from that cruel rogue of a—(*Henry turns*)—My dear friend I am ſo overjoice I overtook a you, I did vaſh you all over dis great horſe-field, I did aſk a for you all de little Jockey boy, and I vas vip, and puſh, and kick, and thump about from dis a poſt to dat a poſt.

Hen. Well, pray, and what did you want with me?

Lapo. Only in your hurry, I did forget to give you a receipt for your lodging money.

Hen. Oh, I forgot to pay you, but I wasn't gone—if my charmer mixes in that croud I ſhall certainly loſe her; may I venture to leave Roſa in this fellow's care? (*aſide*) Lapoche, I want to ſpeak to a perſon yonder, you'll oblige me exceedingly if you will remain with this lady, until my return.

Lapo. Oui, Monſieur—I warrant I vill ſtick cloſe. (*aſide.*)

Hen. Roſa, I will be back in a few minutes.

[*Exit.*

Lapo. Ah, dat you may never come back—except to pay a me.

Roſa. Yes, I ſee that ſtrange lady is the charm

—cruel Henry! ſo ſeverely to cenſure me for a paſſion, of which your own heart is ſuſceptible.

Lapo. Oh, my deareſt! Sweeteſt!——

Roſa. Tell me, have you ſeen the gentleman ſince?

Lapo. De pretty gentilhomme dat love a you? Oui.

Roſa. Where?

Lapo. Dis morning in my looking glaſs.

Roſa. How perplexing, tell me man—I mean the gentleman that—has he been to enquire for me ſince?

Lapo. Ah, fly coquine! I have hear all about you—you ſcape from de Convent in boy's coat to de gentleman, and den you run away vid de captain from de gentleman, and now I ſee it in your eye, you vant to run back to de gentleman again.

Roſa. You're not much out there.

Lapo. I ſee ſhe love him very much (*aſide*) I vill go ſee vere de Captain is got—huſh, you little devil of a fly rogue. [*Exit.*

Roſa. How perverſe! by waiting here Lord Winlove and Henry muſt certainly meet, and I have the worſt to dread from their violence of temper.

Re-enter LAPOCHE.

Lapo. All is ſafe; your Captain is facing up to anoder Lady, come to my houſe vid me.

Roſa. 'Tis certainly the eaſieſt and ſpeedieſt means of ſeeing my Lord again—then the neceſſity of relieving him from the anxiety into which my abſence muſt have thrown him—I'm ſtrongly tempted

tempted, notwithſtanding the impertinence of this man.

Lapo. She very fond of me---vonce I have her in my power, if ſhe be unkind, up I lock her for de Lady Abbeſs. (*aſide*) Oh you pretty pattern for a taylor's wife! I do adore you; and de dimple of your chin, and your hand, ſoft as Engliſh broad cloath; your lip, Genoa velvet, and your eye, bright as de Birmingham button.

AIR.—LAPOCHE.

Love does ſo run in my head,
Devil a ſtitch can I do;
From my jump out of my bed,
Till my jump in it vid you.
Oh ſweet Pet!
Liver once cold as a cucumber,
Hey ho! go, get,
Get away, Little Nannette,
Welcome my boſom, a new comer.
Who, like me, loves you?---ah! not a man,
My handkerchief, vas I great Ottoman,
Drops at your petty-toe.
Sweet hen, in your beauties I'll ſun me,
Your twinkles and dimples have won me;
Now vink and ſmile pretty upon me,
Your game-cock den I vill crow.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the courſe.

Enter CELIA *and* HENRY.

Hen. Charming creature! Since the pleaſure inſpired

inſpired by your converſation at the opera, and the grief of ſuch a hopeleſs ſeparation, to the inſtant of this happy rencontre, I have not enjoyed a moment's peace.

Cel. You think this a lucky meeting, Sir? I congratulate you on your good fortune, and leave you to the enjoyment of your happineſs.

Hen. One moment, my love.

Cel. Very fine this! So here my captive preſumes to make his conqueror a priſoner of war!

Hen. I am your captive, your ſlave, and thus I kiſs my chain. (*kiſſes her hand*) And thus on my knee—

Cel. Stop, you'll ſoil your regimentals.

Hen. (*Aſide.*) I wiſh I knew her name.

Cel. Ha, ha, ha! do forgive me.

Hen. I am enchanted with your gaity, charmed with your beauty—

Cel. Pray, were you ever enchanted, or charmed before?

Hen. But never loved till now.

AIR.—HENRY.

Thro' circling ſweets I freely rove,
And think my paſſion true;
But every charm that man can love,
Sweet love I find in you.
I will not boaſt with ſtoic pride,
That I've a heart of ſtone;
That I have often gaz'd and ſigh'd,
To you I'll frankly own:

That beauty bears a gentle mind,
The ſource of every joy;
Is now the hope I wiſh to find,
Then dont that hope deſtroy:

And

And ſince that each external grace,
Is by my fair poſſeſs'd;
In pity let her mind keep pace,
To make her lover bleſt.

Cel. Oh, if you're ſerious, I muſt—come come, I'll talk no more to you.

Hen. Nay, but my Angel——

Cel. Well, well, I know all that; but if you really expect to meet me in the field again, you muſt ſend me a challenge by my brother—Eh! but I'll not tell you, for you ſeem to be vain enough already.

AIR.—CELIA.

No hurry I'm in to be married,
But if its the will of my brother;
I'd much rather ſtay,
But ſince in the way;
I as well may have you as another.

A ſtrange cuſtom this to be married,
Tho' follow'd by father and mother
The grave and the gay,
But ſince in the way;
I as well may have you as another.

A Prude, tho' ſhe long to be married,
Endeavours her wiſhes to ſmother;
I'd give you her nay,
But ſince in the way;
I as well may have you as another.

[*Exit.*

Hen. Charming woman!

(*Tallyho, without.*)

Voices! I'll bring in the ſtragglers; I'm the boy to fill the rooms and empty the bottles.

Hen. Oh, here's Tallyho—as this brother ſhe ſpeaks

ſpeaks of, is a man of the turf, probably he knows him—I'll juſt aſk him, and then for my ſiſter.

Enter TALLYHO.

Tal. I'm an excellent whipper-in for the bottle: Oh, oh! (*looking at Henry, takes him by the arm*) come along.

Hen. Where?

Tal. To get drunk to be ſure—you wear his Majeſty's cloth, and go to bed ſober, when my Engliſh Whirligig has beat the Mounſeers! Such a pack of jolly dogs! ſuch Burgundy—wont you come and fall in with us?

Hen. Certainly; but pray, Tallyho, can you tell me—you ſaw the young Lady that parted from me now? admirably handſome!

Tal. Handſome! Yes, every body ſays ſhe's like me.

Hen. I ſhall ſoon call her mine.

Tal. The devil you ſhall.

Hen. I have ſome hopes—the only obſtacle is a brother—but perhaps you know him; one of our ſtupid, thick-headed fellows without an idea beyond a cock or a horſe.

Tal. For fifty guineas, I have as many ideas as you?

Hen. You!

Tal. Yes, Mr. Captain, who gave you commiſſion to talk o' my thick head.

Hen. What a miſtake. (*aſide*) But really ſquire is that young lady your ſiſter!

Tal. Celia? Yes to be ſure, ſhe's my ſiſter, and that's your ſhare of her too. (*ſnaps his fingers*) She has a great fortune, and you Captains are curſed poor; but huzza I have it, tol, lol, lol.

You

You ſhall fill your pockets with French gold—Louis—Louisdors, ſous and ſoucees; you good natured dog give me your hand.

Hen. In the name of heaven, what is all this?

Tal. You ſhall go halves in my ſlang-match to-morrow. Colonel Epaulette has matched his Black-prince to run againſt my Kick-him-Jenny, it's play or pay, you ſhall back his Black-prince, take all the odds. I will get my jockey to lame Kick-him-Jenny, and to give a colour for her not being able to run, I've mounted Sir John Bull to take an airing on her. Ha, ha, ha. I warrant ſhe plays him ſome prank. So as he's a curſed bad horſeman, I'll lay her accident upon him. She can't run, pays forfeit, you ſweep the field, touch 'em all, and when you've gathered in the caſh, we'll meet privately and divide it—even, fair, and honeſt in our pockets. Dam me, there's our ſnug ten thouſand a piece, with a twopenny nail.

Hen. And this, perhaps, you call honor?

Tal. Yes, 'tis good turf honor.

Hen. What to be a ſcoundrel?

Tal. Oh, very well, if you're ſo nice.—Ye, now you're a very delicate chicken, but hearkye, the next time you ſee ſiſter Celia, don't look at her. (*going*)

Hen. Stop Tallyho—I think I'll puniſh my knowing one. (*aſide*) On ſecond thoughts, I will join with you in this roguery.

Tal. Then you're a deviliſh honeſt fellow, and Celia is yours.

Hen. Indeed!—but with her conſent.

Tal. Pſha! if we make the match, what has

her conſent to do with it. I'll ſettle that; come, you ſhall have it from her own mouth this inſtant.

Hen. But what ſhall I do with Roſa? (*aſide*)

Tal. Are you making a ſet my pointer? come along and get drunk you diſmal dog! Why I'll get drunk to-night, tho' I'm in love up to the ſaddle girts. My darling Dolly!

Hen. Oh Miſs Bull! Aye, we ſhall ſoon have you a bridegroom too.

Tal. Yes. Ha, ha, ha! I ſhall ſoon be a happy Bull-calf.

DUET.—HENRY *and* TALLYHO.

Tal. Your hand!
Hen. Your hand!
Tal. My hero!
Hen. My buck!
Tal. No more pother.
Hen. No more words.
Tal. My ſiſter is yours.
Hen. Your ſiſter is mine.
Both. And the bargain is ſtruck.
Tal. My brother!
Hen. My brother!
Both. The field round.
Tal. We'll ſlang 'em.
Hen. We'll ſlang 'em.
Tal. And if they complain, the Captain ſhall bang 'em.
Hen. In this, and that, in every nation,
Tal. Every rank and every ſtation,
All, all declare,
That cheating is fair,
Hen. If it takes but the knowing one in.
Tal. Miſs Polly how coy,
With her amorous boy,
Cries "dear Sir, oh fye, Sir," and bridles her chin.

"You

" You impudent man you!
" How can you, how can you,"
Hen. 'Tis all,
Tal. 'Tis all;
Both. To take the knowing one in.
For all declare,
That cheating is fair;
If it takes but the knowing one in.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Hotel.

Enter SIR JOHN BULL, (*a large patch on his forehead*).

Sir J. Ah, ſee when they catch me upon a race-horſe again! that ſcoundrel Tallyho did it to break my neck—above all the beaſts of the field to mount me upon Kick-him-Jenny.—But I muſt get ſomething for my wound, holloa!

Enter FRENCH WAITER.

Have you no 'Pothecaries here in France—what do you ſtare at—can't you ſpeak? get me a Doctor, I wan't a Surgeon.

Wait. Ah Monſieur, c'eſt bien domage!

Sir J. D'ye underſtand, I was riding on Tallyho's mare, and ſhe threw me. (*roaring*) You ſcoundrel, what do you ſtand grinning at me!—Get ſomebody to dreſs my head.

Wait. Oui Monſieur, je ſuis très faché.

[*Exit.*

Sir J. Oh dear—get me once out of France —then my wife and daughter, ſuch a pair of Mademoiſelles as they are making themſelves, to receive this French Colonel Epaulette,—Egad here thep come in full puff.———

Enter LADY BULL, *and* MISS DOLLY, *extravagantly dreſſed.*

A-la-mode de Paris! (*bows*)

Miſs D. Bleſs me papa! what's the matter?

Lady B. What have you been fighting, Sir John!

Sir J. Fighting! no Lady Bull, I got upon Kick-him-jenny, ſhe threw me off, and broke my head, ha, ha, ha!

Lady B. What is he at now?

Sir J Eh, nothing. (*examines their dreſs, turns, ſmothering a laugh.*) George, get me a a pipe.

Miſs D. La Pa! lets have no piping here.

Lady B. Pipes! what man dye think you're at Dobney's bowling-green?

Miſs D. Conſider we are now at Fontainebleau in France Pa, the very country ſeat of the beaumonde.

Sir J. Oh very well, Mrs. Caſey get me yeſterday's ledger.

Lady B. Ledger! oh now he has got to Garraways—I tell you again you are not at Margate raffling for twopenny toys.

Miſs D. Or dancing in your boots at Dandelion—Pa! La now do Pa! get into the mode like us.

Sir

Sir J. Thank'ye Doll, but I'm not quite ſo modiſh.

Lady B. But conſider, my dear, if Colonel Epaulette does us the honor of a viſit, how he'll be ſhocked at your appearance.

Sir J. Thank'ye wife, but I don't think I'm quite ſo ſhocking.

Enter WAITER, *with a tankard.*

Wai. Here, Sir John, my miſtreſs has ſent you a treat.

Sir J. What porter! London porter!

Lady B. Strong beer! Ah heavens! now he's at the Five Bells in Mincing-Lane.

(*Lady Bull and Dolly walk up.*

Sir J. Oh, glorious Mrs. Caſey, in France, to give me Britiſh Burgundy.

AIR—SIR JOHN BULL.

Great Porter now inſpires my ſong,
That makes us jovial, bold, and ſtrong,
Now Roſy Bacchus quits his vines,
The Hop around his thyrſis twines,
Forſakes his tun a butt beſtrides,
And as he quaffs he ſhakes his ſides,
And roars, if Britons thus are free,
Oh, give me Britiſh Burgundy.

Signors that Ladies may admire,
Now whet their whiſtles with intire,
Mynheer prefering goot French dram,
Gets Pruſſian kicks at Amſterdam,
Our Porter clear, our ſpirit ſuch,
Shun froth of French and dregs of Dutch,
Nor tools of power, or faction we,
Whilſt quaffing Britiſh Burgundy.

Lady

Lady B. (*Advancing.*) I deſire Sir John—I will not have this quaffing and roaring here—(*takes the tankard and puts it aſide.*) Colonel Epaulette may introduce us to the Prince—to tell you a ſecret, I have already ſent for one Mr. Lapoche, a celebrated French taylor, to make you a new ſuit of cloaths for the occaſion.

Sir J. A French taylor for me! very well, very well, ladies.

Enter WAITER.

Wai. Mr. Lackland, madam — wou'd you chuſe to ſee him.

Sir J. Aye, aye let the poor devil come up.

Lady B. Mr. Lackland! Aye here's more of your friends—a pretty thing to come all the way to France, to pick up Engliſh acquaintances, and then ſuch a paltry ſhabby——

Enter LACKLAND, *elegantly dreſſed in Colonel Epaulette's cloaths.*

Lack. Ladies your moſt obedient—How d'ye do Bull?

Sir J. (*Surprized.*) Shabby! Eh! Why in the name of—oh, oh—ha, ha, ha! recovered the ſuit, or another fool from Throgmorton-Street.

Lack. Oh, pray don't let my preſence diſconcert any body—Ladies I dined with my friends Tallyho and Epaulettee — the Colonel underſtanding that I admitted Sir John, here, to ſome ſhare of my notice, begg'd I'd make his reſpects, and ſay, that he'd wait on you immediately.

Lady

Lady B. Now Miſs Bull, ſummon your graces.

Miſs D. Oh dear, the powders all out of my hair—the Ducheſs's Barber, muſt titivate me up directly.

Lack. Miſs, don't mind me—people ſay I'm particular, but I'm the moſt condeſcending—Bull be ſeated.

Sir J. Bull! I will not be ſeated.

Lack. Yes, ſhe is a fine girl indeed.

Sir J. Who Doll? Yes, Doll's a deviliſh fine girl, and I ſhall give fourſcore thouſand pounds with her.

Lack. What! this may prove a good hit—but ſuch a vulgar family.—Heark'ye you—(*haughtily*) You've kept a ſhop?

Sir J. Fifteen years, the Graſshopper on Garlick-hill.

Lack. And you ſold raiſins?

Sir J. Yes I did, and figs too.

Lady B. D'ye hear him?

Lack. Hem! Yes I'll marry her—a dowdy—he's a ſeller of figs—yet eighty thouſand. (*aſide*)

Sir J. And yet do you know——

Lack. (*puts him back*) Softly. (*to Dolly*) Upon my ſoul you're a fine creature.

Miſs D. Sir!—Lord I like him vaſtly. (*aſide*)

Lack. Madam do me the honor—but hold, I had beſt begin with a compliment to the mother tho', Ma'am, your dreſs is extremely elegant, well-fancied—(*Sir John interferes, Lackland puts him back*) Be quiet Bull—with ſo many native charms, difficult to ſay whether ornaments grace the perſon, or the perſon ornaments the dreſs. (*bows*)

Miſs D. He's vaſtly well bred Mama.

Lady

Lady B. Yes, but ſpeaks Engliſh too plain for a gentleman.

Lack. Miſs Bull's ſpirit and good humour is the emblem of Engliſh liberty, and your Ladyſhip looks the Britiſh Ninon de L'Enclos.

Sir J. Ninon Don! talks French.—I lent him a guinea too—well. (*aſide*)

Lack. I preſume Ladies you go to the Ball to-night, if diſengaged Miſs, I ſhou'd be proud of the honor of your hand.

Miſs D. Yes, Sir, with all my heart, Sir—a charming man. (*aſide*)

Sir J. Your heart! Didn't you promiſe Squire Tallyho.

Miſs D. True Pa, but then I hadn't ſeen this gentleman.

Lady B. Haven't I hopes of Colonel Epaulette for you.

Miſs D. Aye, but none of us have ever ſeen the Colonel, he mayn't like me, and perhaps I mayn't like him.

Lady B. Dolly, Dolly, you're too ready with your yes.

Lack. Conſider if your ladyſhip had always cruelly ſaid no, Miſs Dolly could never have been the admiration of the Court of Verſailles.

Sir J. Yes, and I dare ſay——

Lack. Softly, my honeſt fellow.

Sir J. What the devil do you mean, honeſt fellow! I don't believe you know who you're talking to—oh, oh, Tallyho is likely to be jockied here. (*aſide.*) Bob, if ſquire Tallyho comes ſhew him——

Lady B. Shew him out of the houſe.

Sir J. What the ſquire?

Tal-

Tallyho Sings without.

" At Six in the morning by moſt of the clocks,
" We rode to Kilruddery in ſearch of a Fox."

Lack. Here comes Tallyho, yes Caſey's Burgundy has quite done him up.

Lady B. Fontainebleau! one might as well be at Aſcot heath.

Enter TALLYHO, *intoxicated and ſinging.*

Tal. " Or, I'll leap over you, your blind Gelding and all,"—Ha, ha, ha! Sir John, I'm ſo ſorry you ſhould be hurt by that tumble—Ha, ha, ha!

Sir J. Ha, ha, ha! yes, I ſee you're very ſorry.

Tal. But how is your leg?

Sir J. My leg! its my forehead.

Tal. Your forehead is it, my old prize-fighter.

Sir J. I've been fighting your battle here.

(*Lady Bull looks ſcornfully at Tallyho.*

Tal. (*Obſerving her.*) Right, Sir John, for I ſee if the grey mare's the better horſe, I loſe the filly.

Lady B. I can't ſtay with this ſavage. (*going.*)

Lack. Will your Ladyſhip honor me—Miſs Dolly, your lilly hand.

Tal. (*interpoſing*) No matter whether her hand is a lilly, or a tulip, or a daffidowndilly—Damme Jack, you had a deviliſh fall—ſo ſorry you hurt your elbow—by your leave neighbour.

(*Puſhes Lackland aſide.*

Lack. Sir, you know I am always ready to correct inſolence; if a man inſults me, 'tisn't his fortune can protect him. (*turns to Sir John.*) Prithee

Prithee Bull, ſtep and aſk if I left my ſnuff-box in the bar below.

Tal. Jacky run for the gentleman's ſnuff-box.

Lack. Mr. Tallyho, when you're inclined to quarrel, I am always ready to go out with you.

Tal. My lady Bull, will go out with you, and I wiſh her much joy of her company. (*bows.*)

(*Exeunt Lackland and Lady Bull.*

Sir John, I am ſo hurt that my mare ſhould—how is your collar-bone now?

Sir J. Pſha! don't you ſee its my forehead—Go out with me, isn't that one of your ſword and piſtol terms?

Tal. Oh yes, at thoſe amuſements, in a ſmall room, that gentleman is indeed pretty company.

Miſs D. Lord, he muſt be charming company in a ſmall room.

Sir J. An impudent dog to ſend me for his ſnuff-box.

Miſs D. I do like him monſtrouſly.

Tal. Like him! why Doll you're a fox upon a double ditch, none can tell which ſide you'll leap—ho, ho, what am I thrown out here old Hurlothrumbo.

Sir J. Me! I don't know what the fellow has been about here among 'em, with his ſnuff and his feathers—but where have you been Tallyho, I tell you if you'd have Doll, you muſt ſtick to her my boy.

Miſs D. Aye, that you muſt indeed my boy—lord 'ſquire what has made you ſo tipſey.

Tal. Love and Burgundy, ſwallowing your health my ſweet Dolly. (*Sings.*)

" Had Diana been there ſhe'd been pleaſed to the
" life,
" And one of the lads got a goddeſs to wife.

When

When you come acroſs my noddle, I get upon the half-cock, and then a dozen bumpers makes me tol lol lol—Ha, ha, ha! Old dad how curſed comical you looked when kick-him jenny flung you over his ears—Damme, you came upon all fours like a tom-cat with a parachute.

Miſs D. Ha, ha, ha! Oh what a rare fellow you are—Ha, ha, ha! Oh, what fine game you do make of my father.

Sir J. Game of your father! why you jade!

Tal Sir John, I am ſorry my mare broke your chin.

Sir J. Zounds! don't you ſee its my forehead—but, however, I forgive you.—Ha, ha, ha! I'm ſo pleaſed at your winning the race to day, and beating the Mounſeers, that if I'd twenty daughters, and each with a plum in her mouth, you ſhould have 'em all.

Tal. (*Looking at his tablets*) Plum! Oh, true, Sir Jacky my lad, I have you down here for fifty.

Sir J. Fifty what?

Tal. Pounds, that you owe me.

Sir J. Me! I never borrowed ſixpence of you in my life.

Tal. No, but you loſt fifty pounds tho'.

Sir J. (*alarmed*) Loſt! Oh Lord! I had a fifty pound note in my pocket-book. (*takes out his pocket-book*) No faith, here it is.

Tal. Then you may as well give it me, Jackey my lad.

Sir J. Give it you! For what?

Tal. Why don't you know you laid me fifty pounds upon the Colonel's Joan of Arc, and didn't my Whirligig beat her.

Sir J. Damn your whirligig, Sir.

Miſs D. La Papa! why ſhould you damn his Whirligig?

Tal Come, your debts of honor—fifty pounds here down with your duſt.

Miſs D Aye, Pa, down with your duſt.

Sir J. What the devil do you mean?

Tal. Why didn't you lay?

Sir J. Lay! I remember I ſaid, I thought the brown horſe run the faſteſt.

Tal. Yes, but when I laid fifty he'd loſe, didn't you ſay done?

Sir J. And ſo you come the Dun upon me—pho, pho, none of your jokes man.

Tal. Jokes! you ſhall pay me in earneſt.

Sir J. Pay you, zounds! Sir, do you think I'll give you fifty pounds becauſe one horſe thruſts his noſe out before another? Doll that's a rogue.

Tal. Rogue! cut while you're well—I'll make no more words, that bet was done, and done, and if you dont pay me I'll poſt you at Tatterſals, indeed I will Sir Jackey, my lad.

Miſs D. Never mind old Fogrum, run away with me. (*apart to Tallyho*)

Sir J. Oh very well—there (*gives a note*) by winning fifty pounds, you loſe my daughter and fourſcore thouſand, and now poſt that at Tatterſals, Tally my lad.

Tal. Aye, aye, enough ſaid.

AIR—TALLYHO.

In an orchard there hangs an old crab-tree,
Yet on it there hangs and within my reach,
One apple as ſweet as a downy peach,
The tree that I mean is the ſurly he,
(*To Sir John.*
And the dulcet apple's the lovely ſhe,
(*To Dolly.*

Oh

Oh how crabbed and cruſty he!
Oh a delicate fruit is ſhe.

There's a crazy old wall that's tumbling down,
Yet on it the fragrant Jeſſamine grows,
As Lilly 'tis fair and as freſh as a roſe,
The crazy old wall is the ſurly he,
And the fragrant flower's the lovely ſhe,
Oh how rugged and mouldy he!
Oh ſweet flower the lovely ſhe!

There's a ſilly old aſs in a ruſty coat,
A ſilly he has full of ſport and play,
And I with this ſilly will canter away,
The ſilly old aſs is the ſurly he,
And the ſprightly ſilly's the lovely ſhe,
Oh what an old jack-aſs is he!
Oh the ſprightly ſilly ſhe!

Sir J. Dolly, child, go to your mama.

Miſs D. I wont to go to ma—I'll meet you bye and bye at the Colonel's. (*apart to Tallyho*)

Sir J. You wont! You ſhall huſſey.

Miſs D. I wont, I wont. (*cries*) oh the cruelty of old tough fathers, to force away young tender maidens from the amiable ſwains that love them.—Oh, oh.

Sir J. Go in there, you jade, (*puts her off*) how knowing you look now, Tally my lad.

[*Exit.*

Tal. Don't force her from her beautiful ſwain—(*looks diſappointed and whiſtles*) ſo here's a pretty commence, but if Doll meets me at the Colonel's, I'll whip her off; and if Captain Henry has laid the betts upon my ſlang match, I ſhall roll in rhino—firſt marry Doll in private—then London—hey for a wedding in full cry.

AIR

AIR—TALLYHO.

The morning were married how funny and jolly,
The bridegroom my honor the bride Lady Dolly,
When rouz'd by ſweet clamour we open our peepers,
And Phœbus ſalute in our night-gown and ſlippers,
Then under our windows muſicians all come,
Play fiddle, ſweet oboe, ſharp flagellet, drum,
But to my Dolly's amorous ſing ſong,
All is puff, rattle, ſqueak, and ding dong.

The cymbals they grind and the baſſes they grumble,
Piano's and forte's a delicate jumble,
All joy to your honors, ſee ſee, how they flock,
Whilſt cleavers and marrowbones go nick a knock,
Tantivy the horn, tantara the trumpet,
Sound, ſound, while we ſwallow our coffee and crumpet,
But to my Dolly's amorous ſing ſong,
All is puff, rattle, ſqueak, and ding dong.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Before the Britiſh Lion.

Enter 1ſt. WAITER.

1ſt. WAITER.

HERE you George! Why George!

Enter 2d. WAITER.

2d. *Wai.* What the deuce bawling do you keep.

1ſt. *Wai.* Then why do you run about the ſtreets with your hands in your pockets at ſuch a time, and the houſe full of company.

2d. *Wai.* Did'nt miſtreſs deſire me to look for Captain Huff, to ſee if he could bully this Mr. Lackland out of her houſe, as there's no chance of his ever being able to pay his bill here.

1ſt

1ſt. *Wai.* Bully, him out! I don't think the Captain and all his regiment can do that.

Mrs. C. (*without*) Mr. Lackland, I deſire you'll quit my houſe.

2d. *Wai.* See what a woman's tongue can do —here he comes and my miſtreſs at his heels.

Lack. (*without*) Upon my honor Mrs. Caſey, I'm amazed that any gentleman would enter your doors.

Mr. C. (*without*) Upon my honor Mr. Lackland, you may take yourſelf out of my doors.

Enter LACKLAND, *and* MRS. CASEY.

[*Exeunt Wailers.*

Mrs. C. Why I tell you, Sir Harry Biſk's Valet has locked up all his maſter's baggage in it, and you can't have that chamber.

Lack. I'll thin your houſe—No more carriages —I'll bring no more coronets about your doors to enquire after me madam—by heaven, I'll ruin your houſe.

Mrs. C. Aye, my houſe may be ruined indeed if I haven't money to pay my wine-merchant— I'll tell you what my honeſt lad, I've no notion of folks ſtriving to keep up the gentleman when they can't ſupport it, when people are young and ſtrong, I can't ſee any diſgrace in taking up a brown muſquet or the end of a ſedan-chair, or a knot—any thing better than bilking me or ſponging upon my cuſtomers, and flaſhing it away in their old cloaths.

Lack. See when you'll get ſuch a cuſtomer as I was, haven't I left the mark of a dice box upon every table in your houſe? Was there ever a morning that I didn't take a ſandwich, or a day paſſed

paſſed without my drinking my four bottles?

Mrs. C. Four bottles! but how many did you pay for?

Lack. Never mind that, that's my affair, by heaven Madam I'll ruin your houſe, d'ye hear! (*calling*) carry my baggage over to the Lily.

Mrs. C. Aye, take his baggage upon a China plate, for its a nice affair.

Lack. Hey my baggage!

Mrs. C. Ah man what ſignifies your conceit, ſuch a baſhaw! here you come and call like a lord, and drink like a lord, and there you are in my books ſix whole pages without a ſcratch, like a lord; ogh! you've run up a thumping bill, and I warrant you'll pay it like a lord.

Lack. That I ſhall madam—produce your bill. (*takes out a purſe and chinks it*)

Mrs. C. Oh miracles will never ceaſe, well, I ſaid all along that your honour was a prince. (*curtſies*)

Lack. Madam my bill.

Mrs. C. Lord, your honor, what need your honor mind the bill now, ſure your honor may pay it any time. (*curtſies*)

Lack. Very true, Mrs. Caſey, ſo I can. (*puts up the purſe*)

Mrs. C. But, however ſince your honor inſiſts upon paying it now, you ſhall ſee it—here Bob—ſquire Lackland's bill. (*calling off*) Then heaven ſave your handſome face and your handſome hand, and your handſome leg, pretend to be without money, oh dear, how jokiſh theſe gentlemen are. Here Bob, ſquire Lackland's bill—quick, quick.

[*Exit.*

Lack. I'm vaſtly obliged to Colonel Epaulette for this recruit of finance, if it was only to reſ-

cue me from this Iriſh harpy—come, I do very well—After paying her bill, I ſhall have as much as will ſet me up at the faro-bank—dem it, I musn't, cannot think of this grocer's daughter, vile city bulls and bears. No, no, Tallyho may have her.—

Enter TALLYHO—*croſſing quick, and ſinging.*

Oh Tallyho!

Tal. Cou'dn't ſtop to ſpeak to a Duke—not even a clerk of the courſe.

Lack. I'll bet you fifty guineas you ſtop with me?

Tal. But my little doe Doll waits for me at the Colonel's—a word, ſhe's going off with me, ſo I muſt leave my match in the hands of the jockies—ſoho puſs! (*going*)

Lack. Stop—

Tal. Come, come, d'ye think people of buſineſs can ſtand gabbling—loſe time with people that's got no money—this is a place of ſport, and thoſe that can't——

Lack. What d'ye mean, Sir—gabbling!—can't ſport!—Sir, I have ſpirit and ability. (*ſhews the purſe*)

Tal. Spunk and Rhino!

Lack. Gabble—Can't ſport! there (*throws down the purſe and takes out a pack of cards*) the higheſt card againſt that if you dare. Can't ſport! you ſhall find me ſpunk.

Tal. You are? at you my merry harrier.

Lack. (*cutting the cards*) Trey.

Tal. (*cutting*) His nob—won—(*picks up the purſe*) Tol, lol, lol.

Lack.

Lack. Damnation! Tallyho, you'll never miſs it, return me the purſe.

Tal. The purſe? to be ſure my dear boy—there's the purſe. (*takes out the money and throws him the empty purſe; ſings*)

"Then leap'd he over Lord Anglis's wall,
"And ſeem'd to ſay little I value you all."

[*Exit.*

Lack. Perdition ſeize cards, dice, every curſed tool of fortune, that infernal, blind, partial hag! Oh may ſhe be tortured on her own wheel, ſtrangled with the bandage from her eyes.—Here comes Mrs. Caſey with her ſedan chair and brown muſket upon me—What, what ſhall I do?

Enter Mrs. CASEY, 1ſt WAITER, BOOTMAN, COOK, *&c.*

Mrs. C. Here your honor—here's your honor's bill; Bob has drawn it out fairly. (*offers bill*)

Lack. Damn you and Bob!

Mrs. C. What d'ye ſay honey?

Lack. Do you think a gentleman has nothing elſe to do but to encumber his pockets, and to carry about lumps of curſed heavy gold, when you and Bob take a fancy to thruſt long ſcrawl'd papers into his hand.

Mrs. C. Why didn't you deſire me to get your bill and hadn't you your purſe out juſt now to pay me.

Lack. There you ſee my purſe out now, but there's nothing in that.

1ſt *Wait.* Your honor will remember the waiters.

Cook. The cook, your honor.

Boots. Your honor won't forget Jack Boots.

Lack. Jack Boots too! Scoundrels, ſaucy, impertinent, inſolent. [*drives them off.*

Enter LAPOCHE.

Lapo. Monſieur Lackland; I hear you have hooked up ſome caſh, ſo before its all gone, pay a mé my money.

Lack. You too, you little infernal miſcreant, I'll pay you. (*beats him*)

Lapo. Ah miſerecorde! ah ciel! Diantre, et Diable! [*Exit.*

Lack. No keeping ground—then marriage is the dernier reſort, and in ſpite of figs, raiſins, canvaſs ſleeves, and moiſt ſugar, have at Miſs Bull of Garlick-hill, and her fourſcore thouſand. [*Exit.*

Mrs. C. Well, upon my honor this is a pretty caper, all becauſe I'm a lone woman—I ſee there's no doing without a bit of a man after all; ah they think nothing of me now, but 'twasn't always ſo.

AIR.—MRS. CASEY.

Kilkenny is a handſome place,
As any town in Shamrockſhire;
There firſt I ſaw my Jemmy's face,
There Jemmy firſt beheld his dear;
My love he was a baſhful boy,
And I a ſimple girl to ſee;
Yet I was Jemmy's only joy,
And Jemmy was the lad for me.

But Dublin city bore the bell,
In ſtreets and ſquares and houſes fine,
Oh there young Dick his love cou'd tell,
And there I told young Dicky mine;

For

For Dick he was a roving blade,
And I was hearty, wild and free,
He lov'd, and I his love repaid,
Then Dicky was the lad for me.

When Dover ſtrand, my happy lot,
And William there my love did crown,
Young Dick and Jemmy I forgot,
Kilkenny fair, and Dublin town,
For William was a gentle youth,
Too baſhful nor too bold was he;
He ſaid he lov'd, and told me truth,
Then William was the lad for me.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter LAPOCHE, *peeping.*

Lapo. Vat is he gone—'tis vell for him he is gone—Mounſieur Lackland you be von ſcoundrel villain of de rogue, raſcal, and I vou'd break your ſoul.

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. I ſay, maſter——

Lapo. (*ſtarts frightened*) Heigho! oh if it had been Monſieur Lackland, I vou'd——hem! —vat you vant?

Robin. What do I want? why I want you, if you're the French taylor.

Lapo. Oh I muſtn't affront my cuſtomer. (*aſide*) Vel Sir, I be de tailure, a votre ſervice. (*bows*)

Robin. Then my maſter, Sir John Bull, is ever ſo impatient for you.

Lapo. Oh, Sir John de Bull, ah to take meaſure of him for de new cloaths, malpeſte! I ave ſo much buſineſs as de grand financier.

Robin. Will you come?

Lap. Aprez vous monſieur.

Robin.

Robin. What?
Lapo. After you, Sir.
Robin. Oh! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Inſide of MRS. CASEY'S.

Enter 1ſt WAITER *introducing* COLONEL EPAULETTE *in Engliſh dreſs:*

Col. E. Only tell Sir John and my Lady de Bull dat Colonel Epaulette is come to vait on dem.
Wait. Sir! what name——
Col. E. Colonel Epaulette—zounds damme! [*Exit Waiter.*
By all I can hear dey muſt be vile bourgois, but on account of my Lord's recommendation I muſt malgré moi ſhew dem ſome civilité, and ſquire Tallyho tells me dey have a fine daughter too—ah my Engliſh dreſs is lucky upon de occaſion, dey muſt be wonderfully pleas'd vid it; Lapoche my Tailleur has not been in Londres for nothing, and I am much obligé to Mr. Lackland for his advice in my affairs—I hope he did tell my Lady de Bull dat I was here. [*Retires back.*

Enter SIR JOHN *and* ROBIN.

Sir J. You've been Sirrah, but where have been.
Robin. Why la Sir, wasn't I ſent for the French taylor.

Sir J.

Sir J. Oh, to take meaſure of me, well where is he.

Robin. I don't know, he came into the houſe with me.

Sir J. Well go and ſend him up here.

[*Exit Robin.*

Ha, ha, ha! any thing to pleaſe Madame my wife.—Since I muſt be a jackanapes and have a French taylor. ha, ha, ha! (*Colonel, Epaulette advances*) Oh, gad here he is.

Col. E. Eh! dis muſt be Sir John. (*aſide*) Sir, I am your moſt obedient ſervant.

Sir J. Servant, friend.

Col. E. I preſume you are Sir John de Bull, zounds damme!

Sir J. Aye.

Col. E. Sir, I ave receiv'd letter from my friend the Duke——

Sir J. His friend the Duke, what a grand taylor it is. (*aſide*)

Col. E. I ave great reaſon to tink I am dear to him, and he recommend you to me in the higheſt terms.

Sir J. Sir if you are dear to your friends, no doubt but your terms will be high to me.

Col. E. Sir!

Sir J. However ſince my wife will have it, out with your ſhears.

Col. E. Monſieur!

Sir J. Let's ſee your book of patterns.

Col. E. Pattern!

Sir J. Yes, to chooſe my colour.

Col. E I carry de colour! vat you take me for an Enſign, but I excuſe, as the cuſtom of your country gives a privilege—

Sir J. I can't anſwer for my country, but you ſhall

ſhall have my cuſtom—now pray friend how many men may you have.

Col. E. About a touſand.

Sir J. A thouſand journeymen! muſt have great buſineſs—or a damn'd gunner. (*aſide*)

Col. E. About a touſand in my regiment.

Sir J. Oh you work for a regiment!

Col. E. Vork! I no underſtand vat he mean—Sir de Ladies—

Sir J. You underſtand the work for the Ladies.

Col. E. Monſieur, in compliance vid the lettre of his Grace I ſhall ſhew you every civilité, and vid your permiſſion, vill have de honor of introduce my Lady de Bull and Mademoiſelle her daughter to Le Prince.

Sir J. You! Lady Bull introduced by a taylor!

Col. E. Taylor! Sacriſtie! Monſieur, if you vere not an Engliſhman your life ſhou'd anſwer for dis affront, but from my reſpect to your nation, I pardon you.

Sir J. Affront! what are you above your buſineſs, you proud monkey you.

Col. E. You are underſome groſs error, or you are a perſon void of manners; if de former, you are a fool by nature, if de latter, a clown by habit; and as both are beneath my reſentment, I ſhall look to de Duc for an explanation of dis affront offer'd to Colonel Epaulette. [*Exit.*

Sir J. Colonel Epaulette! zounds! what a blunder I have made. My Lady, My Lady Bull. (*calls*)

Enter

Enter LADY BULL.

Lady B. What's the matter now, Sir John?

Sir J. The devil to pay, here has been Colonel Epaulette, and I unfortunately miſtook him for the French taylor, that I expected to take orders for my new cloaths.

Lady B. Sir John, why will you ever attempt to ſpeak to perſons of diſtinction! take a colonel of the Gens-d'Armes for a taylor, how abſurd! who waits? Sir John, pray ſtay and explain this affair.

Sir J. Me! I wou'dn't face him again for the pay of his whole regiment. [*Exit.*

Lady B. Who waits I ſay?

Enter ROBIN.

Shew that gentleman up ſtairs.

Robin. Who, Ma'am?

Lady B. The Taylor, as your maſter calls him.

Robin. The Taylor! Oh, here he comes. [*Exit.*

Lady B. Aye, here is the Colonel indeed, no regimentals! yes, I heard of his dreſſing entirely in the Engliſh faſhion.

Enter LAPOCHE.

Sir, (*curtſies*) I almoſt bluſh to ſee you, and ſcarce know how to apologize for Sir John's miſtake.

Lapo. Madam, I vaite upon Sir John to——

Lady B. Really Sir he's aſhamed to appear in

your preſence after—but he has contracted ſuch unfaſhionable habits that he——

Lapo. Madam, I vill equip him vid de faſhionable habit, dat he need not ſhame to appear in de royal preſence.

Lady B. You are very obliging—but Sir you have had a loſs to-day.

Lapo. Oui, I did loſe my lodger.

Lady B. By this day's running?

Lapo. Yes, dey did run away.

Lady B. Sir, I—I mean the match.

Lapo. Aye, I ſuppoſe dey make de match.

Lady B. But Sir, I wiſh better ſucceſs to your Joan.

Lapo. Succeſs to my Joan! (*aſide*)

Lady B. But for all your turf amuſements, I dare ſay your'e a great man in the Cabinet, in Committees, Beds of Juſtice, Privy Councils and Board of Works.

Lapo. Board of Works! Oh, ſhe mean my ſhop-board. (*aſide*)

Lady B. And I warrant you are in all the deep French political ſecrets, you know all the miniſter's meaſures.

Lapo. Oui, I take all deir meaſures.

Lady B. We were informed, Sir in Paris, that you were much with the Prince de——

Lapo. Oh I am quite free in de family.

Lady B. And when it ſuits you to introduce us to His Highneſs——

Lapo. Me! Non! But I cou'd introduce you to de head-butler—

Lady B. Introduce us to the Butler! aye, aye, from Sir John's ruſtic behaviour, the Colonel thinks us fit for no better company,

Enter

Enter SIR JOHN.

(*Lapoche bows and takes out patterns*).

Oh Sir John! I have been endeavouring to apologize for you to the Colonel here—

Lapo. Colonel! (*looking about*)

Sir J. Ha, ha, ha! Egad I fancy this is the Taylor indeed.

Lapo. I am a Taileur at your ſervice, Sir.

Lady B. How!

Sir J. Ha, ha, ha! My Lady, "why will you pretend to ſpeak to perſons of diſtinction? miſtake a Taylor for a Colonel of Gens d'Armes," ha, ha, ha!

Lady B. A Taylor! then you're a very impudent little fellow.

Lapo. Oh I ſhall loſe cuſtom here. (*aſide*) Vell Miſs, your moder wou'd not call me ſo.

Sir J. Her mother, you villain!

Lady B. Sir John, pray don't abuſe the young man.

Sir J. Abuſe! you little raſcal, how dare you have the impudence to be taken for a Colonel, get away this inſtant or I'll crop you with your own ſhears—get along—go. [*Exit Lapoche.*

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Madam, there's Miſs Dolly gone off, and Mrs. Caſey ſays, upon ſome marriage ſcheme or other.

Lady B. My daughter!

Sir J. My Doll!

Robin. And from what I can learn from ſquire Tallyho's man, ſhe's to meet his maſter.

Lady B. There's your honeſt Yorkſhireman, Sir John Bull.

Robin. And I think they ſay, Sir, ſhe's gone to Colonel Epaulette's Lodge.

Sir J. Aye, there's your honorable Frenchman, my Lady Bull; but come along, I'll have my daughter; rob me of my child, oh for a ſearch warrant, oh for a Bow-ſtreet juſtice, come along.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

An apartment in Col. EPAULETTE'S.

Enter Col. EPAULETTE *and Miſs* DOLLY.

Col. E. Miſs, I do congratulate my felicity in meeting you.

Miſs D. I'm ſure I'm much obliged to you, Colonel.

Col. E. If I cou'd get her inſtead of my fille de l'opera, I ſhou'd be up vid her father for calling me a taylor. (*aſide*)

Miſs D. Lord, I wonder what keeps ſquire Tallyho! (*aſide*)

Col. E. Miſs, was you ever in love? Zounds, damme!

Miſs D. Not above nine times, I thank you, Sir (*curteſies*)

Col. E. Hey!

Miſs D. Nine! Let me be certain—yes, three times

times before I got out of my ſlips—twice at Hackney boarding ſchool---I dont reckon my guittar maſter: then Frank Frippery, Mr. Pettitoe; no, Sir, only eight, for I never would liſten to the handſome ſtaymaker of Duck lane.

Col. E. Miſs, vill you be in love de ninth time, and run away vid me.

Miſs D. Lord, Sir, are you going to run away?

Col. E. Oui, I vill ſcamper off vid you.

Miſs D. Oh, now I underſtand—but why ſcamper off, Sir, when I'm ſure Mama wou'd conſent?

Col. E. Conſent! ah, dat is ſo mechanique.

Miſs D. True, Sir, it does ſound of Bow Bell. and as you ſay ſcampering off is ſuch a pleaſant thing—Ha, ha, ha!—Egad, I've a great mind; if I ſhou'd, how ſquire Tallyho wou'd be ſurpriſed. (*aſide*)

Col. E. Allons, ma chere. (*going*)

Miſs D. Stop; will you excuſe me afterwards to ſquire Tallyho?

Col. E. For vat?

Miſs D. Becauſe I promiſed to run away with him.

Col. E. Comment!

Miſs D. Yes, but dont tell Mama; ſure 'twas for that I come here to meet him.

Col. E. Yes, but here I come firſt.

Miſs D. True, Colonel; and firſt come, firſt ſerved, as Pa uſed to ſay in the ſhop at home—He, he, he—Well, Lord, why dont you come?

Col. E. Avay den, my ange adorable! vive l'amour! ah, ſtay Miſs, I vill auparavant order my gentilhomme to pack up ſome poudre, and pomade, and my dancing pump, as von cannot tell

tell vat may happen—den hey for love and pleaſure. [*Exit.*

Miſs D. (*calling after him*) Colonel, make haſte.

(*Tallyho, without*)

Tal. Halloo, Doll! hip, my dainty Dolly!

Miſs D. Squire Tallyho! Oh dear! what ſhall I do?

Enter TALLYHO.

Tal. Well, Doll, are you equip'd, my ſweet goſling, I've got a fine roſy friar, ready; but when I get you into Yorkſhire, we'll be married over again—You remember my chaplain, honeſt parſon Thump.

Miſs D. Lord, ſquire, dont tell me of parſon Thump; what kept you ſo long? Here have I been crying my eyes out for you.

Tal. Crying! fudge—ſhew—why your eyes do look as if——ah, come now, you've an onion in your handkerchief?

Miſs D. No, indeed—as I hope for—He, he, he!

Tal. Now, now there now, what's that for?

Miſs D. I was laughing, to think of our marriage.

Tal. I begin to think marriage is no laughing matter, Doll. Now I tell you truly, I like you as well as any thing I ever ſaw—good points, fancy thirteen hands high—and by my lady's account, riſing nineteen years laſt graſs—but I tell you ſome things you muſt learn to be my wife. My mother, you muſt know, was a fine lady, all upon the hoity-toities, and ſo good for nothing.

Says

Says father to me, one evening, as the laſt whiff of his fourth pipe ſigh'd to the tears of the third tankard—Gaby, my dear boy, never marry a girl that can't breakfaſt on beef, carve a gooſe, will withdraw from table before King and Conſtitution, and not ſing a jolly ſong at firſt bidding; and then ſays he, (*ſnores*) take care of the girls, Gaby, and dropping aſleep—Yes, father, ſays I, I'll take care of the girls, and with that I ſlipp'd a brace of yellow boys out of his purſe, and next day bought Peggy Trundle, the houſe-maid, a pair of Bath garters, ſilver ſhoe buckles, and a marcaſite pin for her ſtomacher—Ha, ha, ha!

Miſs D. I ſhoudn't have thought of your entertaining me with your old father's pipe, and Peggy Trundle's ſtomachers—if you're come here to run away with me, why do the thing at once, and let's have no more talk about it.

Tal. True, Doll; ſuch a fortune as yours dont offer every day. I've a chaiſe at the door, and a ſulky for father Dominic; and as your dad may be for purſuing us, I wont depend upon thoſe raſcally French poſt-boys; it's all crack, ſmack, jabber, grin, and buſtle, great noiſe and little work with them—no, no, I'll put on a jacket, and great boots—A good diſguiſe too, I'll drive you myſelf, gee up, my Queen. You'll ſee how we'll tatter the road—do it there, whipcord, ſhave the ſignpoſt—ah, ſoftly, good Bully, up hill—bit of hay to cool their mouths, pint o'twopenny, and a new laſh—then ſpank the Unicorn—ſlap daſh—gee up—once we're coupl'd, let Sir John come whiſtle for you—gee up—ah Button, do it there ſoftly my honies—gee, ah, ah!

[*Exit.*

Miſs

Miſs D. O make haſte, my dear dear ſquire—Oh, delicious, charming——I hope the Colonel wont come—Ha, ha, ha! our elopement will be in all the newſpapers, and then ſuch interceſſion, and pardons, tears, giggling, viſits, how d'ye do's and kiſſes.

AIR.—DOLLY.

When dreſs'd in all my fineſt things,
My gold Repeater, Bracelets, Rings;
In Toilette glaſs,
A lovely Laſs
I view ſo gayly glancing;
I know not how,
But ne'er till now
I felt my heart a dancing.

The Coach is come, down ſtairs we trip;
The Opera---Robin plies his whip;
"What ſparkling eyes,"
Sir Fopling cries,
As to our box advancing---
I know not how,
But ne'er till now,
I felt my heart a dancing.

Sultana, Queen at Maſquerade,
Or Nun, or humble Village Maid!
So fine, ſo bright,
The ſplendid night;
Like fairies nimbly prancing,
I know not how,
But ne'er till now,
I felt my heart a dancing.

Why Tallyho! (*calls*) What the deuce keeps him? upon my word this is very clever: ſo one gentleman can't go to be married without his great boots, and t'other youth coudn't go without his dancing pumps. Eeod, if one of my old ſweet-

ſweethearts was to ſtep in now, I am ſo vex'd, I ſhou'd be ſtrongly tempted to give 'em both the double.

Lack. (*Without*) Oh, the lady's this way.

Miſs D. Who have we here? I proteſt the ſprightly elegant gentleman that ſent Papa for his ſnuff box—he's a vaſtly pretty fellow.

Enter LACKLAND.

Lack. At laſt I have found her; I hate courtſhip, no occaſion here, I fancy; ſo ſans ceremoni, here goes. (*aſide*) Ma'am, your moſt obedient.

Miſs D. How do you do, Sir? (*curteſies*)

Lack. Well, my dear, 'tis at laſt ſettled.

Miſs D. Sir?

Lack. Yes, tho' with ſome difficulty to prevail on myſelf, I am now determined to marry you.

Miſs D. Marry me!

Lack. A fact, but dont let your joy carry you away.

Miſs D. You'll carry me away?

Lack. I ſaid I wou'd, and I never break my word.

Miſs D. Said! to who pray?

Lack. To myſelf; and you know if a gentleman breaks his word to himſelf, what dependance can the world have on him? You're a fine creature, but I woudn't tell a lie for all the women in France.

Miſs D. (*aſide*) what a high notion of honor! a much handſomer man too, than either Tallyho or the Colonel—He's a charming flaſhy beau.

Lack. Juſt as I thought; of fifty lovers with

this young Lady, I ſee the laſt is the moſt welcome.

Miſs D. I vow I've a mind, but Pa ſays you've no money.

Lack. Me, no money! pleaſant enough that faith. Ha, ha, ha! why he might as well ſay I borrowed a guinea from him.

Miſs D. Eh! now I remember, he did ſay it too.

Lack. Oh, well he was right. Ha, ha, why what an old lying——but he's your father, therefore let it be ſo—Ha, ha, well I have no money: (*with pretended irony*) I am the pooreſt dog in nature. Ha, ha, well, that is very good, faith—ſuch a joke.

Miſs D. Joke! Lord, I knew it was; I thought you muſt have been very rich by your fine cloaths.

Lack. Cloaths—Oh, I've only borrowed 'em from ſomebody, perhaps; you know, where cou'd I get money to buy ſuch cloaths as theſe? Ha, ha, ha! Well, this is excellent.

Miſs D. I knew you muſt have a great eſtate.

Lack. Me! Oh I havn't an acre, or may be a manſion in Herefordſhire; nor perhaps I havn't a houſe in Portman ſquare.

Miſs D. Portman ſquare!

Lack. Without a guinea in the funds—perhaps at this moment I havn't half a crown in the world—I'm ſuch a miſerable dog.

Miſs D. Ha, ha, ha! Eſtate in Herefordſhire, oh lud, then we can make at leaſt—twenty hogſheads of cyder.

Lack. Cyder! hem—Oh you elegant—Garlick hill. (*aſide*)

Miſs D. I've a monſtrous mind—now anſwer me one queſtion, that's all: if I ſhou'd conſent to

run

run off with you, wou'd you leave me ſtanding here for great travelling boots, or your dancing pumps?

Lack. Me! not for the button of King Louis' hat.

Miſs D. No! come along.

Lack. Where?

Miſs D. Lord, don't you know?

Lack. If we had but a chaiſe and a prieſt.

Miſs D. One's in the houſe, and t'others at the door below.

Lack. Indeed! my dear you're young and frank; I throw myſelf and all my fortune at your feet, in ſpite of figs, raiſins, canvaſs ſleeves, and moiſt ſugar—Oh, you amazing fine creature!

Miſs D. Oh, you aſtoniſhing charming man!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE.

Col. E. All is ready, allons ma chere Mademoiſelle—eh! where is de lady?

Enter TALLYHO (*in great boots.*)

Tal. Well Doll, here I am, booted and piſtoled.—How!

Col. E. Why the lady is gone.

Tal. Ay, where is ſhe gone?

Col. E. Vere have you put her? Zounds, damme!

Tal. Sir, I inſiſt on knowing what you've done with her.

Col. E. Moi! I did leave her here.

Tal. You mean you found her here, maſter poacher.

Enter Sir JOHN.

Sir J. Where's Doll? Why Dolly.

Tal. So there, you coudn't give your daughter to an honeſt Engliſhman; and now ſhe is whip'd up by a poaching Frenchman; I wiſh you joy of your ſon-in-law my old Nag. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir J. Where is ſhe?

Col. E. Aſk dat gentleman dat did ſtole her.

Sir J. Harkyee, you Yorkſhire bite, you ſhan't rob me of my child.

Tal. What the devil, are you mad, old Holofernes? It's that there greyhound has whip'd up little puſs.

Sir J. I believe it.

Col. E. Diable m'emporte, it is no ſuch ting, zounds! damme!

Sir J. It is.

Col. E. It is not, you are as wrong in dis as ven you took me for de taileur.

Sir J. Where have you hid my daughter? reſtore her, or by heaven I'll—

Col. E. (Calmly) What Sir?

Sir J. Why Dolly Bull! Dolly! [*Exit, calling.*

Tal. I am ſo vexed and perplexed, oh, if I had you at Dover I'd fight you—aye with a pair of Queen Ann's pocket piſtols.

Col. E. Monſieur, any thing to oblige you, I vill fight or let it alone, all von to me—ma foi! pardi! who's there? hey! Le-fleche! Juſtine!

[*Exit.*

Tal. Oho, ſince I find I am jockied in this, I muſt look ſharp to my other matches, ſee what Captain Henry has been about, this French poney is now in his own ſtall, and let him ſtay there. A ſilly tit! to prefer the Colonel to ſuch a tight lad as I! but if I get once back to London, with a fob full of French gold, ſee if I'll let the fineſt lady in the land fetter my gamarels.

AIR.

AIR.—TALLYHO.

In London my life is a ring of delight,
In frolics I keep up the day and the night,
I ſnooſe at the Hummums till twelve perhaps later,
I rattle the bell and I roar up the waiter;
Your honour ſays he, and he makes me a leg,
He brings me my tea, but I ſwallow an egg,
For tea in a morning's a ſlop I renounce,
So I down with a glaſs of good right cherry bounce,
With ſwearing---tearing,
Ranting---jaunting,
Slaſhing---ſmaſhing,
Smacking---cracking,
Rumbling---tumbling,
Laughing---quaffing,
Smokeing---jokeing,
Swaggering---Staggering!
So the [illegible], ſo knowing, ſo green, and ſo mellow,
This, to [illegible] ne life of a frolicſome fellow.

My phæton I mount and the plebs they all ſtare,
I handle my reins and my elbows I ſquare,
My ponies ſo plump and as white as a lilly,
Thro' Pall-Mall I ſpank it and up Piccadilly,
Till loſing a wheel egad down I come ſmack,
So at Knightſbridge I throw myſelf into a hack,
At Tatterſal's fling a leg over my nag,
Thus viſit, for dinner then dreſs in a bag,
With ſwearing, &c.

I roll round the garden and call at the Roſe,
And then at both playhouſes pop in my noſe,
I lounge thro' the lobby, laugh, ſwear, ſlide, and ſwagger,
Talk loud, take my money, and out again flagger,
I meet at the Shakeſpeare a good-natur'd ſoul,
Then down to our club at St. James's I roll,
The joys of the night are a thouſand at play,
And thus at the finiſh, begin the next day,
With ſwearing, &c.

SCENE.

SCENE IV; *and laſt.*

Lapoche's Houſe.

Enter LAPOCHE.

Lapo. Taken for a Colonel! aha! 'tis certain dat I ave ſomething in my air dat is grande, I wrong my bon addreſſe and figure to ſtick to dis tailure trade, oui dat is de reaſon of Miſs Roſa's ſcorn, if de lady de Bull did think me a Colonel, [illegible]d as I am, vat muſt I be alamode de nobleſſe—I have a thought, I will ſurprize Madame Roſa into de love for my perſon—ah! le Marquis de Treſant's cloaths fit me a mervielle, how lucky I did not take dem home yeſterday---oh! here ſhe come. [illegible] *Retires.*

Enter ROSA.

Roſa. Ah, cou'd I again behold my deareſt lord, every ſeparation from thoſe we love ſeems a chaſm in exiſtence: no danger I think from my brother Henry, he's now too buſy with his own love to give any interruption to mine, and yet I think had his paſſion for this young lady but commenc'd previous to that of Lord Winlove's for me, Henry wou'd not now lament the life which he imagines he has taken; no, his heart then poſſeſs'd only with rage, was but a partial judge of ſo pure a paſſion, tho' I fear Lord Winlove's is rather a rare example.

AIR.---ROSA.

Confeſs fond youth my charge is true,
Behold the wanton boy,
A gilded butterfly purſue,
And win but to deſtroy,

And

And thus when ſtruck by Cupid's dart,
With fervor you adore,
But once you win the virgin's heart,
Her beauties charm no more.

Re-enter LAPOCHE *dreſt---(Kneels to her.)*

Roſa. (*Not recollecting him*) Pray ſir, if I may——

Lapo. Heigho! behold a gentleman dat love a you, throw your arms round my neck like Solitaire, and give me kiſs my charming fair.

Roſa. Ridiculous! Where is Lord Winlove? into what complicated diſtreſs has my imprudence plunged me? and to add to it muſt I endure the inſults of this fool.——Where is my Lord?

Lapo. Here he is—your gentilhomme, dis moment has on knee on de ground, and a pinch of ſnuff in his finger; your bright eye is de ſun, and before it here he lies like a cucumber under a hot-bed.

Roſa. Trifling, impertinent!

Lapo. Impertinent, ah, ha! (*riſes haſtily*) do you know who you talk to Miſs? impertinent! you are great lady indeed, but I vas juſt now, little as you may tink of me, taken for a Colonel, by my lady de Bull, tho' perhaps not ſo great as you, yet begar ſhe is three times as big, impertinent! may I never ſet a ſtitch, but I will have ſatisfaction—I am enragè.

Enter NANNETTE.

You Nannette ſtand out of my vay, or I will put my foot upon you.

Nan. Why, what's the matter.

Roſa.

Roſa. Nannette, ſtep with me to my chamber.
[*Exit.*

Lapo. Dere you may ſtay in your chamber—Stop you here Nannette, ah, madam runaway, ſince you ſcorn me I vill deliver you up to de lady abbeſs.

Nan. But Miſs Roſa wants me.

Lapo. I vill vant you—and I am your maitre—you vant a gentilhomme, Madam Roſa, do you but dere, you may play vid your cuſhion—ventrebleau. I dat am ſo fine and clever.—Nannette you come and kiſs a me.

Nan. Pho, nonſenſe!

Lapo. Comment!

Nan. Ah, ſir, what ſignifies your ſtrutting about here, like a jack daw, and there's the foreman waiting to take home that ſuit of clothes on you, to Lord Creſſant. [*Exit.*

Lapo. So, I vas juſt now impertinent, and now I am jackdaw, fort bien! de devil's in all de vomen about me to day, (*knocking without*) malpeſte! here is dat Lord Winlove return again, by gar he vill cut my throat; beſt hide a little.
[*Retires.*

Enter Lord WINLOVE.

Lord W. No, I cannot drive her from my heart—but let me not condemn her too haſtily, I'll firſt know to a certainty who accompanied her from this houſe yeſterday morning.—My death from that rencontre with Henry, is every where believed, and even a reward offered for apprehending him; well, one comfort I'm a living witneſs of his innocence, but now for his lovely ſiſter, ah! ſee where ſhe ſits, diſolved in grief and tears. [*Exit.*

Enter.

Enter HENRY.

Hen. Lapoche! where is this fellow? What has he done with Roſa? pray heav'n ſhe hasn't given him the ſlip; now with Tallyho's conſent, and the amiable Celia's acceptance of my paſſion, I have no alloy to my golden delights, but the mournful memory of Lord Winlove, thus reviv'd in my unhappy ſiſter's recent elopement; was ſhe ſtill in poſſeſſion of her unſullied name, I of my Celia's love and the eſteem of ſuch a friend as Lord Winlove; fortune might do her worſt.

AIR—HENRY.

Let fame ſound her trumpet, and cry, "to the war!
And glory re-echo the ſtrain,
The ſoul tide of honor may flow from the ſcar,
And heroes may ſmile on their pain.
The treſures of autumn let Bacchus diſplay,
And ſtagger about with his bowl,
On ſcience let ſol beam the luſtre of day,
And wiſdom give light to the ſoul.

Let India unfold her rich jems, to the view,
Each virtue, each joy to improve,
Oh give me the friend that I know to be true!
And the fair that I tenderly love.
What's glory but pride? a vain bubble is fame!
And riot the pleaſure of wine?
What's riches but trouble? and title's a name,
But friendſhip and love are divine.

Enter LAPOCHE.

Where's the lady your lodger?

Enter LORD WINLOVE *and* ROSA.

Lapo. Dere now, all de murder's out—ah

diable! ſacre dieu! ventre bleu, malpeſte Nannette! run you jade—call up de conſtables, archers, exempts, bailiffs, Brown-bear, Commiſſaire, and Miniſters of State. [*Exit.*

Hen. Lord Winlove alive!

Lord W. Sorry to ſee me ſo Henry?

Hen. I own, my Lord, I am ſurpriſed, yet rejoice to find my hand guiltleſs of blood—and you ſtill poſſeſs'd of power to heal my honor in doing juſtice to my unhappy ſiſter—forgive my former weakneſs, my joy, my tranſport to find you living, baniſhes even every unworthy conſideration I might draw from this preſent diſcovery! no my Lord, my anger really accompanied your imaginary death, and I now only appeal to your humanity.

Lord W. My dear Henry! I never looked upon your ſiſter, but with the ardent wiſhes of an honorable connection, a jealous punctilio hurried you to raſhneſs, and the fondeſt love rendered me imprudent; thus we ſee how deſtructive may prove the nobleſt principles, if guided only by our paſſions.

Enter CELIA.

Celia. Oh Captain Henry! but I didn't know you had company—a thouſand pardons—upon my word I don't know how to apologize for this ſtrange intruſion of mine—don't be vain if I make the alarming news of your danger an excuſe for my coming hither.

Hen. A thouſand thanks for this kind ſolicitude—My Lord, ſiſter, give me leave to introduce a lady who I hope will ſoon honor our family by the cloſeſt tie. (*Celia and Roſa ſalute*)

Miſs

Miſs D. (*without*) Run huſband—or they'll catch us.

Enter LACKLAND *and* MISS DOLLY BULL.

Lack. Let's rally and face the enemy.

Enter SIR JOHN *and* LADY BULL.

Sir J. So you're a pretty jade, but I'll——

Lack. No abuſe Bull. (*ſtops him*)

Sir J. What not my own daughter?

Lack. Nobody muſt abuſe my wife.

Sir J. Wife! I ſhall go mad, my daughter married to a fellow that I ſaw this morning in white ſhoes and a black ſhirt.

Lady B. Aye, you wou'd have Engliſh?

Sir J. I hope he's a rogue.

Hen. Your ſon-in-law!

Lady B. Tell me Dolly how dare you take up with that perſon?

Miſs D. Why, la mama, when the Squire and Colonel Epaulette left me, I was glad to take up any body.

Lack. What's that you ſay, Mrs. Lackland? I'm very much obliged to you—you have done me infinite honor. (*bows*)

Enter TALLYHO.

Tal. Eh, what, have you all got about the winning-poſt here?

Miſs D. Yes, and now you may canter off to Newmarket in your big boots.

Tal. Lackland, I give you joy of little ginger, for ſhe was never good, egg, or bird.

Enter COLONEL EPAULETTE.

Col. E. How do you do good folks? ah Miſs Dolly—run away.

Miſs D. Yes Colonel, and didn't wait for my dancing pumps.

Col. E How is my good Lady de Bull? zounds! damme!

Lady B. Sir, if you're a Frenchman, behave like one—

Col. E. I vill never behave myſelf damme! zounds!

Lack. Now I will frankly tell you Colonel, that you had better let the Engliſh alone, by a clumſy attempt at our blunt honeſty, the French may become brutes; as by an awkward aping of French politeneſs, we poliſh into puppies.

Tal. Oh Captain, you made the betts againſt my mare, when do we ſhare my Trojan? (*apart*)

Hen. Sir, I don't underſtand——

Tal. Why, didn't I pay forfeit, and let the Colonel's Prince walk over the courſe to-day. (*apart*)

Hen. And ſeriouſly did you dare think that I'd join in ſuch a ſcandalous affair?

Tal. Then you may fling your cap at Celia. (*apart*)

Hen. Huſh, you laid me five thouſand yourſelf—Conſent to my marriage with your ſiſter, or I'll proclaim you, not only here at Fontainebleau, but at every race-courſe in England.

Tal. I'm had—yes and trick'd, chous'd ſlang'd, and bang'd. Celia take him againſt the field—clever—has nick'd me, that have nicked thouſands.

Hen. I fancy the firſt real good ever produced by

by gaming; our winning is but a decoy; it's joys built upon the grief of others, and our loſſes ſtop but in ruin or diſhonor.

Tal. May be ſo, but as I ſet out a young pidgeon, I'll die an old rook.

Sir J. But how ſhall I get this rook out of my pidgeon-houſe. (*to Lackland*)

Col. E. Ah pauvre Lackland, I have a commiſſion vacant in my regiment, which, if you will do me the honor to accept——

Lack. Thank you Colonel, but while I can raiſe the price of a drumſtick, I'll never draw a ſword againſt my country.

Sir J. What! your hand my Briton; then you ſhan't want a nail for your hat in my parlour at dinner time—you ſhall poſt my books, and take the whip hand of my Lady's gig on a Sunday.

Lack. Drive a gig! My dear Bull, you ſhall rattle up in your vis-a-vis to the aſtoniſhment of all Garlick-hill.

Sir J. My deeree and I will ride ſide by ſide in a vis-a-vis.

Tal. Yes, and if you whip your gig down to Yorkſhire, I'll mount her Ladyſhip upon whirligig, and Sir Jacky, my lad, up you go again upon Kick-him-jenny.

Sir J. I'll ſee you aſtride the dragon on Bow-ſteeple firſt; but now I invite you all to the Britiſh Lion, where French claret ſhall receive the zeſt of Engliſh hoſpitality—Eh my Antigallican ſon-in-law?

Lack. Well ſaid Bull; but mind, I'll have no illiberal prejudices in my family—general national reflections are unworthy the breaſt of man; and however in war, each may vindicate his country's

country's honor, in peace, let us not know a diſtance, but the Streights of Dover.

FINALE.

LORD WINLOVE.

This patriot fire within each heart,
For ever let us nouriſh;

ROSA.

Of glory ſtill the golden mart,
May England ever flouriſh.

HENRY.

Let faſhion with her glitt'ring train,
Abroad awhile deceive us;
We long to ſee dear home again,
The love of England muſt remain,
And that can never leave us.

SIR JOHN.

My future range,
The Stock Exchange;
'Tis there I'll mend my paces,
Nor gig, nor nag,
Jack Bull ſhall drag,
To French, or Engliſh races.

LADY BULL.

At feaſt or ball,
At Grocer's Hall,
'Tis there I'll mend my paces;
Yet nothing keep
Me from a peep,
At French, or Engliſh races.

TALLYHO.

TALLYHO.

A bumper's the word, and I'm in for the
plate,
Our table's the ground,
The glaſs ſhall go round;
Then off let us ſtart at a round about rate,
My boys, we ſhall conquer, tho' reaſon
may reel,
For a ſpur in the head, is worth two in the
heel;
To the goſt let us go,
Hip; ire away Caſey, a room there, hollo!

CHORUS.

This patriotic fire within each heart,
For ever let us cheriſh;
Of glory ſtill the golden mart,
May England ever flouriſh.

THE END.

THE

LITTLE HUNCHBACK;

OR,

A FROLIC IN BAGDAD.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1787.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Baſſa,	Mr. DAVIES.
Crumpy,	Mr. QUICK.
Croſs-Leg,	Mr. EDWIN.
Zebede,	Mr. WILSON.
Babouc,	Mr. PAINTER.
Cadi,	Mr. EVATT.
Doctor Quinquina,	Mr. WEWITZER.
Crank,	Mr. BOOTH.
Abſalom,	Mr. MACREADY.
Habby,	Mr. MILBURNE.
Dominique,	Mr. ROCK.
Crier,	Mr. THOMPSON.
Courier,	Mr. LEDGER.
Dora,	Miſs ROWSON.
Juggy,	Mrs. WEBB.

JANIZARIES, MUTES, OFFICERS, MOB, BOY, &c. &c.

SCENE, *Bagdad.*

TIME, *an Evening, Night and Morning.*

THE

LITTLE HUNCHBACK;

OR,

A FROLIC IN BAGDAD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street in Bagdad.—The Baſſa's Palace in View.

Enter ZEBEDE.

ZEBEDE.

LET me give juſt one look at my bill of fare. (*takes out a paper*) Let's ſee at which of the tradeſmen's ſhops do I firſt touch in my voyage, to lay in every delicacy for our grand entertainment.

(*Horn ſounds without.*)

Eh! the Courier with diſpatches from Conſtantinople.

Enter COURIER, *blowing Horn.*

Cour. By'r leave! Letters for his Highneſs, one of the great Officers, to———

Zeb. Stop, I am a great Officer, Prime Caterer to the Baſſa—he cou'dn't live without me, for I provide him his dinner every day.

Cour. Perhaps you've provided a dinner for me too.—A long poſt this laſt from Rabba—ſo I'll beat up your palace pantries if you'll give theſe two letters to Babouc the Aga, for his Highneſs the Baſſa.

(*Gives the letters, then runs off, blowing horn.*)

Zeb. Babouc the Black-a-moor! No; I will deliver them to his Highneſs myſelf, and that will ſhew my great care and diligence. (*putting the letters into his pocket, drops one on the ground without knowing it.*) Lie you there ſafe and ſnug; here comes my nephew, Abſalom—the villain is going to marry with a chriſtian womans, after my bringing him up ſo genteely; and binding him 'prentice to a barber. Ah, here's the raſcal, with the very dow'rleſs damſel, and that hungry beggarman, Croſs-Leg the taylor; I've a mind—but let me contain my paſſion.

Enter ABSALOM *and* DORA.

So nephew Abſalom, you're about to marry?

Abſ. Yes, Sir. (*bows*)

Zeb. And Miſs Dora, you're going to be married?

Dora. Yes, Sir. (*curtſies*)

Zeb. You have monies? (*to Abſalom*)

Abſ. No, Sir.

Zeb.

Zeb. You bring a portion? (*to Dora*)

Dora. No, Sir.

Zeb. Where do you eat your wedding ſupper?

Enter CROSS-LEG.

Croſs-L. At my houſe.

Zeb. Is it bought?

Croſs-L. Yes; when you give a little money to buy it.

Zeb. Oh! then I'm to buy it.

Croſs-L. Will you—Gad, old Zebede's growing kind. (*aſide*) I thought you wou'd; none can do it better, as you're his Highneſs the Baſſa's Caterer; no man in Bagdad, genteeler knows how to provide, and this is only a neat little bit of ſupper for a poor young couple and their few friends.

Zeb. Eh!

Abſ. Yes, Sir, you know a poor couple have but few friends.

Croſs-L. Now if you'd only take a pretty little walk (you ſee it's a very pleaſant evening) juſt round to the Baſſa's butcher, poulterer, fiſhmonger, confectioner, and wine-merchant, and order us in a ſmall joint, two capons, a brace of carp, a cream tart, and a hamper of Cyprus wine; you, the generous founder, ſhou'd be toaſted in noble bumpers by us the grateful confounders.

Zeb. Thank'ee, Timothy Croſs-Leg. Then as it is a very pleaſant evening, why I will take a pretty little walk, and deſire the poulterer, butcher, fiſhmonger, confectioner, and wine-merchant——

Dora

Dora. Good Sir!
Abſ. Kind Uncle!
Croſs-L. Moſt comfortable Caterer! } (*all together*)

Zeb. If they've got a ſmall joint, two capons, a brace of carp, a cream tart, and an hamper of Cyprus wine, that they take particular care to—

Dora. What good nature!
Abſ. Generous Uncle!
Croſs-L. Plentiful Purveyor! } (*together*)

Zeb. To keep them ſafe in their ſhops.

Croſs-L. Eh!

Zeb. Then, my poor young couple, I wiſh you joy of your wedding ſupper. Ha, ha, ha! Eh! ſo you'll marry a Chriſtian you wicked reprobate. [*Exit.*

Croſs-L. (*after a pauſe*) Oh! I wiſh I had only an order from the grand Signor to ſew up your ugly mouth, I'd do it with as much pleaſure as ever I ſtitch'd a button-hole.

Abſ. I'm not diſappointed.

Croſs-L. So, becauſe your Uncle won't have you marry the daughter of a Chriſtian, and your ſtep-father wont let you have the nephew of a Jew, you muſt both ſtarve, poor things! You ſhan't this night, however, for a wedding ſupper you ſhall have, though I pawn my gooſe for the price of it. Hark'ee—hasn't Father Anſelm, the Armenian Friar, promiſed to marry you.

Abſ. Appointed Dora and I to come to his cell, by the Fountain of Palms, at eight.

Croſs-L. Then go you, boy, and dreſs in your beſt; Dora ſhall meet you there. As ſhe cannot go home to her father's, my wife, Juggy, ſhall

ſhall trick her out nicely. There they'll conſult about the cookery. Tol, lol, lol! Courage my young folks. Come Dora!

Dora. Then, my dear Abſalom, don't let us be caſt down by the cruelty of thoſe who ſhould be kind to us. True love is the beſt of good cheer!

Croſs-L. You ſhall have ſomewhat more ſubſtantial, I warrant! My Juggy will toſs up a comfortable morſel, without the help of—Hang me if I ſhould think a chriſtian wedding lucky, if the ſupper was provided by a Jew. Ha, ha, ha! Cheer up, I am but a poor taylor, to be ſure; but an honeſt mind is my workſhop; there Content ſings all day to the muſic of a good Conſcience. [*Exeunt Croſs-Leg and Dora.*

Abſ. It goes againſt my ſpirit to lay all the expences of my wedding on my honeſt friend the taylor! What to do now to raiſe but a little money? Oh! for a few beards to mow, even at an aſper a chin—What's this? (*looking on the ground, takes the letter up which Zebede dropt. Reads the the ſuperſcription*) "For his Highneſs the Baſſa "of Bagdad." Trod under foot! Now if I could deliver this letter to the Baſſa myſelf, he'd probably give me a reward ſufficient to defray the charges of my wedding. How ſhall I get admittance though? My old Uncle has always kept me at ſuch a diſtance, that I'm not even known at the palace; and the attendants there are ſo ſaucy—No, they'll never let a poor ſtrange barber paſs the antichamber.

(*Crumpy ſings without*)

Odſo! here comes little Crumpy, the Baſſa's favorite Hunch-back jeſter; he's a good-natur'd fellow; and from my ſaving him from a beating

in

the ſtreet-quarrel, that his jokes brought him into the other night—If I could prevail on him—he has high intereſt at court——

Enter CRUMPY *ſinging and dancing.*

How do you do, Mr. Crumpy?

Crump. Fellow! (*proudly, but changes on recollecting Abſalom*) Ha! my gay ſpirited—my little finger (*holds out his hand*) don't ſlip my ring off. Your proweſs in that rencounter, when thoſe villains attacked me the other night, ſaved—Did you ever ſee the like? Had I the lives of ſeven cats, they'd have hammered them out; for there I lay like a little anvil, and the raſcals laid on me like ſo many Cyclops, turn'd me about as if I was a three-penny nail—only for your paſſing by juſt at the nick, thoſe ruffians would have broke my bones. Yes, they'd have crack'd my ivory; their heads were ſo hard, and their fiſts ſo heavy, that my great wit and little body—Oh dear!

Abſ. Going to the palace, I preſume, Sir?

Crum. Ay, his Highneſs has got into a merry mood, and has juſt ſent for me.

Abſ. Then, Sir, that horſe with the fine trappings, that I ſaw the ſlaves take by juſt now, was to carry you to court?

Crum. Yes; they had the inſolence to think I'd perch upon a poney; but if I muſt ride, it ſhall be on an elephant.

Abſ. Certainly, Sir.

Crum. By virtue of my high office, lord chief juſtice joker, I am obliged, when called upon, to be provided with ſome comical ſtory to divert his Highneſs, entre nous, tho' my wit is as ready as any man's, I am ſometimes plaguily put to it; but as I'm

I'm determin'd to keep my place, to pick up novelty and character, I get upon thoſe night rambles in the ſtreet, which often, with a little of my ingenuity in dreſſing up, furniſh a good merry tale, or pleaſant incident for the Baſſa to laugh at the next morning.

Abſ. I thought, Sir, you ſtateſmen were too wiſe to laugh?

Crum. He that's wiſe enough to refuſe a good hearty laugh in this world, will be curſedly bob'd, if there ſhould be no laughing in the next. Here he has ſent for me, takes me a little unprovided, ſo I'll go make my bow, and retire.

Abſ. What a prodigious favourite your are, Sir.

Crum. Ay, ay; the Circaſſian beauties dance, ambaſſadors black, blue and yellow pay compliments; courtiers ſmile, cringe and tell lies, but no life at court without little Crumpy. (*ſings and dances*) Oh, barber, could you ſupply me with a decent, faſhionable, flouriſhing whiſker?

Abſ. Why, Sir, you've a very handſome pair already.

Crum. Only one real, t'other was pluck'd off by the roots in that affray; this is falſe, a favourite lock that fell from the forehead of a celebrated beauty at the laſt ball, I pick'd it up, and ſtuck it on with a little gum, and it graces the lip of her humble admirer. Ha, ha, ha!

Abſ. How gallant.

Crum. Yet the courtiers ſmil'd, the ladies tee-hee'd, but honi ſoit—I ſhould not wonder if the circumſtance gave birth to an order of knighthood, and the black eagle and golden fleece gave way to the knights of the whiſker.

Abſ. Ha, ha, ha! Sir, I've a letter here for the Baſſa, and——

Crum. A petition? Give it me; I'll deliver it into his highneſſes's own hand?

Abſ. Ah, Sir, if you'd only procure me the honor of laying it at his Highneſſes's own feet?

Crum. You ſerved me; I will be grateful; you ſhall have an audience; come along my noble ſhaver.

Abſ. But, Sir, if any of the grand officers in waiting ſhould ſtop me?

Crum. What when I take you by the hand.

Abſ. The court eunuchs are ſuch great men—

Crum. They great men; the raſcals, ſlaves, ah hah! trip, ſkip, come, tol lol lol. [*Exit ſinging and dancing, Abſalom follows admiring him.*

SCENE II.

An Antichamber of the Palace.

Enter ZEBEDE *and* HABBY, *meeting.*

Zeb. (*greatly diſtreſſed*) Oh ruin! Habby! Habby! I'm undone for ever.

Hab. Hey, what's the matter, maſter?

Zeb. I have loſt (I don't know how) one of the letters the courier gave me for the Baſſa. Oh, I ſhall loſe my place that I have held ſo long with credit. I have been prime Purveyor to him, ay, fifteen years next Paſſover.

Hab.

Hab. But this truſt, how diſcharged?

Zeb. Diſcharged, you dog! I have charged and over charged; take that, you ſcoundrel.

(*ſtrikes him.*

Hab. What's that for?

Zeb. You, my clerk, throw out your inuendo's againſt my honeſty, when you ſee me diſtreſſed and enraged—get out of my ſight.

Hab. (*aſide*) Good maſter, I'll give you a blow worth two of this. [*Exit.*

Zeb. Oh this letter, what will become of me? If I confeſs I loſt it, I may not only loſe my place but my life too. I will deny that I did receive any letters; and even if the courier do ſay he did give me them, my word will be taken before his oath: yes, that will ſave me; 'tis a good thought.

Enter BABOUC, *attended.*

Bab. Zebede, the Baſſa deſires his letters, he'd learn if———

Zeb. His Highneſs wants to learn his letters?

Bab. His diſpatches, the expreſs.

Zeb. Well, expreſs.

Bab. Pſha, the letters for him?

Zeb. Me! I did get no letters for him.

Bab. No! Why his Highneſs himſelf ſaw from his window the courier give them to you.

Zeb. The devil! what eyes he has got! (*aſide*) he ſaw! I quite forgot, my memory is diſtracted with my accompts and marketings. Lord—yes, here they are—What ſhall I do? (*aſide*)

Enter ABSALOM, *looking about.*

Abſ. I wiſh Mr. Crumpy would come on, I'm afraid to——

Zeb. My nephew! How dare you put your face into the palace? You graceleſs vagabond.

Bab. Go, go, friend; what brings you here?

Abſ. I have buſineſs.

Zeb. You buſineſs, you impudent——

Bab. Guards, thruſt him out.

(*Slaves attempt it.*

Crum. (*within*) Very well; you may all depend upon my influence and intereſt.

Zeb. Stand out of the way you raſcal. Here comes the Baſſa's firſt favourite, and if he ſees ſuch ſhabby rogues as you here, he'll order you to the whipping poſt.

Enter CRUMPY, *ſinging.*

Crum. Eh! what noiſe is here? Babouc, I'll have none of theſe doings.

Bab. Sir, my ſtation and rank demands——

Crum. Rank! don't I allow you to be the greateſt black in the palace? Ha! my good friend, I aſk you millions of pardons for making you wait. (*to Abſalom*)

Zeb. Eh! good friend! (*ſurpriſed*) How did my nephew do this. (*aſide*)

Abſ. Sir! (*to Crumpy*)

Crum. Come, come along! Fling open the folding doors there. I proteſt a man has ſcarce room to paſs. Come. (*to Abſalom*)

Abſ. Yes, Sir, but theſe gentlemen may have ſome objection.

Crum.

Crum. Gentlemen! Give me your hand. (*takes Abſaloms hand*) Room there, ye ſlaves—ſtand by.

Bab. Room there for Mr. Crumpy.

[*Exit Crumpy with great importance, and Abſalom.*

You muſt ſtop, Zebede, till Mr. Crumpy has had his audience.

Zeb. And my poor raſcally nephew. Dear me, what is all this? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A magnificent Apartment in the Palace.

Enter The BA'SSA *and* BABOUC.

Bab. Zebede is bringing your Highneſs the diſpatches from Conſtantinople.

Baſſa. Oh, Babouc! happy is the life of a Baſſa whoſe government is at a diſtance from the Sublime Port, and good was my friend the Vizier, to appoint me Baſſa of Bagdat. While the ſeraglio there is diſtracted with cabal and faction, here, an Emperor in epitome, I enjoy all the pleaſures of peace and ſecurity, my nod gives death, and my ſmile preferment. Have you ordered the dance, the banquet, and ſent for my Little Hunchback Jeſter? My ſoul, and every ſenſe, are this evening devoted to laugh, love and joy. (*Crumpy ſings without.*

Bab. Here is Crumpy, pleaſe your Highneſs.

Baſſa.

Baſſa. Approach my man of whim and frolick.

Crum. (*without*) Stand aſide, make way there.

Baſſa. Ha, ha, ha! he has got introducing ſome of the Meſopotamian Plenipo's.

Enter CRUMPY, *takes a ſweep round, puts the Officers and Slaves aſide.*

Crum. Room—hem! Sir, permit me the honor of introducing to your Highneſs this moſt magnificently—magnanimous—Come in Barber,

Enter ABSALOM.

Baſſa. Impertinence! your office is to pleaſe; a ſtep beyond that and you offend, remember Crumpy——

Crum. I wiſh you'd remember Crumpy when there's a good place to give away.

Baſſa. Leave me!

Crum. When I go I ſhan't take you with me; this humble barber comes with an humble petition.

Baſſa. A petition! I were indeed unworthy of the luxuries of life myſelf, did I loſe an opportunity of diffuſing the comforts of it to all around me—What's your grievance.

(*Abſalom, kneeling, delivers the letter.*

Crum. That's his grievance, and he delivers it to your Highneſs.

Baſſa. The Grand Vizier's hand! How came you by this?

Abſ. Sir, I found it in the ſtreet.

Crum.

Crum. Yes, Sir, the Grand Viſier's hand was at a poor barber's foot.

Baſſa. (*Reads*) "The joys of a long and happy "life attend my dear Abdallah, the ſucceſs of our "Ruſſian and Auſtrian enemy has ſet Conſtan- "tinople in a clamour againſt the chriſtians, the "rumour of your partiality for theſe unbelievers "has reached the Emperor, who to appeaſe the Di- "van, was compell'd to ſend you the dreadful "letter you receive with this."—Eh, this is part of the diſpatch the courier gave Zebede for me; how careleſs muſt he have been to loſe it! (*aſide, reads*) "The orders for your death, con- "tained in that mandate, being merely a matter "of ſtate policy, you may ſafely diſobey, your "mind may be ſatisfied, as I incloſe you the "copy of your pardon; but the conditions are, "that in future, you treat the chriſtians under "your government with the utmoſt rigour.

"Your friend for ever,

"SELIM, Vizier."

Yes; Zebede drop'd this; and here, had not it been found by the meereſt accident—Had I received only the other, from what I imagine the contents to be, my life was gone. (*Aſide*) You have done me a ſignal ſervice! (*to Abſalom*)

Crum. Eh! What's that?

Baſſa. You found this letter in the ſtreet?

Crum. Yes, Sir, he found it in the ſtreet, upon my honour! Did you?

Abſ. Yes, my Lord, and thought it my duty to deliver it to your Highneſs.

Crum. Of ſuch conſequence! then I'll come in for my ſhare (*aſide*). Yes, my Lord, I thought it my duty to ſee it delivered to your Highneſs; the

the young man here was for running back in a vaſt hurry to finiſh dreſſing a lady, daughter of a grand French merchant; but, ſays I, man alive, never mind her; bring this to the Baſſa directly: for my Lord, ſays I, is the moſt generous, liberal, prince-conditioned — he won't matter what he gives you and I for this piece of ſervice. Well, Sir, he would go, I inſiſted he ſhould come; he brandiſhes his curling tongs; I whip'd out my ſabre, tuck'd him under my arm, and in five ſtrides of a game cock, daſh'd into the palace, cut, kick'd, ſhuffl'd and elbow'd my way through the guards, mutes, and janizaries.—Here I've brought him, while poor Mademoiſelle waits, her hair half papered, half friz'd, fretting like an affronted porcupine, ha, ha, ha!

Baſſa. For which, the three firſt requeſts you make, if in my power, I grant them (*to Abſalom*).

Crum. Oh, Sir, I thank you, hem! you'll grant us our three firſt requeſts! So, here we have a brace and a half of promiſes from a Lord; but one performance we'll get—the Lord knows when!

Baſſa. Here (*to ſlaves*) take this young man (*pointing to Abſalom*) cloath him ſplendidly.

Crum. Aye, take me, and cloath me ſplendidly.

Bab. You! its the——

Crum. Pſha!—His Highneſs calls me young man; you know he's always complimenting me.

Baſſa. And let my treaſurer inſtantly pay him down 1000 zingerlees.

Crum. My good, bountiful Lord! it is really too much! 3000 is full ſufficient for me.

Baſſa. You! I mean——

Crum. I know you mean every thing that's for my good. As to the ſplendour of the robes, the more

more gold lace the better they'll fit me: and I have a little bag for the 5000 zingerlees. Come along barber, you ſhall have a hundred and fifty for your trouble, and the reſt ſhall reſt with me.

Baſſa. Why, I mean it all for—

Crum. Me. I know it—but I will be generous—I will give the lad the fifty, as I ſaid I would—Come, I am good myſelf, and I do good; but till I am big myſelf, I will be good for little. Shaver, follow me.

[*Exeunt Crumpy, Abſalom, and officers.*

Baſſa. Finding this letter was a moſt fortunate circumſtance! Yes, here's my pardon (*looking at a paper that he had taken from the letter*) the conditions of it, ſeverity to the Chriſtians. Perſecution is againſt my nature; but to diſobey, would be ingratitude to my prince. I'll do it by proclamation through the city, order the Cadi here, ha, ha, ha! Here comes Zebede. How will he bring himſelf off for loſing this; as yet I don't think he knows it has been brought to me.

Enter ZEBEDE, (*lowing*)

Zeb. This letter for your Highneſs. (*gives it*)

Baſſa. From Conſtantinople, ſigned by the Emperor himſelf. Ay, this is the dreadful mandate; but now it brings no terrors (*aſide*). (*Reads*) "Truſty and well-beloved, greeting: We do "command you, that within three hours after the "receipt of this, you have yourſelf ſtrangled; "but firſt leave orders for your head to be cut off, "and ſent to us. This fail not to do, on pain of "our high diſpleaſure." Ha, ha, ha!

Zeb. Well; I did not think that ſtrangling and beheading was ſo good a joke.

Baſſa. Yes; he does not know that I am in poſſeſſion of the other letter, that countermands this order. (*reads*) " Given at our Sublime Port, " 1167th year of the Hegira, ACHMET." Since my Emperor thinks I ſhould die, I obey, (*kiſſes the letter*) and this night I ſup with Mahomet—now to try my very careful ſteward (*aſide*). I'll firſt ſettle my worldly affairs, inſtantly prepare your accounts for my inſpection.

Zeb. Oh! the devil! I have cheated him ſo damnably that my head goes off firſt, if he finds out my rogueries (*aſide*). Sir, you'd beſt think of nothing now but obeying the Emperor's command, he may be angry, indeed, he ſays, inſtantly ſend me your head, on pain of our high diſpleaſure.

Baſſa. I'll put his fidelity to the full proof (*aſide*) I am ſurpriſed my friend the Vizier would not interpoſe in my behalf, not even to condole or comfort me. Pray was there no other letter came with this?

Zeb. No; as I am an honeſt man, this is all the letter I got—Except the one I dropp'd (*aſide*).

Baſſa. Then I muſt die!

Zeb. Do, my Lord, it will prove your great loyalty, and your readineſs to oblige the Grand Signior, dear, yes, my Lord, and here your Lordſhip may have all done in your own houſe, ſo comfortable every thing; all the conveniencies of death here within yourſelf; your own truſty mutes, with a fine ſoft ſilk ſtring, will choak you ſo gently; and then you have your own faithful black Babouc, with his ſhining ſcimeter of Damaſcus too—he'll ſlive off your head; I warrant he'll do it ſo neatly, that you'll never ſay after,

" Babouc,

"Babouc, you did hurt me that time." I'll order them to prepare (*going*).

Baſſa. But, my good ſteward, prepare your own accounts, I'll look over your books.

Zeb. Then Babouc will have the firſt ſlice at my head (*aſide*).

Baſſa. I'll leave a fair name behind me; bring hither your accounts.

Zeb. Oh! my dear lord, you and your head are old acquaintance, and ſince you're ſo ſoon to part for ever, at ſuch a time dont think of troubling it with my fooliſh totums of ſugar, rice, coffee, and candles. You mutes, you miniſters of death prepare (*ſpeaking to the officers*).

Baſſa. Prepare ſupper.

Zeb. You forget your Highneſs was engaged to ſup above with Mahomet.

Baſſa. Ha, ha, ha! Why no; I'll ſend him an apology.

Zeb. Apology!

Baſſa. Ay, and you ſhall take it.

Zeb. Me!

Baſſa. Or ſuppoſe, Zebede, you go ſup with him in my ſtead?

Zeb. Thank you, Sir; but I eat no ſupper now-a-days.

Baſſa. Refuſe the honour of ſupping above with our great prophet!

Zeb. 'Tis a great honour, but I'd rather eat even a pork chop here below, than partake of the fineſt feaſt that was ever prepar'd above for Mahomet's table.

Baſſa. (*Changing to firm reſentment*) Where's the other letter you received for me?

Zeb. Ruin'd! Somebody's told him. (*aſide*

and terrified). Oh! mercy, my lord; as I hope for heaven, I dropt it out of my pocket.

Baſſa. Then heaven ſhall be your reward; firſt for your negligence of ſuch a precious charge, next your perfidy in denying you received it. Diſpatch him. (*to the mutes*)

Zeb. Oh! Lord! where, where is this letter?

Baſſa. Here (*ſhews it*) brought to me by my guardian angel.

Enter CRUMPY, *ſumptuouſly dreſs'd.*

Crum. Ay; brought to him by me and his other—You ſee what a pair of fine angels we are. Come, my friend—

Baſſa. Perform your duty (*to the mutes, who ſeize Zebede, he drops on his knees*).

Zeb. Oh! ſave my life!

Enter ABSALOM, *richly habited.*

Abſ. My uncle in the hands of the mutes! dread Lord; I claim one of the three requeſts you promis'd me. Whatever be his crime pardon it.

Crum. Half the promiſes were mine; ſo let him be half choak'd.

Abſ. Hold.

Crum. Be quiet; his crime deſerves death. Pray what has he done, my Lord? (*to Baſſa*)

Zeb. This my nephew! (*looking with ſurpriſe at Abſalom*).

Baſſa. The important ſervice of bringing me that letter, loſt by his negligence, has a claim much beyond that promiſe. Live. (*to Zebede: the mutes quit him*).

Zeb. Gracious Highneſs Oh! dear, dear nephew—

nephew—you damn'd ſcoundrel; why did you give him the letter? (*apart*) my beloved lad, you have ſav'd my life—I'll hang you; you pick'd my pocket, you thief. (*apart*)

Baſſa. Inſtantly let me ſee your accounts; then quit my ſervice and my ſight for ever.

[*Exeunt Baſſa and attendants. Zebede, on the oppoſite ſide, with a revengeful look at Abſalom.*

Crum. Now, why would you interfere? One little ſqueeze of the bow-ſtring would have done no harm to the Jew.

Abſ. What brought my uncle into this ſcrape?

Crum. Your's! Well, I wou'dn't ſuffer ſuch a rogue to be an uncle of mine, nor even my father—tho' according to the preſent ſtate of things, no man can be born before his father; yet if mine was a bad man, I'd diſinherit him, I would by—Zebede's as great a little old robber—Since now you've money, never own ſuch a raſcally relation. I and my guitar are tun'd for a frolic. I muſt ſally now into the ſtreets in ſearch of a night adventure, to lay in a morning's hearty laugh for the Baſſa. You'll come. When I'm in my joking humour I like to have one in company that's able to fight for me. I can fight myſelf, but I'd as leave let it alone. Indeed I have never been match'd; bigger than myſelf won't fight me; leſs than myſelf I ſcorn to fight; and a man exactly my own ſize muſt be ſuch a microcoſm, ſuch a neat picture of perfection, that I could not find it in my heart to hurt him. Come.

Abſ. I'm engag'd, Sir.—Near my time to meet Dora at the Friar's, and then to ſupper with the taylor. (*aſide*)

Crum. Nay, do come boy.

Abſ. You muſt excuſe me to-night, Sir—Every expence

pence poor Croſs-Leg may be at, I am now able to reimburſe. (*aſide*) Good bye, generous Sir, I humbly thank you for the honour you have procur'd me

Crum. Aye, but don't, like other great men, forget the friend that raiſed you; ſo as I'm going to-night upon perhaps ſome dangerous frolic, if in your walks you ſhould find any hard fiſts rais'd over my fine head, remember, my brave barber, my ſword and ſhield are your razor and baſon.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Evening—A ſtreet; CROSS-LEG's *Houſe, near the front; towards the back, the* DOCTOR's *and* ZEBEDE's. *A tumultuous huzzaing without.*

Enter CADI, OFFICERS, CRIER, *and a concourſe of people*; ZEBEDE *and* CROSS-LEG, *with a baſket, following.*

CADI.

CRIER, proclaim the proclamation.

Crier. "All take notice, by order of his High-"neſs the Baſſa. Any Chriſtian who offends a "Muſſulman, ſhall receive the baſtinado; and death "is the puniſhment if he kills one, even by chance."

Zeb. (*apart to Croſs-Leg*) Ah! ha! Did you hear that, maſter Croſs-Leg!

Crier. "Take notice, That any Jew who kills a Muſſulman, ſhall be hung on a gibbet thirty feet high."

Croſs-Leg. (*apart to Zebede*) Did you hear that, old Zebede. (*Zebede ſneaks into his houſe.*)

Cadi.

Cadi. Now to the market-place, and the four gates. [*Exeunt all.*

Croſs-L. What could have wrought this ſudden change in the Baſſa, he that was always ſuch a friend to the Chriſtians to begin now to perſecute us! Yet, ha! ha! ha! I'm glad the Jews are included, for ſake of that old arch knave Zebede. Wife, Juggy, Juggy. (*calls and knocks at the door*) Hanged! I ſhall dread to handle my ſhares to take a meaſure, for fear they ſhould take an affidavit I'm going to ſnip off the tip of their fingers. My 'prentice boy is a Muſſulman, and if I ſhould kick him, though I even caught him cribbing my cabbage, I'm lugg'd before the Cadi, and baſtinado'd with my own lapboard.—My wife is ſo buſy preparing our ſupper, that I fancy ſhe doesn't hear me (*knocks loud*). Abſalom and Dora by this time are married, and if they bring the jolly father, Anſelem, with them, I've got a glaſs of good Cypruſs wine here (*pointing to his baſket*). It's neceſſary; for this plaguy proclamation has let down my ſpirits, and taken away my appetite—dangerous to be in the ſtreet! Now if we had all our little company ſafe within the walls of my caſtle, and ſome merry fellow to tickle the guitar, while I tune up my ſmall pipes, in a chearful ſong, I'd lock my doors for the night, and we'd all be as ſnug as the lady in the lobſter (*Crumpy ſings without*). What's yonder! a Muſſulman! I'll get out of his way (*knocks very loud at his door*)—Deafen this wife of mine. Juggy! (*calls, Juggy opens the door*).

Juggy. Now, huſband, what kept you ſo long?

Croſs-L. I ſay, wife, what kept you ſo long?

Enter

Enter Crumpy, playing on his guitar.

Cum. Oh! honeſt friend!—

Croſs-L. As you ſay, Sir, it's a very fine night; heaven ſave the firmament!

[*Goes in and ſhuts the door haſtily.*

Crum. What's the matter with all the Chriſtians and Jews I meet in the ſtreet? I frighten them away, as if I was ſome hob-goblin! Even the pretty girls trip from me, that us'd to take ſuch pleaſure in liſt'ning to my guitar, laughing at my jokes, and throwing up their veils to caſt languiſhing ogles on my comely perſon—Nobody! (*looking about*) I begin to deſpair of an adventure—Though by my office, I'm priviledged to ſay what I pleaſe, yet the character of jeſter is difficult to ſupport.—He! he! he! my introducing the barber into his preſence was rather lucky; yet, I've got ſome how flat—being obliged to tell the ſame ſtory three times over, and my patron is always gaping for new jokes, like oyſters at low tide—Oh! for a nice neat ſtory to have for the Baſſa—I'd venture a few knocks o'the pate, or even get into a hobble for one—but I can meet with no living being, except our Turks, and they're ſo muz'd with their betel and opium—my only gig is amongſt Jews and Chriſtians—none can I meet—the devil—I can't make fun out of the poſts and window-ſhutters! I'll try if my inſtrument can't draw ſome company about me; if it's only a few cocks and hens. (*Sits on a bench at Croſs-Leg's door and plays, Croſs-Legs opens a window and looks out*)

Croſs-L. A rare muſician! If he wasn't a Muſſulman I'd---but it's now ſo dangerous even to talk to one, for fear of giving the leaſt offence.

Ha! ha! ha!---I ſhould like to invite him in, his guitar would add ſuch life to our little entertainment *(aſide)*—(*Crumpy plays*) Oh! ſweet! I think as we are all ſuch quiet folks, there's no danger of a quarrel to bring us under the penalty of the proclamation—I'm ſtrongly tempted to venture—Juggy! come here and liſten—ſhe is ſo buſy dreſſing ſupper—I'll aſk him in; I'll try his temper firſt, and if he's good-humour'd there'll be no fear of——(*throws a flower pot on Crumpy.*)

Crum. Hey!

Croſs-L. In trying his patience, I fear I've try'd his ſkull!

Crum. Lucky I've ſo many yards of muſlin in my turban!

Croſs-L. Sir, I aſk pardon, I thought nobody was there.

Crum. No body—Yes, Sir, but pray mind there's ſome head here—Ha! ha! ha!—My friend, do you know you've made me laugh?

Croſs L. Well, I'd take two knocks on my pate before you could make me laugh ſo—

Crum I'm laughing to think, that if my head had been a glaſs bottle, what a clatter you'd have made about my ears.

Croſs-L. Sir, I only intended to clear the pot for freſh flowers in the morning.

Crum. Ha! ha! ha! All wet! You rogue, you muſt have ſtain'd my veſt.

Croſs-L. Oh! my dear Sir!—If you had only light enough to ſee my ſign, you'd find that Croſs-Leg, the taylor, has done no fault but what he can eaſily rectify.

Crum. A taylor!—Oh, ho!—then you ſpoil people's clothes, for the good of trade. Ha! ha! ha!

Croſs-L.

Croſs-L. Yes, Sir, Ha, ha, ha! And ſince you take my blunder in ſuch good humour if you'll only ſend me the ſtuff, I ſhall be proud to make you a new veſt for nothing; and then—Sir, your guitar is moſt melodious.

Crumpy. Is it? (*plays*)

Croſs-L. Beautiful! He's ſo good-natured too! I think no harm can come of aſking him in (*aſide*)—Sir, worthy Sir! we've an humble wedding here to-night, and if you'll honour us with your agreeable company, and partake of our little ſupper, you'll make us the happieſt of folks.

Crum. Ha, ha, ha! I delight in a wedding; the pleaſantry of the occaſion draws out my jokes, like party-colour'd ribbons from a juggler's mouth; I'll engage I'll ſet every lad's wiſh agog to be a bridegroom, and make the bride laugh, without bringing a bluſh into her face. Pray who's to be married?

Croſs-L. A poor, but very honeſt lad, Sir, one Abſalom.

Crum. A barber? My intimate friend!

Croſs-L. You a friend to my friend Abſalom! Stop a moment, my dear Sir—Juggy!—a light [*Retires.*

Crum. Ha, ha, ha! don't tread down your houſe, through your hurry to let me into it—but never mind, with a pack of cards I'll build as good—I hope no wind will riſe till I get out again—I'll ſing here, but curſe me if I venture to dance—Ha, ha, ha! Abſalom going to be married! Sly rogue! woud'n't tell me! but I find the taylor don't know of the barber's good fortune, by my means.

Enter CROSS-LEG (*from the houſe.*)

Croſs-L. Do, Sir, pleaſe to walk in—we expect Abſalom and his bride every moment from the Friar's—You'll have a ſo-ſo ſupper, but a hearty welcome—We've only got a bit of fiſh, Sir, as it's Friday.

Crum. Never talk! I'd ſup with my friend upon the fin of a herring—if any fun ſhould offer here, I'll make the moſt of it. (*aſide*)

Croſs-L. Pray ſtep in, Sir—Pleaſe to ſtoop, Sir, my door is low.

Crum. And we tall fellows—hem!

Croſs-L. Juggy, hold the light (*they go in, and the door ſhuts*) (*within*) up ſtairs, Sir—this way, Sir—have a care, there's an ugly turn—

Crum. (*within*) All very well! How do you do Ma'am, Ha! ha! ha!

Enter ABSALOM *and* DORA.

Abſ. The facetious father Anſelm has kept us ſo long, that poor Croſs-Leg's ſupper will be waiting.

Enter HABBY, *from* ZEBEDE'S.

Hab. I think that's Abſalom's voice?

Dora. Where are you my love?

Abſ. So dark, I can ſcarce diſtinguiſh the taylor's door. Oh, here!

Hab. Abſalom!

Abſ. Is that Habby—Ha, my boy—What, my uncle's gone to bed, and you are come to ſup with us.

Hab. Huſh! are you married?

Croſs-L.

Abſ. Yes.

Hab. Then all's ſafe—I've engag'd the mate of an Engliſh tartane, that now lies in the Tygris, to take us to one of their factories, and thence for Europe by their next ſhips—So to lay in a little ſea-ſtore, Abſalom. you ſtep with me to your uncle's, I've ſomething there for you.—Dora, do you ſlip into your ſtep-father's the Doctor's, and pick up you there what you can.

Abſ. I thought I had made my fortune to day, but Crumpy ſeizing the Baſſa's two other promiſes, makes it neceſſary to get a little more caſh; but the taylor is waiting ſupper for us.

Hab. Never mind his ſupper. Come, buſineſs——

Dora. But, Abſalom, if we part now, when, where, and how ſhall I meet you?

Hab. Leave all that to me—Softly!

Abſ. My deareſt! (*kiſſes her hand*)

Hab. Fooliſh!—You'll have time enough for kiſſing.—Go, (*to Dora*) Come—

[*Exeunt. Dora into the Doctors, and Abſalom and Habby into Zebede's.*

SCENE II.

Inſide of CROSS-LEG'S

(*A Turkiſh* BOY *brings on a table, lays cloth, &c. and goes off.*)

Enter CROSS-LEG, CRUMPY, *and* JUGGY, *laughing.*

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Jug.

Jug. That's the handſomeſt ſong, Sir, I ever heard.

Crum. Then you like my ſinging?

Croſs-L. Much.

Crum. So do I.

Jug. What comical things you jokers ſay.

Crum. Jokers ſhould ſay comical things.

Jug. And you can dance—do Sir, pray—

Crum. Dance! pray excuſe me?

Jug. Excuſe me, ha, ha, ha! Lord, if I don't delight in you; you're ſo jocobus.

Croſs-L. Yea, Sir, as my wife Juggy ſays, you're quite jocobus. Ha, ha, ha! But I'm to equip you with a new ſuit. I'll cut a meaſure. Juggy the parchment.

Crum. Parchment! you'll not put me into a law-ſuit?

Croſs-L. Oh, you courtiers. Ha, ha, ha! Do you know, Sir, I'd try to be one myſelf; that is—in the ſmall way.

Crum. What, like me?

Croſs-L. Yes, Sir, only I'm ſo much afraid I might have my head chopp'd off.

Crum. Oh, ho! maſter taylor, you've an eye to your upper button.

Croſs-L. Right, Sir, Ha, ha, ha!

Crum. I tell you I was all right 'till put wrong, by accident; when an infant, I was the prettieſt, plumpeſt little rogue—why I was named the Bloſſom of Beauty and Bud of Delight.

Jug. Lord! how odd!

Crum. I was an abſolute cherry on the tree.

Croſs-L. Then the birds have been pecking at you a good deal, Sir?

Crum. But one unlucky day, my mother's maid, ſtarting upon the ſudden ſight of her ſweet-

ſweet-heart, ſtruck out my firſt two teeth with my coral, ſlapped one of the bells into this left eye, knocked me off the nurſery-table, and breaking my back, made me—regardez—

(*ſhewing his hunch.*

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Crum. Ay, you may laugh, but this hunch props my fortune at court—Do you know, that by the help of a ſecond looking-glaſs, I often ſtand and laugh at it myſelf?

Jug. Yes, Sir, and in the front glaſs, you and your hunch peeping over, muſt look like the picture of the ape and her brat in the fable. Ha, ha, ha!

Crum. Ay; but if it even grieved me—here are eyes, what ſay you to theſe? So much beauty before—I reflect that with my hunch—I leave all my ſorrows behind me—(*all laugh*) and then there's a leg. (*puts it up*)

Croſs-L. So it is, Sir. Look, Juggy, his honour ſtands upon a moſt fine turned pedeſtal——

Jug. A beautiful calf!

Crum. For all this, I'll lay the price of my new ſuit of cloaths, I ſhew as good a leg in company as this.

Croſs-L. Oh, no Sir! No, no you don't!

Crum. (*puts up his other*) That's as good. Gad I've won! They're fellows, and good fellows too. Ha, ha, ha!

Jug. Very handſome—beautiful——

Croſs-L. (*apart to Juggy*) Did you ever ſee ſuch a bandy raſcal? but he's a great man and we muſt flatter him.

Jug. But I proteſt huſband I will wait no longer for Abſalom and Dora; our little ſupper will be quite ſpoil'd; and ſince you have invited this gen-

gentleman, and prevented his getting a better elſewhere, if he will condeſcend to partake of our homely meal——

Croſs-L. It's certainly very bold of ſuch lowly folks as us, to expect that his Highneſs the Baſſa's chief favourite, would humble himſelf to———

Jug. Hold your tongue, for here's the ſupper.

Croſs-L. Supper!—then I'll ſtop my mouth.

Enter Boy, *with a diſh of fiſh, &c. which he places on the table.* [*Exit.*

Jug. It's as pretty a little bit—Come, pray, Sir, make free, you know, if fiſh get's cold—

Croſs-L. It's a nice morſel!—Juggy, help the gentleman.

Crum. Why, faith, you ſeem to live very comfortable here—and your morſel does look ſo nicely tempting—I will eat. (*they ſit*)

Jug. Do pray, Sir, we had this prepared for a young couple.

Croſs-L. Ay, by their ſtay father Anſelm has brought them into ſup with his brethren in the refectory—thoſe holy fathers, Sir, love to live well.

Crum. If it's holy to live well, this is the moſt pious diſh I ever taſted. (*eating*)

Jug. Then do, Sir, pray eat heartily?

Croſs-L. Juggy, fill a glaſs—Sir.

(*Juggy fills, and offers a glaſs to Crumpy.*

Crum. Right, fiſh ſhould ſwim three times; water, ſauce, and wine. (*all drink*) As I'm a Mahometan I'm forbid wine; but when I'm amongſt you chriſtians——

Croſs-L.

Croſs-L. Right, Sir, at Rome do as Rome does.

Jug. (*helping Crumpy*) That's a neat morſel, Sir.

Crum. I'll taſte it with attention.

Croſs L. Oh, Sir! I don't wonder at the Baſſa putting you into office, or giving you a fine penſion—I'd do juſt the ſame; and I think you'd do ſo by me. You might get a body a ſkirt of ſomething pretty at court though?

Jug. Will you never have done with your bodies and ſkirts? Always ſhewing the taylor!

Croſs-L. I won't. (*apart to Juggy.*) My wife, Sir, is as ſharp as a needle; but, Sir, as I was ſaying, what a place would I give ſuch a witty gentleman as you, were I a Beglerbeg, or a Walachian deſpot I'd give you the fineſt place——

Crum. I believe you are a Holland Stadtholder, for you've given me a very fine Dutch plaice already, but I muſt try to kick up ſome frolick here to-night, to make out a joke for the Baſſa, that bill (*ſlips a paper into Croſs-Leg's pocket*) ſets the taylor and Zebede by the ears, that's ſome miſchief. (*aſide*)

Croſs-L. Aye, now you talk of us chriſtians, Mr. Crumpy, as you are ſuch a great man at court, if you'd only uſe your intereſt to get this cruel new law againſt us repeal'd——

Crum. New law, what! Oh! true the proclamation.

Jug. Sir, that's what made my good man at firſt ſo much afraid of aſking you in.

Croſs-L. For, Sir, if you ſhould, which is impoſſible, be affronted, or receive the ſmalleſt hurt under this humble chriſtian roof, what wou'd become of me and my poor orthodox ſpouſy?

Crum. Eh! this promiſes a joke. (*aſide*)

Croſs-L. This fiſh is very ſweet, but it has a great many bones!

Crum. Bones; a good hint (*aſide*)—and ſo you were afraid if any thing ſhould happen to me in your houſe, 'twould bring you into the clutches of the Cadi, and his bailiffs and terrible catch-poles. (*eats haſtily*)

Jug. That we were, Sir.

Crum. As you ſay, this fiſh is very ſweet, but it has a deal of bones indeed; and as I have a curſed narrow ſwallow—I muſt take care.

Jug. Pray do, Sir; but don't ſpoil your meal.

Croſs-L. I was ſaying, Sir, this ſeverity to us is rather hard, was I the Baſſa of Bagdad—— (*Crumpy throws himſelf into violent contortion, ſtares and gapes.*)

Jug. You ſee how you get yourſelf laughed at, with your Beglerbegs and Baſhaws, you noodle.

Croſs-L. Now, Sir, am I a noodle?

Crum. Cluck!—Cluck!—

(*grimaces and points to his throat.*

Croſs-L. Ah, Sir, laugh; for ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing at it myſelf; and yet, Sir, if you look into hiſtory, as unlikely things have happened.

Jug. I vow, huſband, your folly makes the gentleman laugh ſo, that he can't eat——

Croſs-L. Why, Sir, now recollect, pray wasn't the Grand Viſier to Mahomet the ſecond a cobler?—And the great Prince Menzikoff a paſtry-cook?

Crum. Cluck!

Jug. Entertaining gentlemen with coblers and paſtry-cooks.

Crum.

Crum. Cluck!—Cluck!

Croſs-L. Ha! ha! ha! Well, Sir, to be ſure it was a good joke, and I'm glad it makes you ſo merry; but if I'm not allow'd to be a Baſhaw, don't let us have our fiſh cold. (*Crumpy grimaces*)

Jug. Why, huſband, you're ſo very ridiculous, that I vow to heaven, if you haven't ſet the gentleman into convulſions, laughing at you! Do pray, Sir, eat your ſupper, and never mind him.

Croſs-L. Oh! well, Sir, with ſubmiſſion to your great wit and grand quality—yet for a man to be laugh'd at, at one's own table, tho' one's poor!—

Jug. Why ſure the gentleman can't ſpeak! (*looking at Crumpy with terror*) I've heard ſay, a fit of laughing is as bad as a fit of crying—Eh! —Oh, Lord! huſband, ſomething's the matter! Do Sir, take a glaſs of wine.

Croſs-L. No! then I will—Sir, your health; (*drinks*) which of us now is the laugh againſt? Ha! ha! ha!

Jug. (*alarmed*) Mercy!—(*Crumpy points to his throat*) the fiſh!—a bone ſtuck in his throat! hit him on the back. (*ſhe hits him*)

Croſs-L. Zounds! wife, you'll knock his hump off, and then he'll loſe his place at court. (*filling wine*).

Jug. Will you let the bottle alone, and do ſomething—

Croſs-L. Oh! very well! but I thought I could not do better—

Jug. Dear Sir, have you finiſh'd your ſupper? (*Crumpy groans*)

Croſs-L. No; but his ſupper has finiſh'd him

Jug. Yes, he's choak'd!

Croſs-L. In our houſe!—a Mahometan!—then we ſhall be choak'd!

Jug. Oh dear! good Sir,—if you can't ſpeak, do tell us?

Croſs-L. Wife, be quiet, (*puts his ear to Crumpy*) he's quiet!—not only a Muſſulman, but the Baſſa's prime favourite!—if he's found dead in our houſe, you and I are thrown over a croſs ſtick and hang'd like a pair of breeches.

Jug. He's dead!

Croſs-L. As Adam, the firſt taylor.

Jug. Ah? (*ſcreams*)

Croſs-L. The devil! have you a mind to bring the Janizaries upon us?

Jug. This comes of your peeping in the ſtreets at night—you can't ſit to your ſupper without muſic, and be curs'd to your fine ears!

Croſs-L. I'll try ſome wine down his throat.

Jug. We were happy and well, and you cou'dn't quietly wait for Abſalom and Dora, but you muſt bring your great turbans, and your Crumpy's and Humpy's in upon us.

Croſs-L. I think ſtill there's life—Abſalom's a barber, if he was come, he ſhould bleed him!—Stay, I'll cut open a vein with my ſhears.

Jug. Do.

Crum. (*groans*)

Croſs-L. Was that you, Juggy?

Jug. No? 'twas the man you kill'd—you wou'd aſk a Turk to eat fiſh of a Friday, and then talk of bleeding him with your ſhears.

Croſs-L. Zounds! I'd bleed him with a pick-axe, if it could bring him to life, (*Crumpy makes a noiſe*)

Jug.

Jug. Did you hear? Tim, ſuppoſe you try to thruſt the bone down with a horn ſpoon.

Croſs. L. No; I'll pull it up with theſe nut-crackers—but hold, we may ſqueeze out the little life he has left—Juggy, my dear, do you ſtep down ſtairs, and open the ſtreet door ſoftly, Doctor Quinquina's houſe is not ſix doors off: if his ſoul is not got out of hearing, the Doctor may whiſtle it back again: liſten is the ſtreet clear.

Jug. Yes; there's a moon tho'

Croſs-L. Our ſide of the way to the Doctor's, is all in the ſhade, I'll take Crumpy on my back. (*takes him up*) Come along, you moſt ugly ſon of a broken back!—I wiſh my back had been broke before I had aſk'd you up my ſtairs.

Jug. A pretty thing, that honeſt women muſt go to market to buy fiſh for you to choak your-ſelf with; you moſt abominable fright! (*ſhakes him by the whiſker, it comes off in her hand,*) Ah!

Croſs-L. Zounds! have you pluck'd off his eye-brow? By the Lord ſhe'll pull him to pieces before I can get him off my back! [*Exit Juggy.* This little Turk is not as big as half a Chriſtian, and yet he's as heavy as two popes. Oh, dear:

[*Exit. with Crumpy.*

SCENE II.

The Street before CROSS-LEO's *houſe.* (*Moon-Light.*)

Enter JUGGY *at the door, peeping.*

Jug. NoLody in the way; and if there ſhould, what

what will become of us? Will you make haſte, you Tim Croſs-Leg!

Enter CROSS-LEG (*ſtumbling*) *with* CRUMPY *on his back.*

Croſs-L. Now, Juggy, you will leave your pattens in the entry.

Jug. Come, quick!

Croſs-L. Any one in the ſtreet?—If the patrol catches us!

Jug. Stop! Is not that a watchman's ſtaff ſticking out?

Croſs-L. Yes; keep back (*frightened*)—Oh! no! its only a barber's pole.

Jug. Do you think there's any life?

Croſs-L. Hold your tongue. Give juſt one knock at the Doctor's door. (*ſhe knocks*) What the devil do you want to alarm the town?

Jug. Lord, how I tremble! I've given five knocks inſtead of one!

Croſs-L. If this ſame doctor cures him, why then he'll be well—may be—and if he kills him, it's only another death added to the doctor's liſt; and I ſhift the danger off my ſhoulders; that cloud comes acroſs the moon rarely.

Dom. (*within*) Who's there? (*they ſtart*)

Croſs-L. It's only Dominique the doctor's man—wife do you anſwer?

Jug. Can't you?

Croſs-L. Anſwer, I tell you.

Jug. Indeed I ſhan't.

Croſs-L. And I'm ſure I won't then.

Dom. Who's there? (*very loud*)

Both. It's I! (*much terrify'd*)

Dom. And who are you knocking at peoples doors

doors at night? Go along, or I'll call the patrol.

Croſs-L. Oh, Lord!

Jug. I tell you Tim Croſs-Leg, fling Mr. Crumpy down, and let us run away! (*the door opens ſuddenly, Doctor Quinquina and Dominique ruſh out*)

Doct. Qui eſt la, who is dat? You, Dominique ſtand here. I ſay who are you? It's ſo dark I cannot know any man's face!

Croſs-L. I'm glad of that; I'll darken my voice too. (*aſide*)

Doct. Speak what you want, or I'll knock your viſage. (*laying hold of Dominique*)

Dom. Lord, Sir, it is I! Here is the man. (*preſents Juggy*)

Jug. Here, Sir; here is the man. (*points to Croſs-Leg*)

Croſs-L. An't pleaſe you, maſter Doctor, I and my mother here—

Jug. Mother—Sirrah!—upon my word (*apart*)

Croſs-L. She's a midwife, Sir, and having been called up to a poor woman that was ſuddenly taken ill, I thought I'd ſee her ſafe—ſo coming along, ſhe deſired me—Billy, ſays ſhe, what is that leaning againſt that there poſteſs? I directly went to look—for I'm a very dutiful boy—an't I mammy?

Doct. Diable!—Vat you call me out in de ſtreet chattering about you and your mammy. (*going in enrag'd*)

Croſs-L. But, Sir, I've brought you a patient—and he brings you a fee.

Doct. You are de patient vid de fee? dat is quite anoder ting!

Croſs-L. Yes, Sir, 'twas this gentleman— (*points to Crumpy*)

Doct.

Doct. Sacre Dieu! vat is dat?
(*looks close up at Crumpy and ſtarts*)

Jug. Yes, Sir, 'twas this gentleman we ſaw leaning; he ſeem'd to have been taken ill—

Croſs-L. And knowing you to be a doctor—

Doct. Ceſt vrai—dat all de town knows—I'm a very great doctor——

Croſs-L. Finding him ſo bad, we brought him to you in hopes——

Doct. Ventre Bleu! you tink I am to take into my houſe all de bad vagabond you pick out of the ſtreet? Allez—bring him to the vatch-houſe for to-night, and in de morning dey will ſend him to de hoſpital—take de man from my door!

Jug. Lord, Sir, he's no man but a gentleman.

Croſs-L. Noble Sir, only look cloſe at him; his fine cloths prove he's ſome very great perſonage.

Doct. Eh! bygar his coat do ſhine vid gold! (*looking at Crumpy*)

Croſs-L. Yes, Sir, if the lining agrees with the outſide, he may turn out a good patient!

Doct. I vil never turn out a good patient; bring de gentleman in, I vil cure him in half of tree minutes.

Croſs-L. Move him gently, there—take care of his leg, Juggy.

Doct. Oui, take care of his jug, legge! (*goes in and ſpeaks*) You, Dominique, aſſiſt to help the gentleman up to my laboratory. (*Croſs-Leg and Juggy put Crumpy in and ſhut the door*)

Croſs-L. Good doctor, there you have him; and now, kill or cure him as you can—Come Juggy.

Jug.

Jug. Run for it. (*drums and Turkiſh march without*)

Patrol. (*without*) The twelfth hour; all's well.

Jug. Get in! (*they go in*)

Croſs-L. All's well! (*ſhuts the door*)

SCENE IV.

The Doctor's ſtudy, books, phials, anatomical ſubjects, &c.

Enter DORA, (*with a Caſket*).

Dora. I've got into ſtep-father's ſtudy—ſurrounded by his horrid ſkeletons: near one!—then no chance of the ſtreet door being open'd again to-night—How ſhall I get out? perhaps Abſalom and Habby are waiting for me. (*liſtens*) The Doctor's up! ſure ſomebody's come in below—ſince I have got my jewels, I muſt only watch patiently for the firſt opening of the hall door.

Doct. (*without*) Bring him up.

Dora. Oh, Lord! they've been robbing the church yard!

Doct. (*without*) Help my patient up here.

Dora. No; it's not a dead man!

Doct. (*without*) Quick, you Dominique, then lock the ſtreet door.

Dora. Then I muſt be quick and firſt get out, if I can. (*ſtands behind the door*)

Enter DOCTOR QUINQUINA.

Doct. Help the gentilhomme up to my laboratory. Here! place him in my own eaſy grand chaiſe. (*places an elbow chair*) We will ſee what we cannot do for him. Come Dominique.

Enter DOMINIQUE.

(*The Doctor turns ſuddenly and lays hold of him.*)

Sit you down, Sir, (*thruſts Dominique into the chair, and feels his pulſe without looking at him*) Ah! you're much malade! very bad!

Dom. Not I, Sir! I'm very well.

Doct. Diable! What, Dominique! Get you out of my grand chaiſe. (*Dominique riſes*) What you mean? Where is the ſick gentleman, my patient?

Dom. Patiently waiting below, Sir.

Doct. And vy you and the midwife no bring him up?

Dom. Lord, Sir! the midwife and her ſon Billy are gone—they flung the gentleman into the hall, ſlap'd the door, and run away.

Dora. (*aſide*) Then the door's not lock'd yet!

Doct. Dey are rogues!—dey have firſt pick'd his pocket—if ſo, he can't pay me my fee; but he ſeems nobleſſe from his gold coat, ſo I will cure him at a venture—Sir, vil you pleaſe to walk up? (*calling off*) He's weak—Dominique, you go aſſiſt him. [*Exit Dom.*

I vil hold de light for you myſelf; I am not too proud for dat. (*takes a candle and exit*)

Dora. Now is my time to get out before the door is faſten'd for the night.

Doct.

Doct. (*without*) Dominique bring the gentilhomme up gently. You ſee you muſt carry him—don't knock his head vid de banniſters—he is very weak—ah! pauvre?—very well?—bien!—ſoftly!—up vid him—ah, hah! (*the Doctor walks in backwards with the candle, and ſtill looking towards the door*) Dere, now he is ſafe, and vel up—ſet him on his leg on de landing—Comment ſe vat il, Monſieur? (*bowing at the door*) Ay, he cannot talk, he is ſo weak;—lift him up, and bring him in, ſet him gently—

Dom. (*without*) Lord, if he hasn't a hunch!

Doct. Ciel!—'tis Mr. Crumpy the Baſſa's favourite Little Hunchback, joker! Mon dieu! if I cure him it will make my fortune at court, tol, lol, lol; take care you, Dominique, don't hurt his hump! How do you do, Sir?

Dora. Now for it—(*ſhe blows out the candle in the Doctor's hand, and exit haſtily. A noiſe heard of falling down ſtairs*)

Dom. (*without*) Oh, Lord!

Enter DOMINIQUE (*frighten'd*)

Doct. Sacre Dieu!—Vat is dat?

Dom. Huſh! don't make a noiſe, Sir; who or whatever that is, it has tumbled the ſick gentleman from the top of the ſtairs to the bottom. —Yes; it has certainly kill'd him!

Doct. Kill'd de man dead!—Ah! malheureux, den I've loſt my fee! We muſt inſtantly ſend his dead body to court. (*going*)

Dom. Hold Sir! Do you forget the proclamation againſt the Chriſtians?—ſo ſevere, that

they're getting out of the city as faſt as they can carry off their effects. Why, Sir, if his body is found here——

Doct. C'eſt vrai, 'twill be ſaid I did kill him! I ſhall be hang'd, and my head will undergo amputation—I am miſerable!—but vat was dat, that did do dis?

Dom. Lord, Sir! no time for enquiry now—the only thing to think of is to ſave our lives, by getting rid of Mr. Crumpy's ſoul caſe.

Doct. En verité, 'twould vex me to be hang'd for killing ſuch an ugly coquin, if it was even me dat did kill him, it would be ſome comfort—ah, ha! I have conceive grand thoughts, Dominique, we muſt get dis Monſieur Crumpy out of my houſe, and I have tink of de way to put him into ſomebody elſe's houſe. Get me a rope, dat is all I vant, and den run up ſtairs and open de ſky-light window dat goes out to de leads a-top of my houſe—

Dom. Suppoſe, Sir, you feel his pulſe?

Doct. Feel a dead man's pulſe! Ah, Hébeté! Quick, do my command. (*going*)—Stop! I will go up myſelf and open de ſky-light window, while you get de rope.

Dom. I don't know where to find a rope.

Doct. Den if you don't, de hangman vill find one for you and me, allez.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

A Room in ZEBEDE'S *Houſe, a table, accompt books, cheſts, ſtrong boxes, &c.*

Enter HABBY.

Hab. So, Abſalom and Dora, with their booty from uncle and ſtep-father, I have left ſafe on board the Engliſh ſloop—my coming back takes all ſuſpicion from me; and I'll pick up ſomething for myſelf too, and then for Europe with the younkers—Egad, old maſter Zebede, we have already made a rare haul upon your cheſts and bags here, that will teach you to beat your clerks as you've done me.

Zeb. (*without*) Up another ſtory.

Hab. Here he comes to ſee what I've done to his books.

Enter ZEBEDE *and* CROSS-LEG.

Zeb. Aye, this garret is my compting-houſe, ha, ha, ha!

Croſs-L. Up in the clouds, like my workſhop!

Zeb. Now your buſineſs?

Croſs-L. Private.

Zeb. Habby, go down! Oh, ſtop! Have you put all my accounts into confuſion, to puzzle my maſter, the Baſſa, if he ſhould look over them? (*apart to Habby*)

Hab. Yes, Sir; you'll find all here in very fine confuſion. [*Exit.*

Croſs-L. How this draft of Crumpy's came into

to my pocket I don't know, except it was to pay for his ſupper—however, if the Jew here will but give me caſh, I'll have made a good night's job of it. (*aſide*)

Zeb. An unſeaſonable hour for you to call!

Croſs-L. I thought money never came out of ſeaſon with a Jew; diſcount that bill. (*gives it*)

Zeb. I have no objection—that is, for the premium—Why this is payable to Mr. Crumpy? Oh, he has ſent you for the monies?

Croſs-L. Yes.—I'm plaguy bad at a lie; I wiſh my wife had come. (*aſide*)

Zeb. But where is Little Hunchback himſelf?

Croſs-L. (*confus'd*) He's—I—I—ſuppoſe he's at home.—By this the Doctor has made an anatomy of him. (*aſide*)

Zeb. Eh! (*examining the bill*)

Croſs-L. I'm all on the tenters! But even if Crumpy's death ſhould be found out, I ſhall now have money to carry me to Europe with the other Chriſtians, that are getting from the Baſſa's perſecution. (*aſide*)

Zeb. This is a good bill, but I ſuſpect not come honeſtly by; and I cou'd ſtop you and it; but as you are a neighbour I will pay you the whole money, if you give me half.

Croſs-L. I'm found out. (*aſide*) Why man—do you think I'd wrong——(*embarras'd*)

Zeb. Huſh! Hunchback is a little impudent ſcoundrel—it's nothing to me if any body has robb'd, or even cut his windpipe.

Croſs-L. I choak him! or know any thing at all of his death—Oh, Lord! what do you go to ſay that for? (*terrified*)

Zeb. (*calmly*) Why, is he dead?

Croſs-L.

Croſs-L. How ſhould I know whether he's dead or alive? You've a bad conſcience, Mr. Zebede, that's what makes you ſo frighten'd as you are. (*endeavouring to conceal his perturbation*)

Zeb. Me!—why ſhould I be frighten'd?

Croſs-L. And why ſhould I, if you go to that?

Zeb. Why, what the devil are you at? one wou'd think you had been concern'd in——

Croſs-L. Every body knows that I'm a man—that—deſpiſes all that kind of—what ſort of—unlucky diſmal looking place to bring a man into.

Zeb. Diſmal! (*looks round*) Be quiet, you're enough to make one afraid indeed.

Croſs-L. Oh, Lord! (*aſide*) (*a brick falls down the chimney*) What do you do that for? None of your tricks.

Zeb. I'm in no humour for tricks! (*frighten'd*)

Croſs-L. Mr. Crumpy may be dead for what I know; but if he thinks I had any hand in it, I'd tell him he lyed—aye, to his very whiſkers.

CRUMPY *is let down the chimney.*

Zeb. What's that! (*looking at Crumpy*)

[*Croſs-Leg ſneaks off.*

(*Zebede falls on his face*) Are you the devil, or the cat?—but what could bring puſs in a pair of gold breeches—it is certainly the—Oh! Samuel, Saul, and the Witch of Endor!—Oh! don't ſtare ſo with your big bull's eyes, and your wide mouth like a maiden ray. (*Crumpy ſtoops his body*) Oh! you are very polite—Eh! he looks—if it ſhould be a live man, he's a robber! I'll drag this great

great cheſt of plate and dollars out of this room, I wiſh I had Habby here to help me, it's ſo heavy. (*lays hold of the cheſt with both hands, and putting his ſtrength to it as if expecting great weight, ſuddenly falls and pulls it over him.*) Oh! death of Iſrael!—the cheſt is empty! (*Crumpy bows*) What, you know that, you thief. (*riſes haſtily, opens the lid and looks in*) Yes, my money and plate is all gone, and you've come down my chimney for more, you drop-gibbet!—but I will defend my property, if you were Bel and the Dragon (*ſtrikes Crumpy who falls*) you banditti! —bandeliro!—you Arab, plunderer of caravans; come before the Cadi, ſpeak—Eh!—he's dead! —bleſs me! If it ſhould be I that has kill'd him —a hunch! ſave me, if it isn't Mr. Crumpy himſelf only come down my chimney to play his jeſts upon me—or if it ſhould be he that did rob my cheſt, the Baſſa will never believe me—he's dead!—now I recollect the proclamation againſt the Jews! If this is found out, it is certain death for me; and as I'm already in diſgrace—nobody ſaw me ſtrike him—few people in the ſtreets, and ſo near morning, the watch are gone off their ſtands. You ugly little brute! You was my plague when alive, and now you muſt throw your death upon me with your gambols. (*feels Crumpy*) He is yet warm, but once he's out of my houſe, let him die or live! Come on my back, and the devil carry yourſelf and your hump.

[*Exit, with Crumpy on his back.*

SCENE

SCENE VI; *and laſt.*

The Street. (*Day break.*)

Enter CRANK *and* CABIN-BOY. (*Crank elevated with wine*)

Crank. The Chriſtian paſſengers are waiting in my ſloop—they'll find brandy enough in my lockers to amuſe them—tell them we will fall down the pool this tide. [*Exit Boy.*

Enter ZEBEDE *with* CRUMPY *on his back.*

Theſe pippin-ſqueezers to break up company! we never begin to cotton together and be jolly till it comes to the little hours. (*ſings*)

"How can we depart,
"When friendſhip has grappled each man by the heart."

Zeb. (*Having placed Crumpy againſt the wall*) There, ſtand or tumble down for Zebede—good morning to you, Mr. Crumpy. (*going*)

Crank. Holloa! ſtop!

Zeb. Yes; there he ſtops for you. [*Exit Zebede.*

Crank. Take one bottle with me—you won't?—a pint—then you're a ſneaking raſcal! So that's your Bagdad Scanderoon manners. I wiſh I was back again in Old England. What a country this is, that I can't get one honeſt fellow to take a bottle with me!

Crum. Cluck! Cluck!

Crank. Who's that? (*turns and looks at Crumpy*) A very capital Turk, upon my honor! How do you do, Sir? (*bows*) You might make a leg, I don't expect you'll take off your hat, becauſe you have none—will you do me the favor to take a glaſs with me, or I muſt turn in.—Eh! what d'ye ſay? Oh! I know you're not allow'd wine—none of your winking! over the way they have the beſt liquor—but come along—Eh! you may give a civil anſwer though—who minds your grinning or grunting? Very proud—but the Grand Turk himſelf need'nt be aſham'd to talk to an honeſt fellow. Heark'ye, my lad, if you intend to affront me, if I don't lend you a dowſe o' the cheek. (*ſtrikes him down*) Riſe and ſtand up to me, I ſcorn to ſtrike a fall'n enemy.

Enter CADI *and Janizaries* (*haſtily*).

Cadi. Seize him!

Crank. Will you drink a bottle with me?

Cadi. Yonder's his Highneſs the Baſſa himſelf coming from the moſque.

Enter the BASSA (*attended*), BABOUC, ZEBEDE, DOCTOR, CROSS-LEG *and* JUGGY, *followed by a crowd, &c.*

Baſſa. The matter here?

Cadi. Pleaſe your Highneſs this Chriſtian has kill'd a Muſſulman!

Baſſa. Heavens! It's Hunchback! (*looks down on him attentively*)

Croſs-L. How I tremble!—If he finds out 'twas

'twas I—Oh cruel man! (*to Crank*) How could you be ſo wicked as to take his life?

Jug. (*aſide to Croſs-Leg*) Don't go near the body, or it will bleed!

Doct. Nobody ſuſpect 'twas I did kill him. I am ſo frighten'd. (*aſide*)

Zeb. I have got his murder off my ſhoulders mighty lucky! (*aſide*) What a wicked man you muſt be to kill my dear little friend!

Baſſa. What proof, that this is the murderer?

Crank. Pleaſe your worſhip—Mr.—my Lord Mayor—I confeſs I gave this pretty little gentleman a ſmack, but if it did kill him, 'twas in my own defence.

Baſſa. How?

Crank. I can't drink alone—he wou'dn't drink with me—I ſhould die without drinking—ſo let your jury of twelve bring it in manſlaughter.

Baſſa. (*aſide to Babouc.*) I've thought of a method to come at the truth of this affair—Whoever kill'd him, inſtead of puniſhment, ſhall have a reward. This buffoon was once my favorite, but growing moſt intolerably dull, I've long wiſh'd him out of my way. Give the Briton a purſe of a thouſand tomilees.

Crank. If I've kill'd a man, I cou'd weep for it; but the price of blood ſhall never ſtain this hand.

Zeb. I cou'd cry myſelf for poor Crumpy—but give me the purſe, for finding you wanted to get rid of him, to oblige your Highneſs, 'twas I that kill'd him.

Doct. You! Begar it was I dat did de murder him, to pleaſe you, my Lord, vid von grande kick of my fiſt I did give him de fine knock, a

tumble down my tree pair of ſtair; and den I did drop his body down your chimney—ſo give de money—

Croſs-L. To me (*holds out his hand*) for with a fiſh bone, at my houſe, I gave him the fatal Cluck!—Cluck! (*mimicks*)—and that I might be ſure of his being kill'd, I brought him to the Doctor's.

Jug. Aye; but who went to the market to buy that fiſh? My Lord, on the word of a woman, 'twas I that put the very bone on his plate that ſtuck in his throttle!—

Baſſa. So the reward has extorted a confeſſion I wanted, and convicted you all of intentional murder from your own lips—Guards ſeize them—In reality his death grieves me, and the man that extracts the bone, and reſtores the life of my poor favourite, ſhall have the purſe I promis'd.

Crum. Then that man am I (*puts his hand to his mouth and takes out the bone*) lay the caſh here (*holds out his other hand, ſprings up, ſings and capers*).

Baſſa. What is this! (*amaz'd*)

Crum. A frolick; ha, ha, ha!—I've ſuffer'd this delicate little body of mine to be lug'd, thumpt, jumbled and tumbled all night, only to make a laugh for you this morning—and if you don't laugh, you may be cram'd into chimnies, and kick'd down ſtairs yourſelf in future for Crumpy.

Zeb. What!

Doct. Comment!

Croſs-L. Juggy!—(*Crumpy grimaces to them as he appear'd when choak'd*)

Baſſa. Why, by Mahomet, the ſtory promiſes a laughable night's frolick indeed! but all, but the

the honeſt Captain, whoſe truth was above hope of reward, or fear of puniſhment, ſhall die.

Crum. I Sieur Crumpy, Lord Chief Juſtice Joker, ſwear upon my hunch and honour, that nobody ſhall die, except Zebede the Jew, Quinquina the Doctor, Croſs-Leg the Taylor, and Dame Juggy, his orthodox ſpouſy.

Enter Officer and Guards, with ABSALOM, DORA, *and other Chriſtians,* (*priſoners*).

Officer. My Lord, we took theſe ſuſpected Chriſtians, with thoſe rich goods on board——

(*ſhewing bales, caſkets, &c.*)

Crank. My ſloop, an inſult to the Engliſh flag, my Lord!

Crum. A truce!

Baſſa. (*To Abſalom*) What, my preſerver flying from my favour!

Abſ. I fear'd, Sir, I ſhould forfeit that, by turning Chriſtian, and, converted by Dora, here I——

Zeb. (*looks at the caſkets*) You began your Chriſtianity by robbing your uncle—juſtice, my Lord, on this caitiff.

Crum. Stop; well remembered! the barber and I here have yet two promiſes to claim; one is, that you'll give the purſe to the generous captain, to give to me when I refuſe next to drink with him—the other, that you'll repeal the law againſt the Chriſtians—and the other—

Baſſa. What three?

Crum. Be quiet—this is the beſt of all—that you'll hang Zebede and the Doctor, if they don't give conſent and capital fortunes to this worthy young couple.

Baſſa.

Baſſa. Preſuming on my friend the Vizier's favour, I grant them.

Crum. I grant you ſhou'd—Chriſtians, Turks, Jews, my ſeeming death has prov'd that my kind maſter wou'd mourn my worthleſs life! and when I ceaſe to wiſh that my Patron may live long and merrily, may I be choak'd with a whalebone.

THE END.

THE

BASKET-MAKER.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,

IN 1789.

THE MUSICK BY DR. ARNOLD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Simon Rochefort, ... Mr. BANNISTER.
Le Marquis de Champlain, ... Mr. RYDER.
Count Pepin, ... Mr. R. PALMER.
William, ... Mr. WATERHOUSE.
Wattle, ... Mr. BANNISTER, JUN.
Pomade, ... Mr. POWELL.

Indians.

Otchegroo, ... Mr. CUBITT.
Sokoki, ... Mr. BURTON.
Chichikou, ... Mr. CHAPMAN.

Claudine, ... Mrs. BANNISTER.
Bloom, ... Miſs. FONTENELLE.

INDIANS, PEASANTS, SOLDIERS, SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE, *near a French Fort on the banks of the River St. Lawrence and Foreſts in the Iroquois Country.*

THE

BASKET-MAKER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The banks of the river St. Laurence—A Fort in view.

Enter SIMON ROCHEFORT, *in regal Indian dreſs.*

ROCHEFORT.

SOKOKI! bring the canoe over this neck of land, as we've another river to croſs.

Enter SOKOKI, *on his head a canoe, which he reſts againſt a tree.*

Sok. You have here brought us from our country, Iroquois, is it to hunt, to fiſh, or take priſoner? tell us King Simon.

Roche. Twenty years ſince I poſſeſs'd yon tract

of land, granted to my anceſtors by our King of France. I enjoy'd it till a new Governor of Canada diſpoſſeſs'd me, to beſtow it on one of his creatures—they left me nothing but one ſmall marſhy iſland—I retired in diſguſt to your friendly woods—you received me with kindneſs, and for the ſervices I render'd you in your wars againſt the Hurons, you elected me your King.

Sok. Good King Simon!

Roche. On my departure I committed my only child to the care of a poor Baſket-maker and for his ſake, aſſiſted by my Indian ſubjects, I'm determin'd, if poſſible, to recover my right.

Sok. But what right had King in Europe, to grant our land here in America?

Roche. Here comes the faithful Indian, my agent, a do-meſtic in the family of Count Pepin, the ſon of him that uſurp'd my lands.

Enter CHICHIKOU, *in rich livery.*

Well, how go we on, Chichikou?

Chi. Me have ſet maſter all on wiſh for little iſland; I tell him 'tis good for beaver hunt; he ſend now man to bid owner come to him, dat will draw him down to river ſide.

Roche. Right, the means by which I hope to recover my lands, are to get the Count into my power; you and your fellows muſt lie in ambuſh but remember, no ſcalping—launch the canoe, and wait. [*Exit.*

Sok. (*ſhewing a bag*) I go now ſit down and eat.

Chi. Countryman, me eat vid you.

Sok. Do you come out maſter's houſe faſting?

Chi.

Chi. Yes, me vill never eat de bread of de man me going to betray.

Sol. Come den, eat. [*They Retire*

Enter WATTLE, *croſſing with a bundle of Oſiers on his head, and another under his arm.*

Wat. Heigho! what's to become of me, a poor wandering Engliſhman, in the French American Colonies; here we're ſurrounded by nations and tribes; iron men caſed in copper, Abbenaquis, Illenois, and Iroquois; in this curſed country, had I nine lives they're not worth a cat's whiſker—Oh, ſweet London! (*Sits on the canoe*) I wiſh I was this moment ſitting in the ſtocks, at Bethnel-green; I muſt 'liſt for a ſoldier, and a red devil to me! and then run away, plague of my unlucky heels! But now to go home with theſe oſiers to my maſter; only for him I might have ſtarved in theſe wild foreſts. (*Riſes*)

Re-enter SOKOKI.

Sok. Where be canoe? ſtop French.

Wat. I'm an Engliſhman. (*Drops the oſiers, and runs off, Sokoki purſues*)

SCENE II.

A rude country, with a marſhy point of land, cover'd with oſiers, a ſmall cottage near the front, WILLIAM *diſcovered at work.*

AIR.—WILLIAM.

From morn till Eve I labour hard,
In humble occupation,
But toils of day night's ſoft reward,
Why all make my vocation.

One boon deny'd I ſtill muſt grieve,
Tho' tempted now to aſk it,
For ever I'm content to weave,
So love pins up the baſket.

No feaſt by day, for as I'm poor,
Deceitful friends all fly me,
Nor care at night to bar my door,
No robber will come nigh me.

One boon deny'd, I ſtill muſt grieve,
Tho' tempted now to aſk it,
For ever I'm content to weave,
So love pins up the baſket.

Since my father has left me his trade and this willow marſh for my inheritance, while I'm able to make my baſkets, can find people to buy them of me, and have health to enjoy even the little I get by them, I'm independent, and therefore happy. Where's this ſimple fool Wattle! (*Calls*) he ſcarce earns his ſubſiſtence, but I'll give it to the poor fellow, becauſe he wants it, Wattle!

Enter WATTLE (*terrified.*)

Wat. Oh, lord!

Wil. What's the matter.

Wat. The ſcalping knife!

Wil. Eh!

Wat. The tomahawk!

Wil. What!

Wat. Have I it on? (*Seems afraid to put his hand to his head.*)

Wil. Are you afraid you've loſt your head?

Wat. No, only in doubt, if I hav'n't loſt my hairy cap; do good maſter, to convince me I have it ſtill, give my tail a little pluck, gently tho'! (*William plucks his hair.*) Yes, I have it. Bloody minded cannibals! they'd have ſing'd and devour'd——

Wil.

Wil. Oh, purſued by the French Indians?

Wat. French! I believe they were Scotch Indians, and wanted to make a haggies—— now, Sir, do you think this looks like a ſheep's head?

Wil. Oh, you were in danger of falling into the hands of the Iroquois; but if you have brought me no oſiers how am I to get on with my work?

Wat. Play day! grand rejoicings! the Count is to be married to-morrow, to a great Marquis.

Wil. Marquis!

Wat. Stay, I believe it's to the Marquis's daughter.

Wil. Do they ſay ſhe's beautiful?

Wat. Ladies are all ſo, except a few, that are ſo ſo.

Wil. I never thought ladies handſomer than other women, till I ſaw that heavenly creature that was overſet in the wherry, near the Montreal Road.

Enter POMADE.

Pom. I believe I'm near the place—Which is the Baſket-maker.

Wat. I am, Sir; I cut down the willows, and he there twiſts them up together.

Pom. Then you are King of Frog Iſland, yonder.

Wat. Yes, Sir, are you one of my ſubjects?

Pom. Sirrah, I'll break your head.

Wat. What, you'll knock your own againſt it?

Wil. I fancy it's me you want.

Pom. (*to William*) My maſter, Count Pepin, deſires to ſee you at the fort.

Wil. To ſee my ware?

Wat. I'll take him up ſome well-finiſh'd work.

Wil. Wattle.—(*Beckons to Wattle, who goes into*

into the cottage) Sir, you muſt take a glaſs of ſuch as I can give you.

Re-enter WATTLE, *with a wicker bottle, and a large drinking-horn, which he holds behind his back.*

Wat. Now, cou'dn't you at firſt tell us you were a ſerving man, without all this circumnavigation, you ſtupid ſcoundrel.

Pom. Sir, I'll certainly—(*Advances to ſtrike Wattle, who ſhews the can and horn.*)

Wat. You'll—So will I—ſo ſhall he, (*points to William*) merry lads, all three.

AIR, TRIO.—WILLIAM, WATTLE, POMADE.

Wat. I baſkets can twiſt, yet my bright ruddy face,
Shews I twiſt a can of good liquor,
Wil. To make him look fine his round body we caſe,
In a coat of white willow wicker.
Pom. Jovial bout,
Wat. To your ſnout,
Wil. Cork firſt out,
Wat. Throat no doubt,
All. No cataract tumbles down quicker. (*They drink.*)

Wil. My girl, as young birds in my glaſs their bills dip,
The white lilly joins to my roſes,
Wat. Her eyes ſparkle bright, ſweet and moiſten'd her lip,
And her heart to love it diſpoſes.
Wil. Lady mine,
Wat. Take your wine,
Pom. Thoughts combine,
Wil. Lips to join,
Wat. In kiſſing we jingle our noſes.
Wil. Shine,
Pom. Fine,
Wat. Wine,
Wil. Lady mine,
All. In kiſſing we jingle our noſes.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

An Apartment at the Fort.

Enter COUNT PEPIN, *in morning gown and ſlippers, with a guitar.*

Count. Oh, this happy day! I may ſoon expect the Marquis de Champlain and his niece Claudine, my intended bride; ſhall I pleaſe her? Yes, aſſurement, ſhe muſt like me. But how to enploy my time till ſhe comes—my eſtate furniſhes ſuch a field for luxuriant pleaſure, that I don't know which to chuſe; I don't know what to do with myſelf; I think I'm now juſt in the humour for—(*ings*) How lucky it is for us young fellows of eaſe and indolence that our old drudging fathers were born before us.

Enter JACQUES.

What's the matter?

Jaques. I thought you rung, Sir.

Count. Did I! Oh yes; I wanted—a—a—curſe me if I know what I want. Send Pierre.

[*Exit Jacques.*

I'll give a ball and trip her up with my entréchat. (*dances*)

Enter PIERRE.

Eh!

Pierre. Jacques ſaid your Lordſhip call'd me.

Count. Did I, Oh, aye, true, to——Call Babtiſte.

[*Exit Pierre*

Enter

Than in our concert with my Suprano; I'll tickle her grand goût—(*ſings*)

Enter BABTISTE.

Well.

Bab't. My Lord, Piere ſaid you had commands for me.

Count. Commands, oh, true, tell the coachman to come hither. [*Exit Babtiſte.*
Tho' I ſhant go out this evening.

Enter ANDRE.

André. Here am I, Sir.

Count. Are you, and what brings you here?

André. Why Babtiſte ſaid——

Count. Oh, ay, true, I wanted you, to tell you—I don't want you.

André. The next time, I'll ſend my horſes to you. (*aſide*) [*Exit.*

(*Count throws himſelf on a ſopha.*)

Count. I thought I wanted a—a—ſomewhat, and here comes the very thing.

Enter BLOOM.

Bloom Oh Sir! Sir!

Count. Ah! my little houſekeeper! You look charmante to-day, Bloom!

Bloom. Do I Sir?

Count. Do you know Bloom, I dreamt laſt night, that I was reclin'd here on this very ſopha, and that you trip'd over in the prettieſt pitta-pat, and kiſſed me.

Bloom. Sir, dreams go by contrarys, (*curtſies*) but, Sir——

Count.

Count. Then mine was an omen that I ſhou'd: (*riſes*). Pittapat, kiſs you. (*advancing*)

Enter CHICHIKOU.

Chi. Sir———

Count. Hem!

Bloom. I wonder at your impudence Chichikou: I can't ſhew maſter the bill of fare for ſupper, but you muſt come tumbling up againſt people.

Chi. You ſhew him bill of fare, he got taſting de head diſh. You ſhou'dn't let maſter kiſs; you know I love, and I be your fellow ſervant.

Bloom. You my fellow ſervant, you impudent ſaucy ſavage.

Chi. I'll have you in my power for dis. (*aſide*) Sir, you go down to river ſide to get de Marſh Iſland, for you hunt de beaver? de young man be below, de maker of baſket dat own it.

Bloom. A fool come jabbering of beavers and baſket-makers, and Sir, I wanted to tell you, here's a grand old gentleman in his fine chariot—

Count. The Marquis de Champlain and his nièce! Vite vite, my good Bloom, now look to the ſervants. Every preparation in a ſtile of elegance! Fly Chichikou, deſire Pomade to attend my dreſſing-room.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE IV.

A ſuperb Drawing Room.

Enter WATTLE *with different ſorts of Baſkets.*

Wat. Maſter's ſo ſheepiſh, aſham'd to walk up ſtairs boldy and ſhew his goods to the cuſtomers; I'll lay them out for the gentlefolks to ſee them to advantage; here they are of all ſorts and ſizes. (*arranging them on a table*) There's a work baſket for a lady, that's a pretty thing, there's a bread baſket for a Butler, that's a good thing, there's—

Bloom. (*without*) This way, your Ladyſhip.

Wat. The Grandees. [*Retires.*

Enter BLOOM, *introducing* CLAUDINE, *who feigns an awkward ſimplicity.*

Bloom. Yes, my Lady, my maſter will wait on your Ladyſhip: Shall I ſhew the old gentleman up? Your father, I mean my Lady.

Clau. Ay, but that old gentleman is a Lord Marquis, and not my father, he's only my nuncle.

Bloom. A Lady! well, I flatter myſelf here's a little difference between her and ſome folks. [*Aſide, and Exit.*

Clau. (*In her natural manner*) My fooliſh uncle, to bring me here to marry this Count, who, with an immenſe fortune, I'm told is a wretch. My heart—Yet pride bids me bluſh to think it, is I fear

I fear, wholly poſſeſs'd by that humble, yet charming young man, who aſſiſted us when our barge overſet at Montreal.

Mar. (*without*) Why where have you got too, Claudine?

Clau. Now to take up my fool's part again: by continuing the idiotical character I've aſſumed before my uncle, ſince my return from the convent, I may avoid a match I am ſure I muſt deteſt. Did you call me? (*in an awkward manner, takes out philberts and nut-crackers.*)

Enter LE MARQUIS DE CHAMPLAIN.

Have you crack'd all your philberts, Nuncle?

Mar. Child, they're bad for the voice, and as I wiſh you to diſplay your accompliſhments, I may aſk you to ſing a little chanſon for Count Pepin.

Clau. Well, if I can't ſing, ſure I can make him a fine curteſy; but where is the gentleman?

Mar. Let me ſee the Lady, that's what I'd have you to ſhew yourſelf.

Clau. (*Stares*) Eh!

Mar. Dear, dear, they have neglected her education ſo ſhamefully at that convent where I plac'd her. The Count's a man of faſhion, child, and you'll certainly diſguſt, where you ſhould endeavour to pleaſe: look what a noble chateau and gardens you'll be miſtreſs of; equipage, liveries; why his very ſervants are ſo grand, that he rattles into Quebec with the brilliancy of an Ambaſſador —Eh, brilliant! what's all this? (*ſeeing the baſkets*)

Wat. (*advancing*) Yes Sir, maſter and I are baſket-makers.

Mar. Ah, ah! I like the honeſt induſtry of Artiſans.

Clau. The Count may be grand, but he has not much manners to keep us waiting ſo long.

Enter BLOOM.

Bloom. Any commands for me your Ladyſhip.

Clau. This is twice I've ſeen you Madam, but I proteſt I don't know who you are.

Bloom. Count Pepin's houſekeeper, my Lady.

Clau. Houſekeeper! la! how fine you're dreſt for a ſervant. Oh! then I ſuppoſe here comes the Count's valet de chambre.

Enter COUNT PEPIN, (*bows to Claudine.*)

Pray young man, will you tell your maſter we are waiting.

Count. Madam!

Mar. Ah! My dear Count give me leave to preſent my niece.

Clau. Oh la!—you, Sir, the Count! will you pardon me for taking you for the ſervant? (*walks up*)

Mar. Ha, hem! Claudine!

Bloom. Ha, ha, ha!

Wat. Ha, ha, ha!

Bloom. Who is that impudent fellow laughing at?

Count. Scoundrels admitted into the apartments!

(*thruſts Wattle out and kicks the baſkets after him.*

Clau. This way young woman.

[*Exit with Bloom.*

Count. A whimſical ſort of young lady this, but politeneſs demands—My Lord I'm very happy to ſee you.

Mar.

Mar. But Count we've had a long roll to you here from Montreal, ſo my niece will take her coffee, and I'll give my opinion of your cellar, for I'm the beſt judge of wine in all Canada. (*the Count rings*) I've a packet here from the French Miniſter, for a man of the name of Simon Rochefort, an old friend of mine, do you know any ſuch?

Count. Rochefort! I've heard the name, a fugitive amongſt the Iroquois Indians.

Enter BLOOM, *and* SERVANTS *with wine, &c.*

GLEE—MARQUIS, COUNT, *and* BLOOM.

Pure friendſhip come, with heart in heart confiding,
Come Love on Venus' Doves from Paphos gliding,
Come God of Wine in ſmiles thy great tun ſtriding.

Enter POMADE.

Pom. Sir, the young man you ſent for is below.

Count. With your permiſſion, my Lord—ſhew him up—I'll give the Marquis a ſpecimen of my authority and importance in this place.—

Enter WILLIAM *and* POMADE.

Oh—my friend—I ſent for you—to—Eh! Oh, true, I recollect you are a—what trade?

Wil. Sir, I'm a Baſket-maker.

Mar. (*aſide*) Eh! haven't I ſeen this young man before—Oh, yes, the very clever youth that aſſiſted us at Montreal.

Count. That little Oſier Iſland you occupy, not much

much conſequence to any body, but an immenſe rendezvous for Beavers, and—my Lord, Beaver-hunting is my darling paſſion; from it's being ſituated contiguous to my ground, it will anſwer ſome convenience to me—I purpoſe buying it of you.

Wil. But, Sir, I can't ſell it.

Count. Eh! (*ſurprized*)

Wil. The few willows that grow on it, ſupply me with the means of life.

Count. But if I offer a purchace, perhaps, twice its value.

Wil. Sir, that ſpot, tho' ſmall, is my only patrimony, and the crown of France cou'dn't purchace it.

Count. No! (*whiſpers Pomade, who goes off.*) You may retire. [*Exit William.* Raſcal! but I'll be revenged! (*aſide*) my Lord, do me the honor to accompany me to the water ſide, I'll entertain you with an illumination this evening?

Mar. I attend your Lordſhip.

Count. Who waits there? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before WILLIAM'S *Cottage.*

Enter ROCHEFORT, SOKOKI, *and other* INDIANS.

Roche. Yonder is the cottage of my old humble friend, if my ſon yet lives—Ha! the Count with his people from the fort; now my faithful ſubjects is the time to ſhew your attachment to me;

me; ſeize the Count, put him into a canoe, and paddle him back to the Iroquois country, but hurt none—Sokoki, I depend on you to have my commands ſtrictly obeyed. [*Exit.*

Sok. Soft! (*the Indians gather round him*) For all King Simon ſay, we will carry off all de French man, woman, and child, we can catch, becauſe they take from us our hunting and fiſhing country.

All. Will ſo.

Chi. Now lie hid on face among man-groves, and when Chichikou give ſignal, whoop, all ſpring like rattle-ſnake.

Sok. Dis way (*they ſteal off.*)

Enter WATTLE, *with baſkets.*

Wat. So, I've made a good market, loſt two baſkets and ſold none, that monkeyfied Count to ſend for us up, and then kick poor people's ware about—Ay, that's what makes my maſter look ſo diſmal—I'll trim theſe oſiers ready for him.

(*Takes up oſiers, ſits on the ground and begins to cut the leaves and twigs.*)

Enter the COUNT, *the* MARQUIS, POMADE, CHICHIKOU, SERVANTS, *and* PEASANTS.

Count. You know your orders, ſet fire to each quarter of this beggarly ſcoundrel's patrimony as he calls it. (*to his Servants*) a reptile! dare to diſpute my power and pleaſure; I'll not leave a willow on the marſh.

Wat. What's that! my maſter's Iſland!

Count.

Count. Such trees as eſcape the fire, level with your bill hooks.

Wat. The man that touches a twig, I'll level with my bill-hook. (*brandiſhes it*)

Enter WILLIAM.

Wil. What's the matter here?

Count. Once for all, relinquiſh your right in the iſland? (*to William*)

Wil. Sir, I'll firſt relinquiſh my right to breathe.

Count. You're the moſt unmannerly, ſtubborn, the moſt impudent Plebeian——

Wil. For aſſerting the priviledges of a man? I don't envy you the luxuries of life, and yet you'd deprive me of it's ſcanty neceſſaries.

Count. My Lord, did you ever hear the like? A Nobleman of my rank brav'd, his purpoſes fruſtrated by the obſtinacy of a deſpicable, raſcally, mechanic—Speaks to me covered too!

[*Snatches Williams' hat off, and throws it on the ground.*)

Wil. My diſtreſs baniſh'd reſpect.

Wat. Diſtreſs baniſhes reſpect.

(*Takes up the hat, puts it on his own head and ſtruts before the Count.*)

Mar. Count, you marry no niece of mine?

Count. My Lord!

Mar. You don't indeed!

Count. Let me tell you, my Lord, a breach of engagement, to a man of my diſtinction——

Mar You are diſtinguiſhed by fortune; the man you wrong has the ſuperior diſtinction of a noble mind; he ſhines in poverty like a ſtar in a dark

dark night, and your wealth and title is a ſpacious cathedral, illuminated with a ruſh taper!

Wat. (*Surveying the Count*) A ruſh! A farthing candle.

Mar. Count, I'll ſuppoſe you diveſted of your fine trappings, and you and that poor Baſket-maker, whom you now deſpiſe by ſome unexpected reverſe of fortune, thrown together on a deſolate coaſt, we ſhould then ſee which of you would prove the better man of diſtinction.

Count. Obey your orders! (*calling off.*) Quick!

Enter CLAUDINE, (*kneels to the Count.*)

Clau. Oh, Sir, I beſeech you, do not ruin this harmleſs young man; do not as you love me.

Count. Love! Oh, Ma'am, but I loſe the honor of your hand—Obey you ſcoundrels!

(*The iſland is ſeen to blaze—Chichikou yells, the Indians ruſh in with loud cries, ſeize and hurry off all but Bloom, who runs into William's cottage, and Wattle, who eſcapes at the oppoſite ſide.*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Inſide of WILLIAM'S *cottage.*

Wattle. (*without*)

HOLLO! Any ſavages here? (*Enters*) How loneſome our poor cottage—what's to become of me? Return to my regiment, I'm ſhot for a deſerter; here I've nothing to eat, and follow my maſter, I'm eaten myſelf—I will follow him tho'—I'll get my muſket, and pack up our cloaths in my knapſack. [*Exit.*

Enter ROCHEFORT.

Roche. Then the poor old Baſket-Maker, with whom I left my ſon, is no more. To prepare my child for his hard fortune, as I deſired the honeſt owner of this cottage, I find brought him up as his own, and initiated him in his humble occupation—

cupation—poor boy! he has had here but cold comfort, whilſt the inſignificant uſurper of his right, revel'd in every luxury—without a friend too! but friendſhip flies the poor man's dwelling.

AIR.—ROCHEFORT.

When keen adverſity aſſails,
In penury array'd;
On friends we call, but friendſhip fails,
When moſt we want its aid.
In partial fortune's ſunſhine warm,
How can the rich behold;
The houſeleſs head abide the ſtorm,
Yet keep a heart ſo cold.

Re-enter WATTLE, *with Knapſack, Muſket, and Cartouche.*

Wat. An Indian! go out, or by the Lord I'll blow your dirty viſage thro' the window, if you attempt to run away with me.

Roche. Dont fear, I'll protect you.

Wat. Arm'd, I'm my own protector.

Roche. Where's the young man that liv'd here?

Wat. Your ſwarthy friends have claw'd him up—Ha, ha, ha! in the midſt of my ſorrow for maſter, I can't help laughing, to think how neatly they pick'd up the Count too—the hawks darted down and ſwoop'd him while he was ſtrutting before our door—Ha, ha, ha! ſtand farther off whilſt I laugh.

Roche. Then my Iroquois have exceeded their orders; I ſhudder for my ſon's ſafety.

Wat. Begone, or I'll—no! then take my goods off my hands. (*Flings a baſket at him, then with rapidity throwing more, and ſtill taking them from a*

heap, diſcovers Bloom, who lay hid under them—ſhe ſhrieks.)

Go out, get along, begone, or I'll pelt you back to the Devil.

Bloom. Oh! what will become of me?

Wat. Hark'ye, walk off quietly, or I'll throw a girl at you.

Bloom. (*Seeing Rochefort, runs in terror to Wattle.*) Oh dear, Sir, with your muſket, be ſo kind as to ſhoot him out.

Wat. A lady gives the word, and— (*preſents*)

Roche. Hold!

Wat. Why I think I'd beſt, till I know how to unkill you again. (*lowers his piece*)

Bloom. Ah poor Lady Claudine, and the Marquis, and my maſter.

Wat. All gone with mine; we'd beſt follow them: what can we do here? the whole country's deſerted, all fled.

Bloom. No home! nor friends!

Roche. I'll conduct you to your friends: my boat is moor'd here among the ſedges: determine, I muſt return quick, to prevent the dangers the captives may be expoſed to; will you venture with me?

Wat. I was venturing without you, but come, my dear.

Bloom. I go into a boat with a wild man! ah! (*runs off.*)

Wat. Silly fool! put your paw in my hand. (*ſhakes hands with Rochefort*) A barbarous ugly face to be ſure, but as harmleſs---I'll truſt you, if you will bring me to my maſter—or if you prove a falſe guide, I can't riſk my life in a better cauſe than in trying to ſerve my benefactor.

AIR

AIR DUET.—ROCHEEORT *and* WATTLE.

Wat. Unto me tell you ſavage man,
What is't you mean to do?
Roche. I'll take you in my little boat,
Wat. You nominate canoe,
While the flaunting gale,
Roche. Shall fill the flapping ſail,
We'll tiff ſweet Choeminaboee.
Both. While the flaunting, &c.

Wat. What kind of wife, kind ſavage man,
Oh, can you get for me?
Roche. With crimſon forehead, golden cheek,
And teeth of ebony.
Like a trout can ſwim,
And can tame the tiger grim.
Wat. With this here twig then tamed ſhe ſhall be,
Both. While the flaunting gale,
Shall fill the flapping ſail,
We'll tiff ſweet Choeminaboee.

[*Exeunt.*

(*A thunder ſtorm.*)

SCENE II.

A Foreſt in the Iroquois Country.

(*The Storm encreaſes*)

Indians in Council, OTCHEGROS *preſiding.*

(*Diſtant ſhouts*)

Sok. (*without*) Bring in priſoner.

Otch. Oh, here come Sokoki, dat did go up river wid our King Simon.

Enter SOKOKI.

Sok. Vi have brought de priſoner, but Chichikou have de more.

Otch.

Otch. In fear Huron nation take up hatchet, while King Simon away, countrymen, have made me dere chief. (*Sokoki does homage to Otchegroo.*)

Enter Indians with Count PEPIN *and* WILLIAM *priſoners,* OTCHEGROO and INDIANS *look ſome time at them, then, with a loud yell, raiſe their clubs and advance.*

Count P. Oh, heaven defend me! (*Runs behind* WILLIAM, *who ſtands erect, and with undaunted compoſure looks at them; they ſtop and gaze on him with wonder.*)

Otch. He look brave man, and no fear death.

Wil. Tis mercy, when fallen into a miſerable captivity, yet friends, my death can do you little good, my life no harm, it may be uſeful to you, give me leave, and I'll try. (*Bows with ſubmiſſion, ſmiles, and entreats their patience. Steps aſide, and pulls reeds, graſs, and wild flowers, ſits on the ſtump of a tree, and begins to weave them—the Count ſtill crouching behind William, ſings—the Indians, by degrees, approach, liſten, and look on his work with curioſity and pleaſure; having finiſhed the wreath, he riſes, and advancing, places it on* OTCHEGROO'S *head. During this the Count ſneaks behind a tree,* OTCHEGROO *looks greatly pleaſ'd; walks ſolemn and pompous.*)

Otch. Be it fine crown?

Sok. Very fine and beautiful, pretty handſome. —*They all look with admiration at the crown, then make much of* WILLIAM; SOKOKI *pauſes, runs and drags the* COUNT *from behind the tree, then pulls graſs and reeds, which he gives to him*). Here, weave.

Count. What are theſe for, my dear fellow? (*trembling.*)

Sok.

Sok. For you to weave me fine crown.

Count. Weave! I'm no weaver! I'm a gentleman.

Sok. Gentleman! vat be dat.

Count. Why, Sir, a gentleman is—a me, what I am.

Otch. But what can you do?

Count. Do! don't I tell you I'm a gentleman, and do nothing.

Otch. Den de gentleman be good for notting.

Sok. Knock him brain out. (*They yell and raiſe their clubs.*)

Count. Oh, my ſweet friend, ſave me! (*Runs behind* WILLIAM.)

Wil. Hold! (*to the Indians*) you miſtake, I am but a poor mechanic, and owe even my ſubſiſtence to the labour of my hands; if you confer favors on your captives, they are more properly due to him who is far my ſuperior in birth, rank, wealth, and education.

Count. So I am gentlemen, the lad tells you very true; If ever we get back, my dear boy, I'll make you ſuch amends; you'll ſee what groves you ſhall have a garden of pine apples, for your marſhy ſwamp (*apart to William*) hem! (*recovering his importance*) yes my honeſt wild bucks, as he ſays, trades-people, like him, are low vulgar bourgeois, a different ſpecies from us, they are born only to make and weave, and do and contribute to the eaſe of us noblemen.

Otch. While you do nothing?

Count. Oh, yes, I'll ſhew you what I can do, (*throws himſelf into a fencing attitude*) ha, ha! what think you of that (*ſings a ſhort ſtrain*) or that; or (*dances and ſings, in the midſt of which Sokoki puſhes him.*)

Sok. Vat tink you of dat.

Count.

Count. Ha, ha, ha! Very comical, pleaſant. What infernal ſavages.

Otch. But what be uſe in all dis?

Count. Uſe!—'tis uſeful—and 'tis uſed when we uſe it. (*confuſed*)

Sok. Knock him brain out. (*they raiſe their clubs*)

Wil. Stop, as you ſeem to approve of my poor efforts to oblige you, beſides that little coronet, I can make you many other things that you may find of real utility, I ſhall want a perſon to pull and bring me the neceſſary materials, in ſuch employment; tho' he's not inured to work, this gentleman——

Count. Say man. (*apart*)

Wil. This man can be of ſervice to me if you will ſpare his life?

Otch. We ſpare him for you.

Count. My beſt fellow. (*apart to William*)

Sok. And he ſhall be your ſervant.

Count. Eh, how—what, ſervant!

Sok. No! knock him brain out.

Count. Hold, hold, I will be any thing.

Sok. Vat he have ſo fine cover, he no deſerve, you ſhall have his fine cover cloaths, we ſtrip him, and put on him bear ſkin; do no ſtand cry prate. Go wait upon your maſter. (*gives him a bill-hook*)

Count. Maſter! ay, now this low bred raſcal will pay me home in kind. (*aſide*)

Otch. Build a good houſe from de ſun, and de rain, make him ſoft bed of bever hair, and put dis big bear ſkin over to make him warm. (*gives one he had been ſitting on to Sokoki*) Catch de white bird for him eat, de fly bird for him ſong, fiſh for Goberques, and cook him, good Sagamity, draw de maple wine, ſing, dance, every ting to make

make pleaſure for de great good man; (*to William*) and him ſlave there can eat what him leave, and ſleep at door of him houſe. (*to the Count*)

Count. "Eat what him leave, ſleep at him door!" Oh that I had been brought up a carpenter; plague of my fencing-maſter!

Wil. Your next favor is to ſearch for the lady, that I underſtand was ſeized; grant her kindneſs and protection—Come Count, don't deſpond, tho' fortune has unexpectedly reverſed our ſituation, I ſhall ſtill remember you're my fellow creature.

Count. You're very good—Oh that I ſhould live to be told, and even as a compliment, that Pepin Comte de Montemart, Baron de la Bombe D'orgueil, Vicomte de Ribambelle, and Chevalier de la Toiſon D'or, is fellow creature to a baſket-maker.

Sok. Go to make your Maſſa bed. (*puſhes Count*)

1ſt. *Indian.* Go to build your Maſſa houſe.

2d. *Indian.* Go to catch your Maſſa fiſh. (*buſtling him*)

Sok. Go to devil. (*puſhes him off*)

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Foreſt.

Enter BLOOM, *weeping; her dreſs diſordered.*

Bloom. What a fool was I, to venture back into

our houſe to look after my dreſs, and ſo fall into the hands of the ſavages, that ſtill lay lurking about there; here they've brought me, and tho' I've ſlip'd from them, yet where ſhall I run? Hide in the buſhes, I may be bit by ſome terrible ſerpent; got no change of cloaths! in two days I ſhall be a ſavage myſelf: oh, how it wou'd comfort me to ſee the face of any body I once knew in a chriſtian country. I find now we never ſet a proper value upon a man till we ſtand in need of their aſſiſtance. I'll lie down and cry myſelf to death.

AIR.---BLOOM.

Ah me! well a day, Oh! what ſhall I do?
Surrounded by danger, diſtracted, diſtreſs't;
I'm cold, wet and weary, and hungry too,
My eyelids are heavy, yet dare not I reſt:
All helpleſs, afraid,
Defend me who can;
Sure never did maid,
So wiſh for a man.

The earth is my toilette, the fountain my glaſs,
How ſtick a pin right, or how ſettle my cap;
My couch a green bank, there's a ſnake in the graſs,
A Lion may lay his great head in my lap.
All helpleſs, afraid,
Defend me who can;
Sure never did maid,
So wiſh for a man.

Enter CHICHIKOU. *(in Indian dreſs)*

Ah! Who's that!

Chi. Bloom!

Bloom. Oh joyful moment, my dear ſweet man!
Charming

Charming Chichikou! my beautiful Chichikou! How glad I am to ſee you.

Chi. You miſtake, you no know me.

Bloom. Not know my dear, kind, fellow ſervant! but why did you throw off your livery?

Chi. Ha, ha, ha! Me no fellow ſervant. When me at home, you call ſaucy impudent ſavage.

Bloom. I beg your pardon: I was then too well, to know myſelf or you. (*weeps*) Dear, ſweet Chichikou, dont let me be kill'd by your countrymen.

Chi. As you in diſtreſs, I forgive you. Love Chichikou, him will fiſh, hunt, fight, die for you.

AIR—*Chichikou.*

Chichikou if you no love,
Wild thro' the woods him pat about mad,
What ſweet Bloom I prize above,
Your cheek to touch my lippy be glad;
You white lady of the grove,
With Iroquois much gamy be had,
Niſakai,
We'll have Babilouchins,
Ickoueſſens,
Noutchimou papi.

Shell fiſh claw I from de rock,
I hunt de bear, tho' him have long nail;
Like young chick maccaw ſhall flock,
Fall ſhowers of peach in every gale,
You ſhall eat de fine peacock
Before de ſun, him ſpread a fine tail.
Niſakai, &c. &c.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Thicket.

CLAUDINE *diſcover'd (aſleep) bound to a Tree.* SOKOKI *and another Indian ſleeping at ſome diſtance. Bows and arrows and the Calumet lying on the ground.*

Enter WATTLE.

Wat. So, I've got a pretty ſouſing, muſt go upon the water with an Indian, might as well hop off the top of a church with a crow, our boat overſets, and Mr. Savage very compoſedly ſkims over the waves to a comfortable dry rock, ſhakes his ears, and hey off into the woods. How I landed, I'm ſure I don't know, except I was ſlap'd on ſhore by the fin of a ſhark; I've loſt my fowling-piece, or I think I might breakfaſt on a parrot this morning. (*looking about, ſees Claudine*) Odſo, I've got into a lady's bed-chamber, aſleep! bound! poor ſoul! pleaſe heaven, you ſhall have liberty, if there's any edge to a tobacco knife. (*takes out a knife, going towards her, ſees one of the Indians, ſtarting back, ſees the other.*) I now might kill theſe fellows, but for two things, my tobacco knife is blunt, and I ſhould'nt like to be kill'd myſelf in my ſleep; they ſhan't kill me awake tho'. (*takes the bows and arrows*) I'll hide theſe in a buſh. Eh, this is the calumet, with this I'm ſafe—for my maſter told me, once one can get an Indian to ſmoak this pipe with us, they have never been known to hurt a body

—good

—good to have ſomething elſe in one's hand tho'. [*Exit with the Calumet bow, &c*

Enter WILLIAM.

Wil. I am glad to get a moment's breath from my new friends, they have almoſt ſmothered me with kindneſs—the poor Count—unleſs protected by me, they'll certainly put him to death. Ha! who's here. (*ſeeing Claudine*) Heavens! the young lady that I ſaved at the Montreal Ferry; ſhe, too, was my kind, tho' unſucceſsful, advocate with the Count! how lovely! can ſleep attend ſo dreadful a ſituation. (*unbinds her, ſhe wakes*)

Clau. Who's there? It is—the ſpirited young man—muſt I twice owe my life to you? Every circumſtance ſince the Indians ſeized me, appears a dream, and now I doubt if I'm yet awake.

Wil. Fear nothing Madam, I can receive no higher ſatisfaction, than to promote your happineſs, though I owe the Count but few obligations, it gives me pleaſure that I can reſtore you to him.

Clau. As I flatter myſelf its not your wiſh to diſoblige me, I beg you'll not mention him.

Wil. Madam, I underſtood——

Clau. That a marriage was to have taken place between us, ſo my well-meaning uncle intended: Oh heavens! but my own danger has made me forget him all this time. Sir, find, relieve, aſſiſt my dear Lord.

Wil. I'll anſwer for his ſafety, I'll ſeek him; in the mean time, Madam, if you'll condeſcend to repoſe yourſelf at the peaceful aſſylum which theſe

poor

poor natives have granted to me, I ſhall eſteem it the gift of Heaven.

Clau. Well, mind no more of the Count in my hearing.

AIR.---CLAUDINE.

My uncle, with a heart of ſteel,
A coxcomb bids me wed;
The paſſion he's too wiſe to feel,
That fills my ſilly head.
While he is old, and I am young,
I fear it muſt be ſo;
The tender heart will prompt the tongue;
I thought obedience frank to ſhew,
But bluſhing ſimper'd, dear Sir, No.

II.

Sly Cupid comes with liſping grace,
And "fairClaudine" he calls;
He peeps, and o'er his cherub face,
A flaxen ringlet falls.
The boy preſents a charming youth,
With ſprightly gay addreſs;
"Miſs, do you like him, ſpeak the truth":
The queſtion gave me ſuch diſtreſs,
I bluſh'd, and ſimper'd, ſweet boy, yes.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter WATTLE.

Wat. I'll ſet her at liberty, tho' I loſe my ſkin for it; the Devil—Gone! thoſe black gentlemen then have conjured her away without getting off their pillows---if you are wizards, take that, and gueſs who gave it you. (*Strikes them, and Exit.*)

Sok. (*Starting from his ſleep*) Fury! why you give me pat? take back. (*ſtrikes Indian.*)

Indian. Me no pat you; take back what me no give. (*Strikes Sokoki*) my bow and arrow gone!

Sok.

Sok. The Calumet! where be---Come, we hunt thief.

Indian. Thief! thief!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An extenſive proſpect in the Iroquois country.—An Indian pavilion near the front.

Enter the COUNT, *in a Bear ſkin, his hair ſtill in dreſs, carrying a load of hewn branches, and a veſſel of water, two Indians with clubs following.*

Count. I will kind gentlemen—Ah, Ciel! Ah, poor Pepin! I'm a moſt unfortunate Nobleman! Oh, dear! what a figure I ſhould now cut in a drawing room; the Ladies would cry, what's that the accompliſhed Count Pepin? Oh, fie! begone you ſhocking monſter—theſe plaguy brutes will kill me; they threw me into the river without ever aſking if I could ſwim, but when I ſunk, all agreed I was a lovely diver, there I repoſed on an oyſter-bed, at the foot of a coral tree, with ſome ſportive ſalmons friſking round me, like May birds; but yon devil thinking I ſtaid too long below, darts down, and chop, brings me up by the ear. Here they make me hew down great timber trees—the only wood I ever cut was the cedar of my black lead pencil—and carry water by ferkins, and heaven knows I never carried any liquid, but my little bottle of Eau de luce; and all this to furniſh my maſter,

ter, the Baſket-maker's houſe yonder. (*the Indians point to the pavilion.*) I will, ſweet Sirs—I find a gentleman is a curſed bad trade; I've ſerved my time to it, and now here's my occupation.

(*goes into the Pavillion, followed by the Indians.*

Enter WILLIAM *and* CLAUDINE.

Wil. Here, Madam, you may remain in ſafety, while I endeavour to find my Lord.

Clau. What a heavenly ſituation!

Wil. In this native paradiſe, ſee the ſweet bower theſe ferocious, but friendly, people have erected for me.

Clau. Charming indeed! A fit retreat for love and innocence. [*Exeunt into the Pavillion.*

SCENE V.

A wild country, cataracts, and hanging woods in the perſpective.

Enter WATTLE, *with the calumet, and bow and arrows.*

Wat. They're after me; what the devil buſineſs had I to meddle with them, where ſhall I hide while they canter paſt—but with theſe I'm equip'd for peace or war; whoever refuſes to ſmoak the calumet receives an arrow in his—— (*Shouts without*) Who's that! (*terrified*) if it ſhould be a tiger, may be he wou'dn't object to a ſociable whiff.

Otch. (*without*) Who be dere!

Wat.

Wat. (*Pauſes*) That's not an echo; the devil, that I cou'dn't keep my tongue quiet, whoever it is they muſt have heard me, if I could make them think my voice was an echo, till I can ſneak out of the reach of their clutches.

Otch. (*without*) Be dere nobody?

Wat. "Nobody". (*goes ſoftly behind a tree*)

Enter OTCHEGROO, SOKOKI, *and Indians.*

Sok I'll never ſtop till I find out tief ſteal my bow and arrows—I'm ſure hear man's voice juſt now.

Otch. Echo of yours, ſee, ha!

Wat. Ha!

Otch. You hear, dat is plain echo.

Sok. Eh!—let me—Be you good ſpirit?

Wat. (*In the ſame tone*) Yes I am.

Sok. Ha, ha, ha! dat be your fine echo. (*goes to the ſide, looks about, and drags Wattle forward*) How you do, Mr. Echo?

Otch. Iroquois, bow and arrow? (*taking them from Wattle*)

Sok. 'Tis mine, you be tief, rob me when I ſleep.

Wat. I wiſh you had never woke. (*aſide*)

Otch. Where King Simon be not, I be King, I condemn—bring in wood for pile.

[*Exeunt Indians.*

Wat. Oh. the calumet will ſave me. (*aſide*) Will your Majeſty ſmoke a pipe?

(*offers the calumet.*

Re-enter INDIANS, *bringing in clumps of wood.*

Otch. You no ſtir.

Wat. What am I to ſtand up here like the Monument? (*They place the wood round him*) So 'cauſe,

'cauſe I'm a Briton, in honour of Old England you ſurround me with wooden walls—a pretty turned compliment this. Now I look like a Lion Rampant on a Dutch Halfpenny. But pray, my dear friends, what are you going to do with me?

Enter INDIANS, *with lighted Torches.*

Oh lord!

Otch. Now ſet fire to wood—burn him—robber! (*Wat. ſhrieks*)

All. Burn! Burn! Set fire!

Enter CHICHIKOU.

Chi. Is that poor Engliſhman?—Stop!

Wat. Ay, ſtop! my dear, kind gentlemen!

Chi. Now to make good my promiſe, to my ſweet Bloom. (*aſide*) By cuſtom of country, when relation killed in battle, we have a right to make priſoner relation in him room—I do claim his life, and take this man in place of my brother, that was kill in our laſt battle againſt Huron Nation.

Otch. He have liberty.

Wat. You ſave my life! my bleſſed, worthy Sir. (*the Indians unbind him, he runs and embraces Chichikou*)

Chi. You have now every right, privilege, name, goods, houſe, and all dat did belong to my dead brother, Kickapows, de warrior.

Wat. Huzza! Mind good people, I am now Kick-a-mouſe, the warrior.

Otch. And as you ſtand in his place, you fulfill all his obligations.

Wat. To be ſure, I'll take my fill of all the obligation s.

Chi. Den all dat was his you muſt get.

Sok.

Sok. Dem, was him bow and arrows: keep; dere now your's.

Wat. You're very good, Sir. (*bows*)

Sok. He did give me fine bird. I owe him one, and give you. (*gives a fowl to Wattle*)

Wat You're a very honeſt man. Did'nt nobody elſe owe the dead gentleman any thing?

1ſt *Indian.* He did lend me tunny fiſh. (*gives a fiſh*) I return you.

Wat. Fiſh and fowl, I ſhall have a good dinner to-day.

Otch. I did owe him ſome corn, and pay it you.

Wat. Eh! bread too, hearkye—didn't I hear you ſay, ſome gentleman ow'd your brother a couple of bottles of wine. (*apart to Chichikou*)

Chi. No, me no remember.

Wat. You've a bad memory. Theſe are the moſt punctual people. Well neighbours, who elſe ow'd any thing to the worthy deceaſed, you know paying your juſt debts is the higheſt proof of honeſty; as I always punctually pay mine, I expect the ſame—that's what makes me ſo exact. No more! what! (*liſtens*) Come, come, you woud'nt go to defraud me: Didn't your brother leave his account books behind him. (*apart to Chichikou*)

2d. *Indian.* (*advances*) De dead warrior.——

Wattle. Ay! that's right, I knew he died poſſeſſed of more effects and chattels.

2d. *Indian.* Dere was two fowls.

Wat. Aye, very well; two large barn door fowls.

2d *Indian.* Dat he did owe me.

Wat. You—mean that you did owe him, ah! your wild men know ſo little of language, that they will put the cart before the horſe: Talk no more, but pay me the three fowls.

2d *Indian.* He owe me two, but I will take one for dem. (*takes it*)

Wat. Muſt I pay Kickamouſe's debts. (*to Chichikou*)

Chi. Oh yes, yes.

Wat. What, when I never adminiſter'd. Oh Lord! now I muſt dine upon fiſh.

Otch. He did owe me fine Dolphin I did catch for him; but you will pay me with tunny fiſh. (*takes the fiſh*)

Wat. The devil! muſt I dine upon dry bread, and that not gone to the bakers yet?

Sok. He was in debt to me of much corn. (*takes the corn*)

Wat. So then upon ſtriking a balance, ſtarvation is my ſum total. Theſe curs'd raſcals. (*aſide*) Pray my good people, didn't he owe you a few blows on the back.

Otch. Dat put me in de mind, he did give me once a tump in cheek, I pay it you. (*ſtrikes Wattle.*)

Wat. Hold! Hold! Any more ſuch debts, I'm ſo generous, I'll make you all a preſent of a receipt in full.

Sok. He did vid Tomahawk once take my ear.

Wat. What! (*puts his hand up to his ears*)

(*A large athletic Indian ſteps up to Wattle with two hatchets.*)

3d *Indian.* If Kikapous liv'd he was dis day to fight me vid hatchet—here. (*offers hatchet*)

Wat. Oh help! murder! (*ſnatches a lighted brand, flouriſhes it, and runs into the Pavilion*)

Enter ROCHEFORT *in European dreſs, with open letters, and Indians.*

Roche. Bring the gentleman with whom you found this packet—Oh he's here.

Enter the MARQUIS *priſoner.*

The Marquis de Champlain!

Mar.

Mar. My old friend Rochefort! Are you the dreaded King Simon, the terror of our coloniſts?

Roche. My Lord, ſince I find by the packet here, that our King had already reſtor'd my lands, I moſt heartily repent, the violent means which I took to recover them.

Mar. Ha! ha! ha! Your Majeſty' smeſſengers did handle us roughly, and only for that young man, (*pointing out*) by this they might have made ſoup of me.

Roche. My darling ſon!

Mar. Eh! What, young William your ſon! your hand my friend, I give you joy; he's a brave youth.

Roche. I had the diſcovery of a poor faithful Engliſhman, it ſeems his ſervant. (*Indian muſic without*)

Enter WILLIAM *and* CLAUDINE, *attended by* OTCHEGROO, SOKOKI *and proceſſion of* INDIANS, *with garlands, muſic, &c.*

Mar. My prince, I preſent you to your King, and Sire.

Wil. (*kneels to Rochefort*) My father!

Roche. My child; adverſity has brought out your noble qualities, and made me a happy parent.

Otch. Great man, dere is wife we give you. (*pointing to Claudine*)

Mar. You give! then ſo will I; come your Majeſty's aſſent. (*Rochefort bows*) He ſmiles, the marriage act has paſſed King, Lords and Commons.

Wil. Am I ſo bleſt?

Mar. You'll not be the only great man with a ſilly wife.

Claud. Ah my dear Lord, we have ſenſe for thoſe

thoſe we like, and where we do not we can talk nonſenſe.

Wat. (*without*) I've barr'd the door, let me go, or I'll burn the houſe and myſelf.

Enter from the Pavilion WATTLE *wrapt in a bear's ſkin, runs and embraces* WILLIAM.

1ſt *Indian.* Shoot de bear!

Wat. Oh my dear maſter!

Indians. Shoot, ſhoot. (*they level their arrows*) (*Wattle throws off the ſkin.*)

Wat. Mind good people, I waſh my hands from all affairs of Warrior Kick-a-Mouſe.

Enter CHICHIKOU *and* BLOOM.

Chi. And do you forget a me now Bloom?

Bloom. I marry a pepper man! What do you take me for? Oh miſs! my Lord!—Eh Wattle wasn't you drown'd?

Wat. No, were you my dear.

Enter COUNT PEPIN.

Count. (*to William, with humility*) Maſter, what rods are to be cut down.

Wat. Maſter—Rods—what's that? Oh, oh, oh! while I've been ſop'd in pickle, and ſmoaking the calumet, my employment is taken by—what is it you?—then how do you, Count Cockericoo?

Mar. Count, in you I was marrying my niece to a title without a man; but I'll give her to a man without a title. (*points to William*)

Count. Indeed! (*looking at William*) Ah, Sir! Misfortune has taught me the difference between the imaginary honour of a ſound, and the real

real value of a generous mind. My tyranny in power he has repaid with humanity, and his preſent kindneſs wounds my heart for my former cruelty.

Wil. Sir, for his life, (*to Rochefort*) let him enjoy half his eſtates, ſince adverſity has amended his principles.

Mar. And Count, when return'd to the gay world, tell the proud accompliſh'd man of faſhion, that the beſt maſter of manners, is a wild ſavage.

Roch. And the trueſt ſchools for civilization, are the foreſts of America.

FINALE.

MARQUIS.

While we trip the merry round,
Merry round goes the world;
Come long hair in fillet bound,
Come with poll woolly curl'd.
Fair yellow,
Hail fellow;
Souls are all of one colour:
Thy brother,
My brother;
So he fill his glaſs fuller.

CHORUS.

Fair yellow, &c.

WILLIAM.

Thus athwart the lowly vale,
Sun beams glance condeſcending;
Here when gratitude ſhall fail,
William's life, date its ending.

Fair yellow, &c.

CLAU-

CLAUDINE.

For our lads, or clowns, or ſmarts,
Let ourſelves always cater;
You have heads, but we have hearts,
And conſult only nature.

Fair yellow, &c.

BLOOM.

Hark'ye, pretty Chichikou,
For my hand never tarry;
Sir, what better can you do,
Than your own Bloom to marry.
(*To the Count.*)

Fair yellow, &c.

WATTLE.

Count, remember you're a Lord,
Give no theme for tittle tattle;
'Pon my honour and my word,
You ſhall wed Watty Wattle. (*To Bloom.*)

Fair yellow, &c.

ROCHEFORT.

Here I lay my ſceptre down,
Friends from Mount, Grove, and Dell, come;
What I prize above my crown,
Is a friend's hearty welcome.

Fair yellow, &c.

THE END.

THE

BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1788.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR,

SPOKEN BY MR. FARREN.

TO touch on Antwerp now, you may ſuppoſe
We mean to talk of treaties, bargains, blows!
How ſage Mynheer, his warehouſes to cram,
Firſt turn'd the tide of trade to Amſterdam;
How force ſuperior, could eſtabliſh right,
And nature's claim was over-rul'd by might.
To tell, on Antwerp's Change, that graſs is grown,
And Auſtrian ſcythes prepareto mow it down*:
Such modern ſcenes, you'll ſee by foreign mails
How well they're play'd at Berlin or Verſailles.
Our Bard to-night, ſome harmleſs jokes to crack
A ſimple tale, two hundred years brings back;
When Antwerp flouriſh'd in her pride and glory,
A Blackſmith!---You muſt all have heard the ſtory:
His heart the forge---this prince of ſooty fellows,
His fire was love, for Cupid blew the bellows;
With hammer's clink, his throbbing breaſt kept pace,
He look'd, he lov'd, then waſh'd his murky face.
This Flemiſh Vulcan to Adonis turns,
And for his Flemiſh Cytherea burns:
He wooes in vain---the painter's mimic art
Had caught her father by the ſtubborn heart.
But ſee the magic force of mighty love!
Sublime and great!---what tow'ring height above
The lover's hope?---a painter now confeſs'd,
Our Blackſmith view---and thus, ſupremely bleſs'd
By merit wins his faithful charming fair,
And taſtes the fruits of all his toil and care.

* Alluding to the political ſtate of the Netherlands in 1788.

Now Royal Windſor, by his work* is grac'd,
Honor'd that work in Royal Windſor plac'd!
As canvaſs moulders, and bright colours fade,
The painter's fame muſt ſeek the poet's aid.
If you but patronize our poet's lays,
Great QUINTIN's art ſhall flouriſh in his bays.

* The picture of the Two Miſers, at Windſor Caſtle, painted by Quintin Matſys, the Blackſmith of Antwerp.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Van Dipembeck, ... Mr. WILSON.
Van Dunderman, ... Mr. WEWITZER.
Albert, ... Mr. DAVIES.
Quintin Matſys, ... Mr. FARREN.
Jacob, ... Mr. QUICK.
Otho, ... Mr. EDWIN.
Dort, ... Mr. FEARON.
Waiter, ... Mr. NEWTON.

Adela, ... Mrs. INCHBALD.
Jaquelette, ... Mrs. WILSON.

SCENE, *Antwerp.*

THE

BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter VAN DIPEMBECK.

DIPEMBECK. (*calls off*)

JAQUELETTE! come along girl; Jaquelette! d'ye hear?—make haſte.

Jaq. (*without*) Lord, Sir, do let me pay for the things.

Dip. Well, ſo much for marketting, we ſhall be pretty well for the eatables; but now to ſee about the wine, (*goes to a door, knocks*) landlord! maſter Dort!

Enter DORT *from the Houſe.*

Dort. (*careleſs and diſreſpectful*) What's the matter now, maſter Dipembeck?

Dip.

Dip. Did your man leave the wine at my houſe?

Dort. (*calls off*) Oh, John! did you leave that pint of wine at Mr. Dipembeck's?

Dip. Pint! I ordered ſix dozen—ſix dozen man! a pint of wine at my daughter's wedding!

Dort. (*changing his manner*) True, Sir, you did order ſix dozen; my dear Sir, I beg you a thouſand pardons—wont you walk in, and reſt yourſelf? D'ye hear, ſix dozen of wine to Mynheer Van Dipembeck's—pray, Sir walk in, and take a cruſt and a cordial—a raw morning—one drop, Sir.

Dip. No thank you; a buſy day with me; good bye.

Dort. Good morning, Sir—Sir, I wiſh you a very good morning. [*Exit.*

Dip. Ah, my landlord meaſures out his civility in proportion to his wine—to a pint, a ſmile; and a low bow to every bottle—Eh, I'll call on Van Dunderman, my intended ſon-in-law, and ſee how he proceeds in his nuptial preparations; (*goes to another door and knocks*) Dunderman! Mynheer Van Dunderman! (*Jacob appears at a window*)

Jac. What do you want? aſk pardon, Sir.

Dip. I don't want you, I want your maſter.

Jac. (*calls*) Sir, here's old Dipembeck wants you.

Dip. Old Dipembeck, you mongrel! never mind opening your door, I only called to rouſe the bridegroom. [*Jacob retires*

But I ſuppoſe he's dreſſing as fine—peep out here, you gay Narciſſus. (*Dunderman appears at the window in a red night-cap.*)

Dun. Ah, is dat my Fader-in-law?

Dip.

Dip. You're a right Dutch Bridegroom, with your red night-cap at this time of day.

Dun. Vat, is my dear yaffrow, Adela, in de pine and de whine for me?

Dip. Ay, come along, Dunderman.

Dun. Vel, don't make ſo great noiſe in de ſtreet; and I will pay my lofe, and my adoration to the charming angel, your daughter, as ſoon as I get my wig on. (*retires*)

Dip. Ah, you're a good painter, but you're a fine ſtupid Dutchman—I ſhall be late home—what keeps the girl? (*calls off*) Why you Jaquelette!

Enter JAQUELETTE.

Jaq. There, Sir—now every thing is bought and paid for.

Dip. Paid!—right—but mind you keep a proper account of the money I gave you.

Jaq. I've all the bills, Sir; and you'll find I've laid it out to the beſt advantage; I'll ſhew you a handſome wedding ſupper.

Dip. Let there be plenty of the beſt, but no waſte, Jaquelette—where is your marketing, girl?

Jaq. Sir, I've ordered the man to leave it at home; d'ye think I'll be ſeen walking through the ſtreets, followed by geeſe, turkies, hares, turbots, ducks, and pattypans.

Dip. A glorious ſight, Jaquelette!—Let me have no waſte though—D'ye hear, reſerve a good dinner for to-morrow, as I expect my ſon, Albert, home from Italy; I think a pheaſant, and a couple of brace of partridges, may do for ſupper to-night?

Jaq. Why, lord, Sir, do you conſider the grand occaſion?—Your only daughter to be married, and the company you've aſked—all the Painters and Picture-dealers in Antwerp.

Dip. I tell you the wild fowl will do; only lay out the ſide-board with taſte—Painters delight in ſtill life, and dead game is a treat to them.

Jaq. Yes, Sir; but their wives and daughters! do you think they'll be contented with your ſtill life and dead game for a wedding ſupper?

Dip. Ah, you wild pullet; go, get home, keep up my daughter's ſpirits; let me hear no more of her tears and ſobs for Quintin Matſys, her Blackſmith—dreſs her up, trim as a noſegay, Jaquelette?

Jaq. Bleſs me, I've a thouſand things to do; to ſee the wainſcot duſted—the rooms laid out—the Bride dreſſed—ſupper ſerved—the beds made—the kiſs go round—the ſtocking thrown—I'm in as much hurry and flurry, as if I were going to be married myſelf. [*Exit.*

Dip. Ha, ha, ha! All in good time girl—how nimble ſhe does run! There ſhe ſcuds it away. I fear ſome day or other ſhe'll kick up the heels of my old heart. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Tavern.

Enter a WAITER *introducing* ALBERT *and* QUINTIN MATSYS, *in travelling dreſs.*

Al. Hey!—hav'nt you a better room than this?—but no matter,—a bottle of wine and ſend your maſter up. [*Exit Waiter.*

Dort is a right communicative landlord—no harm to know what's going on before I go to my father's;—my dear Floris, now welcome to Antwerp.

Quin. I Hav'nt ſeen a city that has pleaſed me more ſince our leaving Rome,—they aptly call it the Florence of the Netherlands.

Al. Yes,—here we have riches and vanity; here you ſhall find work for your pencil, and money for your works—I hope you'll excuſe my not taking you to my Father's—tolerably hoſpitable, and the celebrity of your name as a capital painter would enſure you a hearty welcome, but not expecting us, perhaps things might'nt be altogether ſo.

Quin. Ah, never mind,—here we are, and ſure of welcome at an Inn; but where's this fellow of mine? (*calls*) Otho! if there's a bottle of Peterman in the Bar, he can't paſs it. (*calls*) Otho!

Enter OTHO.

Otho. I'm glad there's a looking glaſs in this room—(*ſurveys himſelf*)—very well, that will do. Now for love and my ſweet Jaquelette, he! he! he! (*going*)

Quin. Where are you going?

Otho. To ſee my girl.

Quin. Look to the horſes, Sirrah!

Otho. Look to the horſes! What, do you think you're talking to a common farrier, Sir? You're conceited of your painting! who grinds the colours? Oh Jaquelette.

Al. What, have you got a ſweetheart here already Otho? Very beautiful, I ſuppoſe.

Otho. Beautiful! She has an eye brow like a mouſes-tail, the bluſh on her neck like raſberry cream; and then for a hand! oh, the dimples of her knuckles.

Quin. (*ſtrikes him*) mind your buſineſs.

Otho. His knuckles! my ſhoulder! I wiſh you'd keep your hands to yourſelf! the knuckles! Oh, ſhe is, I wiſh you'd find ſomebody elſe to beat. I go to you Jacquelette, Jacquelette to you I go. [*Exit.*

Quin. Ay, you ſhall go from me, that I'm reſolv'd on.

Enter DORT, (*with wine.*)

Dort. Here, gentlemen—the right thing.

Al. I love the ſight of a Brabant bottle. (*Albert and Quintin drink*)

Dort. That's neat, Sir.

Al. I think I've drank as good.

Dort. The beſt bottle of cottoe in Antwerp.

Alb. (*apart to Quintin*) Our hoſt forgets me! (*to Dort*) Well, Landlord, what's your neweſt news here?

Dort. All good, Sir, all plenty; got all the trade from Bruges; the Netherlands is the field of induſtry, and Antwerp's now the granary; I beg your pardon, gentlemen. D'ye hear, ſend thoſe hampers of wine up to Mynheer Van Dipembeck's, near the Bourſe. (*calling off*)

Al.

Al. (*Apart to Quintin*) My father! (*to Dort*) What does old Dipembeck lay in his wine by hampers?

Dort. Grand doings there, Sir, this evening; only a wedding of his only daughter.

Al. (*Apart to Quintin*) My ſiſter!

Quin. (*Aſide*). Confuſion! my Adela?

Al. (*To Dort*) And pray, who is my new brother-in-law, that is to be?

Dort. Gadzooks! Is it poſſible you can be young maſter Albert, that was ſent to Rome to learn to draw pictures?

Al. Ha, ha, ha!

Dort. 'Tis he—the very laugh. (*calls*) Here, Jordans,

Enter WAITER.

Get another room, and lay a cloth. (*takes up the wine*) Take this, and fetch a bottle of my own.

Al. Landlord, are you going to take the beſt bottle of cottoe in Antwerp from us?

Dort. Take! no, I'll give you the beſt.

Quin. Pray, Landlord, who is the bridegroom?

Dort. A very ſtupid fellow indeed, Sir. (*turns to Albert*) begging your pardon, for talking ſo free of a part of your family. You remember Van Dunderman, the painter?

Al. What is my father ſtill in the whim of giving Adela to none but a painter?

Dort. Ay, Sir, and has iſſued a ſort of proclamation, for all the young painters that wiſh'd for his daughter and money, to ſend in a ſpecimen of their works, as the beſt picture ſhould determine his choice.

Quin.

Quin. And perhaps the young lady's heart may have made a choice of it's own.

Dort. Why that it ſeems it has, Sir; if there were fifty Raphael Urbans offer'd to her, ſhe owns ſtill that ſhe prefers one Quintin Matſys, a blackſmith I think he was.

Quin. (*aſide*) My dear, my faithful Adela!

Al. 'Sdeath, I'm afraid it's true, as honeſt Dort ſays—I bluſh for my ſiſter's grovelling inclinations; this raſcally low fellow! I never ſaw him, but he had, I dont know how, poſſeſs'd himſelf of her affections.

Quin. (*aſide*) So as yet I'm unſuſpected.

Al. Where's this bottle of the old you promis'd us?

Dort. On the table, my good Sir. (*calls*) D'ye hear, the room there ready for the gentlemen—my dear Sir, how glad I am to ſee you, and your friend is welcome, and twenty of your friends are welcome: I don't care how many of you come to my houſe—all welcome to Van Dort. (*calls out*) Here, waiters, every thing capital for the gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Al. Van Dunderman the beſt painter in Antwerp! he might have been ſo before your arrival, Floris,—I wiſh you had ſeen my ſiſter—I wiſh ſhe had ſeen you, and that my father was acquainted with your merit in his darling art. In ſhort, I wiſh my dear Floris you were my brother-in-law.

Quin. I thank you. This may be fortunate. (*aſide*) Albert—but you're partial to my abilities—ſuppoſe I offer myſelf a candidate—contend the prize of your ſiſter's hand with this Van Dunderman?—d'ye think I have any chance.

Al.

Al. Chance! I'll ſtake my ſoul on your ſucceſs! —Poor Adela was a fine girl, without a fault, except the ſilly partiality you have juſt heard of— reſcue her from this Dutch brute Dunderman! —your genius muſt raiſe her to affluence and honor—your good qualities make her happy.

Quin. My dear friend, I fear your high opinion flatters me, but granting as a painter, I conquer Dunderman in your father's eſtimation, —ſhall I as a lover triumph over the farrier in your ſiſter's affection?

Al. Oh, he has'nt been heard of theſe eight or nine years, and I have hopes that ſome trooper's horſe has kick'd his brains out, long ſince.

Quin. (*aſide*) I'm much oblig'd to you.

Otho. (*within*) I'll take in the wine myſelf, and then I'll be with you.

Enter OTHO.

Here's the liquor, Sir.

Al. (*to Quintin*) Only try it.

Otho. Yes, Sir, I'll try it. (*drinks*)

Al. It muſt do—

Otho. Yes, it will do very well—which of you dropp'd this here? (*produces a ſmall picture*)

Al. Oh mine! (*takes it*)

Otho. Since I muſt aſk leave may I go to take a little walk if you pleaſe, Sir?—thank you Sir. (*bows*) I'll be here again when I come back. [*Exit Otho.*

Al. My ſiſter is an artiſt too. (*ſhewing the picture*) that's her work;—her favorite blackſmith drawn by herſelf, which I ſnatch'd from her, and preſerve as a remembrance of her folly.

Quin.

Quin. (*aſide*) My picture indeed, and the work of my Adela's dear hand.

Al. Eh! by heaven the picture is very like you.

Quin. It is indeed, as if it was drawn for me.

Al. You have every feature—only ſomewhat older I think.

Quin. Ha, ha, ha!—My accidental likeneſs to this picture, ſtrikes me with an idea—Albert, do you really wiſh me to be your brother-in-law?

Al. Nothing more deſirable.

Quin. This lover of her's you ſay, has'nt been ſeen in Antwerp, theſe—how long?

Al. Eight years, I think.

Quin. What if I—ha, ha, ha, a wild ſcheme tho'—Suppoſe I preſent myſelf to your ſiſter as her favorite blackſmith; if I paſs on her for him, we may imagine her conſent obtain'd, and on the other hand, you ſhall ſhew a picture of mine to your father, and introduce me as a candidate for his daughter in my proper character of a painter.

Al. Excellent.

Quin. If all this turns out fair and well, your ſiſter may be happy in the idea of obtaining her firſt love, without diſgracing her family by a baſe alliance, and your father gratifies his whim of giving his daughter to a painter, without doing a violence to her inclinations.

Al. Capital!—Never was any thing better deviſed—It muſt do—it can't—it ſhan't fail—give me your hand—My dear Floris—my friend—my brother—I already give you joy.

Quin.

Quin. Not a moment is to be loſt, you hear Dunderman's wedding is fix'd for to-day—but to perſonate this fellow—this—what's his name?

Al. Quintin Matſys.

Quin. Ay, I'm a farrier, or a blackſmith, ha, ha, ha!—you muſt tell me all you know about him.—If I hav'nt my leſſon well, ſhe'll find me out.

Al. I warrant your extreme likeneſs to the picture baniſhes every doubt.

Quin. Yet I muſt dreſs ſomewhat after it.

Al. For a dreſs any of the Jews in the Meer ſtreet here can fit you.

Quin. Well, when I'm equipp'd you'll immediately procure me acceſs to your ſiſter?

Al. I will; obtain her conſent as a lover, and as a painter, on ſhewing your works, you're ſure of my father's.

Quin. Ha, ha, ha, I'll about it immediately.

Al. Quick.

Quin. Here, Otho, Otho—Where is this fellow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in VAN DUNDERMAN'S.

Enter DUNDERMAN *with a pipe, elegantly dreſs'd; but a night-cap on.*

Dun. De divil, vere is dis coach! (*looks at his watch*)—'tis now paſt twelve, and I ſhould be at

Van Dipembeck's houſe—I tink I look very well in my wedding ſuit!—How long dis coach ſtay, and my ſweet bride is vait for me—Vat a deal of pictures I have here unfiniſh'd, but no matter, I vil not paint to-day. (*calls*) Here—Yacob—my man Yacob!—Ah dis new ſarvant!—I ave him only two days, and he put all my affairs into confuſion, he is always ready too ſoon, or he is not ready at all; he underdoes, or he overdoes, (*calls*) Yacob!—No he vil not do for me.

Enter JACOB.

Hev, you Yacob, is dis coach not come?

Jacob. Not yet, Sir, and I deſired him to be here exactly at one.

Dun. One! and I deſired you to bid him come at eleven—when I give you a meſſage, mind always ſay my words exactly.

Jacob. Yes, Sir, I will Sir; but here Sir, my Lord is come; he ſays this is the day you appointed to take a fitting of him.

Dun. I will not draw any body's picture on my wedding day; ſo he may take his ugly face ſomewhere elſe.

Jacob. (*goes to the door, and ſpeaks loud*) My Lord you may take your ugly face ſomewhere elſe.

Dun. Sacre loot!—Vat you talk dat vay to my patrons?

Jacob. Why, Sir, was'nt that ſpeaking your words exactly. There's my Lady Frinſmere below ſtairs too, ſhe wants to ſit.

Dun. Let her ſit in the great chair below, and when ſhe's tired of ſitting, let her waddle off.

Jacob. (*calling at the entrance*) My lady ſit below

low in the great chair, and when you're tired, waddle off.

Dun. De devil! vat you mean? let my cuſtomers alone, ſince you can't talk good manners to dem—

(*A knocking without—Jacob going*)

ſtop (*in a low tone*) it that's Captain Lillo, don't ſay I'm at home.

Jacob. (*whiſpering*) I won't, I won't Sir.

[*Exit.*

Dun He wants to be my brideſman, and I do not like Captains for my brideſmen.

Re-enter JACOB.

Jacob. (*in a low tone*) Sir, I told him what you bid me, and he's in the next room writing a card to leave for you.

Dun. What, what? I hate whiſpering.

Jacob. (*very loud*) Sir, Captain Lillo's in the next room, and I told him you waſn't at home as you deſired me.

Dun. Huſh! de devil's in your tongue? How I am perplex'd, and vex'd at this time; but let me get out of de houſe—vy did you ſay I was at home to all deſe people?

Jacob. Why, lord Sir, one doeſ'nt know what to do with you! I don't know when to tell lies, nor when to tell truth.

Dun. Mind Yacob, tell lies to all de world, but truth to your maſter.

Jacob. I ſhall Sir.

Dun. Here fetch my wig, don't break my pipe—dere, dat vill do; Yacob, I make a tolerable tuiſk Bridegroom, eh! I tink I look very well to-day.

Jacob. Indeed Sir, day or night, you look frightful always.

Dun. Eh, duijgenniét! vat you ſay ſuch a rude ting to me for?

Jacob. You bid me always ſpeak truth to my maſter.

Dun. Yes, but you ſhould not be ſo ready with your tongue.

Jacob. I won't Sir, I hear the coach ſtop.

Dun. De coach! come den, I muſt light a freſh pipe to take vid me, mind, have a guard over your ſpeech; you ſhould tink three times before you ſpeak once.

(*lights his pipe and ſtands near the candle.*)

Jacob. I ſhall Sir, I think once, I think twice, I think three times,—your wig's on fire.

Dun. (*ſtrikes him*) Ah, you ſcoundrel! you raſcal!

Jacob. Help, fire, murder.

[*Exeunt Jacob running, Dunderman purſuing.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter OTHO.

Otho. (*looking about*) So, my dear Jaquelette I find is gone to live in ſarvis! but where, is the thing I want to know—Oh, what joy it is to a body after travelling all over the world, wet and dry, to come home again to the place where one is born in; every thing ſeems ſo comfortable and ſo quiet.

Jacob. (*without*) Help, fire, murder!

Enter

Enter JACOB.

Otho. And ſo peaceable.

Jacob. Oh, he has broke my bones!

Otho. I'm ſo happy—the fight.——

Jacob. His wig is burn'd, though.

Otho. It warms my heart.

Jacob. (*ſtops ſhort and looks with ſurpriſe*) Is that Otho?

Otho. Is that Jacob?

Jacob. You rogue of all rogues, where have you been theſe ſeven years? (*they ſhake hands.*)

Otho. You dear ſcoundrel, how do you do?

Jacob. We had it here that you were dead. Well but do you follow your trade now?

Otho. Trade! I am a genius! travell'd in Rome, Campagnia, Venice, Loretto and Freſco—Studied crumbling urns, old walls, marble and mortar,—Oh, the Cabinets and Galleries, Green Copper Medals, and Stone-headed Cæſars! I left Antwerp a Blackſmith, and I am come home a Painter.

Jacob. A Painter!

Otho. I am, and ſo is my Maſter.

Jacob. Ha, ha, ha! oh, your Maſter's a painter?

Otho. He! why yes,—bleſs his dear heart! to be ſure after I grind the beautiful colours, upon an elegant marble ſlab, and mixes them with a thin bladed knife of temper'd ſteel, upon a ſhining oval mahogony board, the poor gentleman my maſter takes and runs his thumb through it, rubs the colours about with hogs briſtles, and then there, flap daſh, he daubs upon a ſquare piece of coarſe linen, and perhaps ſometimes makes out trees, clouds, blue mountains, rivers, dirty cottages,

tages, ſpotted cows and ſuch like nonſenſe, and then if any body ſits upon a chair before him, he makes out ſomething that every body takes for a face, and then the people give him fifty or a hundred ducats for a yard of canvaſs, but it's all only becauſe he has daub'd my colours upon it.

Jacob. Ah, if you come to that, I'm as good a genius as yourſelf.

Otho. You!

Jacob. In the grinding way.

Otho. No!

Jacob. Ay! why I live with a painter too.

Otho. Indeed!

Jacob. Yes indeed, and my maſter by his daubing gets a fine wife to day.

Enter DUNDERMAN.

Dun. Vat you tell me of coach you villain! ha, ſacre locth! you've order'd no coach!—now I muſt uſe my feet. (*kicks Jacob.*)

Jacob. I wiſh you'd uſe your feet ſome other way.

Dun. And now as I have no coach, I muſt only fly upon the wings of loſe.

(*puts his pipe in his mouth, and Exit with deliberation.*)

Jacob. (*pauſes looking after him*) Mind, I diſcharge you—you're no more a matter of mine, I turn you off, ſo provide for yourſelf.

Otho. Ha, ha, ha! I beg your pardon, but I can't help laughing, your maſter did lift up his leg ſo comical. Ha, ha, ha! If my maſter dare to kick me, I'd give him ſuch a rammacle.

Enter

Enter QUINTIN.

Quin. What are you prating here you raſcal, and I've been waiting for you this half-hour.

Otho. Sir, I was aſking this gentleman—how the day went.

Quin. (*ſtrikes him*) Take that you idle miſcreant, and never dare to come where I am.

[*Exit.*

Otho. (*calling after him*) Mind, I turn you off ſo provide for yourſelf young man.

Jacob. Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing, your maſter did lift up his leg ſo comical. Ha, ha, ha! "If my maſter dare'd to kick me, I'd give "him ſuch a rammacle." (*mimicking Otho*)

Otho. Keep your mouth ſhut, you've as ugly a ſet of teeth, as ever I ſaw.

Jacob. So now I'm my own maſter.

Otho. And I am my own ſervant, let me ſee how I could domineer over myſelf.—Here, you raſcal Otho—Go, get drunk you dog. (*altering his voice*) I ſhall, pleaſe your honor. Oh, I like my new maſter prodigiouſly.

Jacob. Never thought my Dutchman was ſo nimble at the hoof.

Otho. My maſter too is only a Blackſmith as well as myſelf; this time nine years wheedled me over to Rome with him. I don't know how he has manag'd it, but he has contrived to make himſelf a great painter, and me his ſerving man. (*bows where Quintin went off*)—Thank you good Maſter Quintin Matſys—that's his real name, though the fellow calls himſelf Floris.

Jacob. What, is that the great Floris? Zountiſiſh, the moſt capital Painter!—I've a thought

—oh,

—oh, ſuch revenge upon our two maſters!—have you ever a picture painted by that Floris.

Otho. Eh! Why, yes; we've left a fine picture of two old Miſers at the Cuſtom Houſe.

Jac. That'll do, come along my boy; I've the moſt precious ſcheme in my pate.

Otho. What!

Jacob. Say no more.

Otho. I never was good at a ſcheme.

Jacob. It ſhall get you a fine girl, and a deal of money, and I touch half. Tol, lol. (*ſings*)

Otho. Tol, lol, lol. (*ſings; ſtops ſuddenly*) but why are we ſo merry now?

Jacob. Come, we'll ſettle it over a glaſs of Louvaine beer.

Otho. Eh! ſhall we?

Jacob. Yes, we'll bob our nimble footed maſters.

Otho. Hob nob, drink, come along.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

DIPEMBECK'S *Houſe.*

Enter ADELA *and* JAQUELETTE.

ADELA.

NO, Jaquelette, 'tisn't Dunderman's perſon or brutal manners, which are indeed as you ſay odious enough, that diſguſt me; but that all mankind, except my Quintin, are to me indifferent.

Jaq. Well, I vow, Madam, you're the very Phœnix of conſtancy! Your lover gone nine years—it's much about that time, ſince my roving blade, Otho, diſappear'd from Antwerp, and I have had twenty lovers ſince, though I vow, I never choſe one, and—excuſe compariſons, but my Otho was a Blackſmith too, the ſame trade as your Quintin.

Ade. Ay, Jaquelette, 'twas that trade, that vile trade, that my poor Quintin was put to, by his ſordid uncle; 'twas at that, my brother Al-

bert's pride took fire; 'twas that, and my father's enthuſiaſm for painting, that robb'd me of the ſweeteſt youth—the kindeſt—moſt tender—(*weeps*)

Jaq. Poor ſoul! (*crying*) My heart aches for you; if I wou'dn't give all the money I ever earn'd, to free you from this marriage; hang Dunderman, and his painting, and his own ugly picture.

Ade. Ay, Jaquelette, ſuch a contraſt! ſee, a ſketch I was making of Quintin, from memory. (*gives her a miniature*)

Jaq. (*weeping*) Dear, what a ſweet countenance—to loſe ſuch a charming! I vow I've drop'd a tear upon the face; I've waſh'd his eye out.

Dip. (*without*) Jaquelette! Jaquelette!

Jaq. Coming, Sir.—I'm ſorry I've put out the dear fellow's eye.—(*returns the picture*) Coming, Sir. [*Exit running.*

Enter ALBERT *and* QUINTIN, *the latter meanly dreſſed.*

Al. (*apart to Quintin*) There's my ſiſter, make uſe of your time.

Quin. Hold—what's my name?

Al. Quintin Matſys.

Quin. True.

Al. And to confirm her in this opinion, I'll go ſend my father in upon you both. [*Exit.*

Quin. (*aſide*) How my proud friend will ſtorm, when he finds I am really Quintin Matſys. Oh, Love, thou that haſt made me a painter, cloſe my labors with a ſweet reward, in the poſſeſſion of my Adela! my heart flutters, I tremble with awe—delight—how beautiful!

Ade.

Ade. Worlds would I give now for that ſketch of my Quintin, that my cruel brother deprived me of; but his dear image is engraven on my heart. (*Quintin unſeen lays his picture on the table before her*) Ha! is this Magic! or has ſome benignant power heard my prayer, and in pity reſtored—(*Quintin ſhews himſelf, ſhe ſhrieks and faints.*)

Quin. My Adela, my life, my ſoul, help! what has my folly done?

Dip. (*without*) My dear boy! my dear ſon Albert, you're come home in ſuch a joyful moment, to be preſent at your ſiſter's wedding.

Enter DIPEMBECK *and* ALBERT.

Al. But where is ſhe? my dear dear ſiſter! Eh!—What fellow's this?

Dip. Hey! what ſcoundrel are you?

Al. What buſineſs have you with my ſiſter?

Dip. What have you to do with my daughter?

Al. I ſee Adela you've recover'd the picture of that baſe born fellow!

Dip. But who is this!—Who is this fellow?

Al. (*comparing the picture with Quintin*) Hey! the very face! By heaven, Sir, this is!—(*looks at the picture again*) Pray friend, is not your name Quintin Matſys? (*Quintin bows*)

Dip. Quintin Matſys come back!—Oh, you villain—come here, Adela.

Ade. Nay, but dear father——

Dip. You my daughter! I diſcard you.

Ade. Brother!—

Al. I diſown you for a ſiſter.

Quin. Sir, are there no hopes, no means to obtain your favor?

Dip. Yes, you may obtain my favor, very eaſy too.

Quin. How, dear Sir? tell me.

Dip. Only be obliging enough to hang yourſelf for half an hour!—I'm in ſuch a paſſion!—Ay, girl, cry! If every tear was the Scheldt, a ſhower would not quench my rage.

Ade. A moment to reſtore my long loſt love and the ſame moment to be torn from his preſence.—Father—Brother—Quintin!

Dip. I'll Quintin you—get in there.

[*Exeunt, Dipembeck and Adela.*

Al. Victoria!—my ſiſter's yours!

Quin. Why, ſhe certainly don't ſuſpect me for any other than Quintin?

Al. Not in the leaſt, ſo her conſent is ſure.

Quin. Now, if the piece I ſhall ſend, does but gain your father's—

Al. Your picture of the miſers; that, that's the thing.

Quin. It's yet at the Cuſtom-Houſe.

Al. Send Otho inſtantly for it.

Quin. Hang the fellow, I muſt hire another ſervant, I can get no good of him; however, before the picture comes, mind you acquait your father, who I really am, introduce me to him as myſelf, out Dunderman goes, and my buſineſs is done.

Al. Charming!—but Floris, how do you like my ſiſter?

Quin. A Niobe! a Madona in the ſlight; a Virgin Magdalen veiled in innocence—But, her diſtreſs hurt me exceedingly.

Al.

Al. Pſha! you'll baſk in ſunſhine, after this ſhower.

Quin. But hold—wont your father remember me to be the ſame perſon, he was juſt now in ſuch a rage at finding in his houſe?

Al. No, no, your change of dreſs—the picture—your miſers, their beaming gold will play upon his twinklers—that's their center of attraction.

Quin. Well now from Quintin Matſys, the diſcarded Blackſmith, to Frans Floris, the happy Painter!

Al. But, my dear fellow—zounds! get along you infernal! (*puſhes him off*)

Re-enter DIPEMBECK.

Dip. That's right, Albert, turn the raſcal out; but, how did he get in?—Oh, what ſhall I do?—What ſhall I ſay to Mynheer Van Dunderman?

Al. Sir, you muſtn't think of Dunderman for a ſon in-law.

Dip. Not think?—But I will think of him.

Al. No, no.

Dip. What d'ye mean by that, you puppy?

Al. He muſtn't have a ſiſter of mine.

Dip. What, ſirrah, have I ſent you to Rome, at the expence of two thouſand florins a year, and have you learned only to thwart my favourite deſign, of giving her to a painter?

Al. My dear father be cool a moment, it's my reſpect to your favourite deſign—I have ſuch a huſband to recommend for my ſiſter.

Dip. Eh! why ſirrah, you're as bad as Adela.

Al.

Al. Such a Painter as I have brought with me —the Prince of Artiſts!

Dip. What, a great Painter?

Al. Accompanied me from Rome, a diſciple of Leona do de Vinci.

Dip. Indeed!—a great maſter!—Eh, Albert?

Al. A ſoul fired by genius; a mind expanded by ſcience—but I'll ſay no more, let his works ſpeak for him.

Dip. His works! Oh, Lord, ſhall I ſee his works?—Science!—ha, boy, you ſhall ſee a work your father has compleated while you were away —I'll ſhew you a lecture on the Clara Obſcura— —but here comes Van Dunderman.

Enter DUNDERMAN.

Dun. Mynheer Dipembeck, is your daughter ready to be married to me?

Dip. (*Apart to Albert*) Eh, Albert, is this other ſuch a very great Painter?

Al. (*apart*) I expect a picture of his here every moment.

Dip. (*apart*) Hem! Huſh!—Van Dunderman, will you wait a few minutes?

Dun. Oh, I'm in no hurries.

Enter JACOB.

Vat you come for Yacob?

Jacob. Hem!—Sir, my maſter, the moſt capital painter that ever bruſhed canvas.——

Dip. Well, we all know your maſter is very great.

Dun. Yes, 'tis well known I'm very great.

Jacob.

Jacob. Yes, Sir, I ſay, my maſter hearing of your beautiful daughter's great beauty, has ſent me to let you know——

Dun. I ſend you!

Jacob That he'd be glad to marry her.

Dip Well, we all know that already.

Jacob. And to prove himſelf worthy of your favour, as a ſpecimen of his great abilities, he has ſent by me, his favourite picture of the two miſers.

Dun. De Devil!—What miſer is this?

Al. (*aſide*) So, Floris has got a new ſervant already

Jacob. And moreover he hopes——

Dun. Vat meſſage is dis you're giving before my face, and dat I did never ſend?

Jacob. Hold your tongue Dunderman, you're nobody now a- ays. (*calls off*) Bring in the picture. (*the picture of the miſers brought in.*)

Dip. Oh, beautiful!—Oh, delightful!—moſt excellent!

Al. (*aſide*) Ay, 'tis Floris!—There, Sir, look—you ſee what an artiſt my friend is.

Dip. Oh, then, this is the perſon, you were ſpeaking of?

Al. Yes, Sir, (*apart*) Do diſmiſs Dunderman, in as delicate a manner as you can.

Dip. Delicate! I will in the Dutch way—Dunderman, you may go home.

Al. I think you may as well, indeed Mynheer.

Jacob. Go Dunderman; go home.

Dun. I did come to marry your daughter!—(*throws a look of vexation at the picture.*) But if you're buſy, I'm in no hurries, ſo I will go home and finiſh Maſſrow Lady Frinsmere.

[*Exit, ſtalking ſlowly.*

Dip.

Dip. Ay troop, you get no daughter of mine indeed Mynheer; but pray friend is the Painter of this Picture coming?

Jacob. Sir, he'll be here in five minutes. (*goes to the door, looks out, and calls ſoftly*) Otho, Otho! What keeps the raſcal! I'm afraid I've let him drink too much—If I can but paſs him here for the painter of this picture, and he marries the lady, and we ſnack her fortune! (*aſide*)

[*Exit.*

Al. Now, dear Sir, receive my friend handſomely—A capital maſter, I promiſe you.—So, I'll leave Floris to ſpeak for himſelf, and prepare Adela, for her approaching felicity. (*aſide*)

[*Exit.*

Dip. Oh, how I long to ſee this admirable, this great man!

Otho. (*without*) What, did you get my fine big picture up theſe little narrow ſtairs?

Dip. His fine big picture!—Yes, this is he; this is the great maſter; he ſhall have her; he ſhall marry my daughter this day.

Enter OTHO, *dreſſed.*

Otho. (*bows*) Sir!

Dip. Sir, you're wellcome; I preſume you are——

Otho. You're right, I am ſo, I'm now the greateſt Painter in this world.

Dip. (*aſide*) You might let other people ſay that.—Sir, this ſpecimen of your work, (*looking at the picture*) I muſt ſay is a maſter piece.

Otho. My maſter's piece!—It's my piece.

Dip. Your maſter!

Otho.

Otho. Yes, Sir, that is, the man that—that taught me, I call him my maſter, becauſe I was his ſcholar.

Dip. A very good reaſon, Sir.

Otho. Yes Sir, I am a very great man, and yet I have ſo much modeſty, that, I aſſure you, I never boaſt or talk of it.

Dip. I ſee you're very modeſt.

Otho. In Italy, Sir, I and Michael Angelo, carry all before us.

Dip. Indeed!

Otho. Yes, poor Mick is a decent——

Dip. Decent!

Otho. That is, he has a knack.

Dip. Yes, Sir, he has a knack of being the beſt painter now living.

Otho. What do you talk, Sir!—Beſt!—You forget I and Appelles.

Dip. I acknowledge your merit, Sir; but if you mean the Grecian, that is, Alexander's Apelles, he happened to die ſome eighteen hundred years ago.

Otho. Alexander Apelles!—I thought you meant my friend Tom Apelles, of Boisleduc.

Dip. (*looking out*) There, Sir, thoſe Buſts are Angelo's works.

Otho. Buſts!—Oh, the Heads yonder?

Dip. A marble Vitellius and Galba; the Plaiſter caſt is an Otho.

Otho. A me!

Dip. An Otho.

Otho. O, ho!

Dip. That, that's my favourite head.

Otho. Yes, Sir, Otho's head is a great favourite of mine too—but what ſignifies them things,

look at my pictures and admire, there's the grand guſto.

Dip. Admirable I confeſs, great expreſſion! rich, warm colouring.

Otho. Yes, Sir, you know miſers are rich, warm fellows, he, he, he!

Dip. I dare ſay Sir, you've perform'd many great works abroad.

Otho. Great! let the palaces and churches of Italy ſpeak for me; I painted fifteen cathedrals, inſide and outſide.

Dip. Outſide!

Otho. Oh, yes, Sir, that is in my landſcape views, all ſo natural; ſuppoſing a cathedral happens to ſtand behind a mountain, or a cottage behind a cathedral, or an aſs behind a cottage, it's all one to me.

Dip. You've a very clear ſight, if you can ſee a cottage or an aſs through a cathedral.

Otho. All from my proſpective Sir, my great ſkill in proſpective. I'll ſhew you; now here, ſuppoſe I've my pencil ready, this here chair is a cathedral, (*places a chair between him and Dipembeck*)—there, now you're an aſs. So here I.—

Dip. Stay, my good Sir, as this chair is not a cathedral, nor I quite an aſs, your example is needleſs. I admire your coloring, but pray do you work in diſtemper.

Otho. No, Sir, I never touch pencil when I find myſelf ill.

Dip. I'll. (*aſide*) For ſo great a man, he's ſtrangely ignorant.

Otho. (*aſide*) I don't half like theſe queſtions; —Sir, let's come to the point, I ſuppoſe that my picture

picture here, has won your daughter, ſo, with your good conſent, let's have the wedding at once.

Dip. (*aſide*) Hey! he's very ſmart upon it, I'll ſee him do ſomething, I'll try his hand upon my picture, that Dunderman's doing. Sir, here's a piece that a celebrated artiſt has in hand, (*points to an unfiniſh'd portrait on an eaſil*) glad of your opinion Sir

Otho. Clever, a great likeneſs!

Dip. Very generous of you, Sir, to praiſe the works of your rival in love and fame.

Otho. (*aſide*) My rival, oh, oh. Vaſtly like indeed, yet upon a ſecond look, 'tis rather too black for the hangman of Duſſeldorp.

Dip. The hangman of Duſſeldorp! why, lord, Sir, that's done for me!—Dear Sir, do pray give it a touch of your pencil—here's a palette ready ſet.

Otho. (*aſide*) Oh lord, now I ſhall be found out!—Touch! no, Sir, give me leave to talk to you—Theory, my dear Sir, is the grand work—mere practice is only emblematical mazarienes; for when your vermillion comes to touch up your chin, like ultramarine, with a fitch dipped in pulverized attitudes; and that's the reaſon that in our florentine ſchool, to diſplay the true grace of relievo in a ſombre compoſition of Moſaic gamboge, we beautifully foreſhorten our apotheoſiſtical pedeſtals, and then grinding—you've a fine Roman chin.

Dip. Sir, this is all very fine, but I'd like to ſee a little upon the canvaſs, (*offers him the palette and pencil*)

Otho. What Sir! give my abilities to ſupport another man's fame? a marble pillar prop a hog-ſtye!—Sir I muſt not, cannot do it. (*traverſes*)

Dip. (*following him*) Sir, you'll oblige me—I requeſt.

Otho. Oh, Sir, to oblige you—(*takes the palette and pencils*).

Dip. Here Sir, I ſit here; but never mind that Sir, place me as you pleaſe.

Otho. There Sir, your elbow up; very well; your chin out; look pretty; prettier.

Dip. I can't look prettier than I am.

Otho. (*places him*) Now for your attitude.

Dip. Eh! this is a very crooked ſort of attitude.

Otho. Yes, Sir, nothing like grace. (*looking at Dipembeck, having placed him in an awkward diſtorted poſition*) Now for it. (*ſtands at ſome diſtance, looks alternately on Dipembeck and the picture*)

Enter JACOB.

Jacob. (*aſide*) Hey, my Blackſmith has got to work, but I'll give him a lift, (*ſpeaks to the picture*) Sir, I fancy there's a gentleman wants you below ſtairs.

Dip. I'm buſy.

Jacob. (*looking at Dipembeck*) Bleſs me! what a miſtake; I abſolutely thought Sir, when I ſaw the picture, I was talking to you.

Dip. Eh, that's a deception indeed!

Otho. Yes, Sir, you ſee the magic power of my pencil; hold Sir, your head a little this way; (*turns him round by the ear*)

Dip. Ah!

Otho.

Otho. Not ſo much, a little to the left.

Jacob. (*pulling Dipembeck round by the other ear*) will that do, Sir?

Dip. Zounds! What's that for?

Jacob. Oh, Sir, this is part of my buſineſs.

Dip. What to pull my ear off? you never did ſo with your old maſter, Dunderman.

Jacob. Yes, Sir, but conſider he's Flemiſh—this is the Italian ſchool; my new maſter's mode of ſettling the features.

Dip. Between you both you'll ſoon ſettle my features—but get on.

Otho. Yes, Sir. (*apart to Jacob*) relieve me inſtantly, or I give up the game.

Jacob. (*apart*) Daub on, I will.

Dip. Havn't you made that cheek there too red?

Otho. No, Sir, it's your cheek is too pale. Jacob, mind your buſineſs.

Jacob. Yes, Sir, (*ſtrikes Dipembeck on the cheek*)

Dip. What's that for you ſcoundrel?

Jacob. To give you a roſy colour, Sir; another part of my buſineſs—I always ſtand by for that purpoſe.

Dip. Colour!

Jacob. Maſter, look, what a beautiful bloom I've brought—now for your vermillion! a bluſh like the gills of a turkey cock.

Dip. Get along you ſcoundrel, out of the room! I'll bluſh you black and blue. [*Exit Jacob.*

Otho. There, Sir, ſit down again, till I take your head off.

Dip. Take my head off!

Otho. Yes, Sir, now I muſt finiſh you.

Dip. Finiſh me!

Otho.

Otho. Yes, Sir; ſo look good humour'd, and ſit down again.

Dip. (*looking at the picture*) The devil! what's all this? ruin'd!

Otho. Sir, I was ſo alarm'd, fearing that unlucky dog might do your beautiful face ſome prejudice, my hand trembled ſo, that I—ſit down.

Dip. No, no, do you ſit down now, and I'll read you my grand lecture upon the clara obſcura. (*aſide*) I've tried him in practice—now for his theory.—(*looks at his watch*) It's now only—yes, we've four hours to dinner.

Otho. (*aſide*) So, he has me on another tack. (*ſits*)

Dip. Sir, ſome vertuoſi, my friends, have honor'd this little treatiſe, (*opens a large folio manuſcript*) with their approbation, which I wiſh confirm'd by the opinion of ſo great a man.

Otho. (*yawns*) This Louvaine beer makes one intollerably drowſy.

Dip. Where's my ſpectacles!—(*Puts them on and reads*) "When a man begins a work of this na-"ture, what would an auditor of any judgment "ſay?"

Otho. Why, he'd ſay, hold your prate.

Dip. What!

Otho. Get on.

Dip. (*reads*) "Thus muſic may be compared "to painting, for both contain harmony and tone." (*Otho falls aſleep*) "And when our ears are ra-"viſh'd with ſweet and melodious ſounds." (*Otho ſnores*) Aſleep—here's an artiſt! here's reſpect for the clara obſcura—fall aſleep at my grand lecture!—what, is this Albert's fine painter? is this

this one of his jeſts, to recommend this ſot as a huſband for his ſiſter?—Would Dunderman ſnore at my lecture? Not he—Yes, he ſhall have Adela; he ſhall, and here he comes.

Enter DUNDERMAN.

Welcome, welcome, neighbour—Hey, Jaquelette! (*calls*)

Dun. Mynheer, I'm told that you won't give your daughter to me, and that you're going to marry her to anoder Artiſt, and ſo I am come to ſmoke a friendly pipe at de wedding.

Dip. Very cool and friendly for a lover.—You ſhall, and at your own wedding too; d'ye think I ever thought of giving my daughter to any body elſe but you, my dear friend!

Dun. Vat den! Shall I have Yaffrow Adela?

Dip. You ſhall my boy.

Dun. Oh, very well. (*looking at the picture*) Take my ſoul! who has ſpoiled my painting here? (*Otho ſnores*)

Dip. That ſprightly youth, he did the job; but come along to my daughter. (*going*)

Enter JAQUELETTE.

Jaq. Did you want me, Sir?

Dip. Eh! Oh, ay, tell my daughter to come here—though, ſtay; ſhe ſhant come near this ſpark.—Where is ſhe Jaquelette?

Jaq, In her own room, Sir.

Dip. Then come along Mynheer. [*Exit.*

Dun. You are villain, to ſpoil my work.

(*Strikes Otho, and Exit.*

Otho.

Otho. (*wakes, feels his cheek, then looks at Jaquelette*) You've a hard little hand, but let us try your lips, my love?

Jaq. (*aſide*) My run-away, ſcape grace Otho! and the fool doeſn't know me.

Otho. I'll revenge with ſuch a volley of kiſſes, that the good report of me ſhall go ſmack from room to room, in a thouſand amourous echoes, and ſet every female mouth a watering.

(*offers to kiſs her.*)

Jaq. You're very free, whoever you are, you ſha'n't I tell you.

Otho. I ſhall, will, can, and muſt.

Jaq. You ſha'n't.

Otho. I will have you.

[*Exeunt Jaquelette and Otho.*

Re-enter DIPEMBECK.

Dip. You will have her! Ay, there they run —fine goings on!—you Jaquelette, (*looks out*) See, ſee, they'll throw down the Buſt! (*a noiſe without;* Ay, they've done it, my Otho's in twenty pieces.

Enter JACOB.

Jacob. Has my Maſter done Sir?

Dip. Yes, and he has undone! he has broke my head.

Jacob. Broke your head! oh, dear.

Dip. (*bewailing*) Otho! Otho!

Jacob. Otho!—O, then the ſtupid rogue's found out; but where's Otho now, Sir.

Dip. Lying on the floor yonder.

Jacob. Ah, the drunken raſcal!

Dip. I muſt pick him up.

Jacob. Oh Sir—I'll ſoon get him on his legs.

[*Exit.*

Dip. Get a buſt upon his legs! ſuch a maſter, and man.

Enter ALBERT.

Al. What's the matter Sir—where's my friend?

Dip. Get out of my houſe, you and your friend.

Al. Sir!

Dip. I ſay, Sirrah, how dare you bring ſuch a perſon under my roof?

Al. What, Sir, don't you find his merit equal to——

Dip. Merit! yes, nature indeed has thrown away her gifts upon him;—but, Sir, did you imagine that my paſſion for painting had abſorb'd all my ſenſes for every thing elſe? this your fiery genius, and ſcientific mind?

Al. Sir, I don't underſtand you.

Dip. A reſpectable ſon-in-law you've recommended.

Al. Don't you find him ſo, Sir?

Dip. Find him ſo, Sir? what a fellow that could fall aſleep at my lecture upon the Clara Obſcura—take my picture for the Hangman of Duſſeldorp—and here now, only I come in at the nick, was going to play the devil with poor Jaquelette.

Al. Floris do all this?

Dip. Come to viſit my daughter, and not five minutes here, before he and her maid get running after one another, like Daphne and Apollo.

Al. This behaviour, Sir, is ſo inconſiſtent with his former conduct, I'm ſo much amaz'd.

Dip. Well, none of your amazes, but get him out—take him—kick him out, or out you go together, for a pair of impudent profligates.

Al. My dear father, moderate your anger; if he's capable of rudeneſs, I'm much deceived in him. Ha, ha ha! you know, you're apt to be a little odd ſometimes. I ſuppoſe my friend had a mind to amuſe himſelf, with your humour; but however I'll inſtantly find him, and know the meaning of all this. [*Exit.*

Dip. (*looking out*) Oh, here he comes again, and Jaquelette too—very gracious indeed—oh, yes; ay to be ſure, kiſs!—upon my word! very well; here they are—I'll ſee what they'd be at. [*retires.*

Enter OTHO *and* JAQUELETTE.

Jaq. But tell me, Otho, ah! you were always ſuch an arch one! In your rovings, did you think of your poor Jaquelette?

Otho. Jaquelette, my ſweet girl; fine women I have certainly ſeen, and a very fine man you ſee I am now myſelf, but tho' I travell'd about —and—and round about, through ſeas and foreſts, and towns, and—little lanes, yet, your bright eye was my northern ſtar, and the compaſs of my pole.

Jaq. But why won't you tell me, what brings you into this houſe?

Otho. Oh, I'm upon a great point.

Jaq. How!

Otho. The point of being married.

Jaq. Then, My dear Otho, I find you'll take no denial. I ſee you will have me.

Otho. (*aſide*) No, I won't.

Jaq. You'll ſoon be my lord and maſter.

Otho. (*aſide*) Yes, when I marry your miſtreſs.

Jaq. Indeed, indeed I can't refuſe you.

Otho.

Otho. Thus after a long voyage, I bring my cargo ſafe to the port of Love, and thus I pay the duty. (*going to kiſs her*)

Dip. (*advances*) Pay duty! Egad it looks very like ſmuggling though; Hey! you Jade!—what do you mean by all this?

Jaq. No harm, Sir.

Otho. No, Sir, we won't hurt one another.

Dip. But huſſey, do you know who you've got there?

Otho. (*aſide*) Ah, now I ſhall be blown.

Jaq. Do I know! yes, Sir, it's only a young man——

Otho. (*apart*) Huſh, I'm not a young man!

Jaq. A very honeſt lad.

Otho. (*apart*) Be quiet! I'm not an honeſt lad.

Dip. Why girl! he's the Artiſt, that is——

Jaq. By trade, a Blackſmith.

Dip. A Blackſmith!

Otho. (*aſide*) Ah, it's all out! [*retires.*

Dip. What, the great Painter! (*calls*) Here, Albert, you Albert.

Re-enter ALBERT.

Sirrah, did you want to impoſe upon me, or have you been impos'd upon yourſelf?

Al. Sir!

Dip. Why here you're going to introduce another Blackſmith into my family.

Al. Me!

Dip. Yes, your great Painter!

Al. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter QUINTIN, (*dreſs'd*).

Otho. (*aſide*) My maſter! then all's over.

Al. Why, Floris, my father here is deceiv'd in you as well as Adela; he will have it too, that you're the Blackſmith. Ha, ha, ha!

Dip. What's the puppy at now? Who's this?

Quin. Then my intent is anticipated!—I don't know how this work of mine got here, (*looking at the picture*) but I had hopes that ſuch a proof of what I am, might obliterate the memory of what I have been.

Dip. This picture a work of yours? (*turning to Otho*) Then who are you, you dog, that have been pulling my ears about?

Otho. Meaning me, Sir! (*to Quintin*) Oh, my dear Sir, my kind, good Maſter, how glad I am to find you.

Quin. What have you been about here, Sirrah?—and this picture——

Otho. (*looking at it with affected ſurpriſe*) Bleſs me!

Quin. How came it here?

Otho. (*to Dipembeck*) Ay, ſpeak—how came it here?

Quin. You've been at ſome roguery. (*to Otho*)

Otho. (*to Dipembeck*) Yes, you certainly have been at ſome roguery.

Dip. (*to Otho*) You're a very comical fellow.

Otho. I ſay he is not a comical fellow——

Quin. (*to Otho*) Come, no ſhuffling.

Otho. (*to Dipembeck*) Ay, none o'your ſhuffling—ſtand ſtill, till I tell what I know of this affair; Sir, you ſaw the fellow that I was talking

to

to in the ſtreet this morning when you did me the honor of—(*lifts up his leg*)—that very lad—Jacob his name, I left here in Antwerp, as honeſt a boy—But here, Sir, I find him on my coming home, an errant thief—about an hour ago Sir thinking of no more harm than a babe, ſays I to myſelf, I think I'll ſhave; taking up my razor in the right hand——

Quin. What's all this to the picture?

Otho. Yes, Sir, at that inſtant, Sir, in came this rogue Jacob——

Enter JACOB.

Opens his villainous ſcheme——

Jacob. Oho!

Otho. But ſays I, puſhing him out, as I might this young man; go away, ſays I, for this may be a hanging matter. (*puſhes Jacob out*) And to be ſure, to get him ſafe out of the houſe I was reſolv'd to follow him; thinking it beſt to get off, I mean to get him off, ſo, I—went—out—down—(*getting to the door by degrees*) [*Exit. ſuddenly.*

Dip. (*after a pauſe*) Well? Eh! he is down (*looks out*) and I fancy out too.

Al. Ha, ha, ha,—what father, was it Otho you've been telling me of?

Dip. I don't know what you mean by Otho—but that is the Cathedral painter, inſide and outſide.

Al. Ha, ha, ha!—Why Sir—this (*pointing to Quintin*)—this is my friend.

Dip. What, are you the painter of this picture? (*Quintin bows*) Oh this is ſomething like the ſon-in-law I wiſh'd for—Enough—my daughter is your's.

Al.

Al. Floris, I give you joy—as my ſiſter ſuppoſes you to be her lover Quintin, you've no difficulty there.

Quin. She's right Albert, I now baniſh the idea with ſcorn of obtaining her by a fraud, tho' without her I cannot exiſt—I am really her lover, Quintin Matſys.

Al. How!

Quin. My dear Albert, I found by your pride of birth your prejudice ſo ſtrong againſt me, that I judged as myſelf, your conſent I never ſhould obtain—Therefore excuſe the deception, I——

Dip. Never mind him, ſay ſomething to me.

Quin. (*turning to Dipembeck*) Sir, when but a poor blackſmith, forgetting my humble ſtation, I aſpired to your daughter's heart—you, Sir, declared you'd give her to none but a painter.—Love lent me induſtry to apply, genius to excel, and the hope that my Adela might be one day the bright reward, ſweeten'd all my labours.

Dip. Then you ſhall never loſe by a truth, what you might have gained by a falſehood—You deſerve my daughter, and you ſhall have her.

Enter ADELA *and* DUNDERMAN.

Here Adela—take your blackſmith.

Adela. My dear Quintin—my kind father!

Dun. I ſmoke dis affair. (*puts his pipe in his mouth*)

Dip. Then go ſmoke ſomewhere elſe?

Al. Quintin, I bluſh for my ridiculous pride, and ſhall now think myſelf honor'd by your alliance.

Dip.

Dip. Ha, ha, ha!—this is ſtrange!—ſo you threw by the hammer and took up the pencil,—but with your leave, your picture here I'll preſent to an Engliſh nobleman now in Antwerp, who is collecting pictures for Windſor caſtle.

Quin. And as love could change a blackſmith into a painter, let lovers of ſucceeding ages, when they look on my picture of the miſers, ſay with the Painter of Antwerp: Love overcomes all things.

THE END.

THE

POSITIVE MAN.

IN TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

IN 1784.

THE MUSICK BY MR. MICHAEL ARNE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Toby Tacit,	Mr. QUICK.
Rupee,	Mr. EDWIN.
Captain Bellcamp,	Mr. WHITFIELD.
Lake,	Mr. BOOTH.
Grog,	Mr. LEE LEWIS.
Maurice,	Mr. MAHON.
Sterne,	Mr. FEARON.
Quid,	Mr. LEE.
Cable,	Mrs. KENNEDY.
Lady Tacit,	Mrs. WEBB.
Cornelia,	Mrs. MARTYR.
Florimel,	Mrs. INCHBALD.
Nancy,	Mrs. WILSON.

SCENE, *London.*

THE

POSITIVE MAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

St. James's Park.

Enter Captain BELLCAMP *and Servant.*

CAPT. BELLCAMP.

HERE, Robert!

Serv. Sir.

Capt. B. Deſire my man to ſee the baggage removed from the hotel.

Serv. Yes. Sir. [*Exit.*

Capt. B. Is not this my friend——

Enter LAKE.

Ha! my dear Lake!

Lake. Captain Bellcamp! Welcome to England; when did you arrive?

Capt. B. Not eight hours ago. But my lovely Cornelia——

Lake. I ſhall ſee Miſs Tacit this morning.

Capt. B. My Cornelia?

Lake. I ſaid Miſs Tacit. In half an hour, Lady Tacit ſits to me.

Capt. B. My comely mother-in-law that is to be.

Lake. That is not to be. (*aſide*) You had better not viſit there immediately.

Capt. B. Why? has any thing happen'd during my abſence to—is Cornelia—ſpeak.

Lake. Cornelia, to-morrow, is to be wedded to another.

Capt. B. Another! Is it poſſible—can ſhe be falſe?

Lake. No, no, you wrong her—her heart is as true to you as you can wiſh.

Enter MAURICE.

Mau. Oh Maſter! I—Mr. Lake! by the word of a traveller, I'm glad to ſee your honour.

Lake. I thank you, Maurice. Bellcamp, yonder goes your rival.

Capt. B. What that tawdry ſpark!

Lake. Yes, that's young Rupee.

Capt. B. He ſhall reſign her, I'll oblige him to it.

Mau. Don't do any thing to oblige him, Sir; but if you pleaſe, I'll juſt walk over, and decently knock him down.

Lake. Stop! Have a care—no quarrels here, Maurice.

Mau. Quarrel! I know my diſtance. I make ſo free as to affront a gentleman! No, no, I'd only

only handſomely knock him down, and then leave my maſter to quarrel with him.

Capt. B. Who is that ſea-faring looking man, arm in arm with him?

Lake. That, Sir, is Tom Grog; formerly belonged to the Royal Navy, but ſince, acquiring a tolerable fortune in the Eaſt-Indies, under Rupee's father, he is moſt gratefully attach'd to the ſon; tho' ſuch a whimſical contraſt, they are conſtant companions.

Capt. B. A whimſical contraſt indeed.

Lake. Yes, Rupee the Beau, dances Tom Grog, the Tar, to every place of faſhionable reſort at this end of the town: and the Man of War convoys the Indiaman from the Gun at Billingsgate, to the Artichoak at Blackwall. They are now at a picture-ſale in Pall Mall, preſently to ſee a ſhip launch'd at Portſmouth: to-night they may be ſeen ſliding the promenade at Soho, and to-morrow, ſmoaking a ſegar at the Anchor in Wapping.

Capt. B. A Greyhound and a Maſtiff coupled.

Mau. By the word of a traveller, a ſea-gull and a jack-daw might as well put their horſes together.

Capt. B. But what did you want, Maurice?

Mau. Faith, Sir, I wanted only—oh, I thought your honor might want this card that Mr. Lake left at the lodgings juſt now; I brought it along with me, but forgot it on the table—but now that he is here, he may deliver it to you himſelf by word of mouth. [*Exit.*

Capt. B. My dear Lake, you're going to Sir Toby Tacit's: will you convey a few lines from me to Cornelia?

Lake.

Lake. With pleaſure—but come, courage captain; what a ſoldier, and afraid!

Capt. B. Oh, my dear Lake, to loſe the field when I thought I had only to claim the triumph of victory. [*Exeunt.*

Enter RUPEE *and* GROG.

Grog. Avaſt, d'ye ſee, you ſteer right in the wind's eye.

Rup. Pardon me, pardon me, dear Tom Grog.

Grog. Your brain is ſhoal-water d'ye ſee, and you come bump upon the rock of nonſenſe.

Rup. But, my good friend, a coach is a vehicle out of your element—Ha, ha, ha! A coach, built by a ſhip carpenter; I ſuppoſe you'd have a Lion for your coachman, apropos, I loſt ten rouleaus at an E. O. Table laſt night—Oh, but Tom, you accompany me to Ranelagh?

Grog. A bargain; and remember you take a meridian with me at the Three Jolly Sailors.

Rup. Meridian! Apropos, we are to be at the Maſquerade next Thurſday night; do you go in a domino?

Grog. I'll go in a coach.

Rup. Pſha! take me, Tom.

Grog. I wiſh, if you'll come.

Rup. Still wrong—Underſtand me, I mean what dreſs?

Grog. Dreſs! Oh I'll ſail to the Pantheon as a Britiſh ſeaman.

Rup. Oh there's no diſguiſe in that—now I'll go like a fool.

Grog. Not much diſguiſe in that either.

Rup. Apropos—I am to ſee Signor Squalini, the

the opera ſinger preſently at the Orange Coffee houſe; Tom, will you meet me at the Orange, over a diſh of coffee?

Grog. Damn the Orange and coffee!. I'll meet you at the Cannon, over a diſh of gunpowder.

Enter QUID, *croſſing.*

Quid. Oh, Maſter Thomas, ſhan't we take a facer in the evening at the Blue Anchor?

Grog. Stop, you Quid, ſing my friend Rupee, my favorite chaunt about little Nan.

AIR.—QUID.

What ſhould Sailors do on ſhore,
Kiſs the Girls and toſs the Can;
When the Cannons ceaſe to roar,
Sweet the voice of ſmiling Nan.
Love the boatſwain's whiſtle blows,
Pipes all hands to pleaſure, boys;
'Round the joyous bumper flows,
Beauty then compleats our joys.

Bring me firſt a ſpacious Bowl,
Deeper than can plummet ſound;
Give me next a generous Soul,
That in loving knows no bound.
Flowing ever let it be,
If the tide good liquor prove;
Then my hearts let's keep to Sea,
Sailing with the Girls we love.

Nancy is my true-love's name,
And to compliment my dear,
Bonny ſhip ſecure thy fame;
You the darling title bear.
Rough the Ocean, rude the Wind.
But when honor'd by my Laſs,
One ſhall be as Zephyr's kind,
T'other ſmooth as Looking-glaſs.

[*Exit.*
Rup.

Rup I drink tea at Sir Toby Tacit's this evening. Tom, you'll come, I'll introduce you to the ladies, you ſhall ſee my intended ſpoſa, Cornelia.

Grog. Aye, give me her little waiting maid, Nancy; if I can get her to my birth in the minories, I ſhall be as happy as an Admiral.

Rup. Admiral! Apropos—I ſhall be married to-morrow—Tom, you'll dreſs to honor my wedding.

Grog. Yes, if the taylor brings home my new rigging. But now you talk of a wife, the firſt time I ever ſaw my wife the pretty Peggy, was on Portſmouth ramparts, full dreſs'd, ſtreamers flying, gay as a commiſſioner's yatch at a naval review—What cheer my heart? ſays I—ſhe bore away; love gave ſignal for chace, ſo I crowded ſail, threw a ſalute ſhot acroſs her fore-foot to make her bring too; prepared for an engagement, we came to cloſe quarters, grappled, I threw a volley of kiſſes at her round-top, ſhe ſtruck—next day, with a chear, I took my prize in tow to Farum Church, and the parſon made out my warrant for command—Captain of the Pretty Peggy fifteen years; then ſhe foundered in Blanket Bay—Death took charge, and left me to ſwim thro' life, and keep my chin above water as long as I cou'd.

Rup. Tom, you may be chin-deep, but water can never reach your lips, unleſs mixed with brandy—brandy! apropos, now for the ladies.

Grog. Well, ſhear off d'ye ſee, I have buſineſs at the Admiralty, and then I bear away for Tower Hill, to meet ſome Hearts of Oak.

Rup. Adieu, my Man of War, my vis-a-vis is at St. James's Gate, ſo Tom farewell, and now hey for the land of love. [*Exit.*

Grog. Now muſt I cruize in the channel of Charing Croſs, to look out for this lubber that affronted me aboard the Dreadnought: I heard he put in at the Admiralty—Hold!—is Rupee gone, if he thought I went to fight, mayhap he'd bring the Maſter-at-arms upon me, and have me in the bilboes.—Smite my timbers there goes the enemy.

Enter STERN. (*croſſing*)

I'll hail him—Yo! ho!

Stern. What chear?

Grog. You're Sam Stern?

Stern. Yes.

Grog. Do you remember me?

Stern. Remember! Yes, thof your'e rich now, you're ſtill Tom Grog.

Grog. You affronted me aboard the Dreadnought, the Spaniards were then in view, and I didn't think it time to reſent private quarrels when it is our duty to thraſh the enemies of our country, but Sam Stern, you are the man that affronted Tom Grog.

Stern. Mayhap ſo.

Grog. Mayhap you'll fight me?

Stern. I will—when and where?

Grog. The where is here—the when is now; and ſlap's the word. (*lays his hand on his hanger*) But hold, we muſt ſteer off the open ſea into ſome creek.

Stern. But I've neither cutlaſh nor piſtols.

Grog. I ſaw a handſome cutlaſh, and a pretty pair of barking irons, in a pawnbrokers window—Come it lies in our way to the War-office.

Stern. I ſhould like to touch at the Victualling-office in our voyage.

Grog. Why an't you dined?

Stern. I've none to eat.

Grog. A ſeaman in England, without a dinner!—that's hard, damned hard!—there's money—pay me when you can. (*gives a handful of money*)

Stern. How much?

Grog. I don't know—get your dinner—buy the arms, meet me in two hours at Deptford, and ſhiver me like a biſcuit if I don't blow your head off.

Stern. Then I can't pay you your money.

Grog. True—but mayhap you may take off mine, and if ſo, I ſhall have no occaſion for it.

Stern. Right, I forgot that. (*wipes his eyes*)

Grog. What do you ſnivel for?

Stern. What a dog am I to uſe a man ill, and now be obliged to him for a meals meat.

Grog. Then you own you've uſed me ill—aſk my pardon?

Stern. I'll be damn'd if I do!

Grog. Then take it without aſking, you're curſed ſaucy, but you're a good ſeaman, and harky'e Sam, the brave man, tho' he ſcorns the fear of puniſhment is always afraid to deſerve it.—Come, when you've ſtow'd your bread-room, a bowl of punch ſhall again ſet friendſhip afloat.

Stern. Oh! I'm a lubber!

Grog. Avaſt! ſwab the ſpray from your bows, poor fellow! don't heed my ſoul, whilſt you've the heart of a lion, never be aſham'd of the feelings of a man. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

SIR TOBY TACIT'S.

Enter FLORIMEL *and* NANCY.

Nan. My old Maſter Sir Toby! what a gentleman to break his word with Miſs Cornelia and the Captain, and divide two ſuch ſweet young lovers.

Flo. But who knows but my brother may yet obtain your miſtreſs and you be happy with your Hibernian Lover Mr. Maurice O'Finnigan.

Nan. Oh my dear Madam! how can that be? isn't Mr. Rupee the great Nabob to be married to my young lady to-morrow? and would you think it Madam, who ſhould bowl up to me this morning but Mr. Grog, he ſaid I was a tight veſſel for port—Yes Ma'am, and he ſwore he'd be my top-gallant, and that he'd engage to grapple and attack me 'till I'd ſtrike; Perhaps ſays I Sir I ſcorn your port, I'll have no top-gallant, Sir, ſays I, and when he attack'd me to ſhew him I could ſtrike, I lent him a box o'the ear.

Flo. Nancy I want to ſpeak to you on very particular buſineſs—but yonder comes your miſtreſs—let me ſee you preſently

[*Exit Nancy.*

poor Cornelia! how melancholy——

Enter CORNELIA.

Cor. My dear Florimel—ſentence is paſt, My

father and mother are inexorable and I muſt give my hand to Mr. Rupee to-morrow.

Flo. Well the man of my heart with all my heart I'll marry, and none elſe for me Cornelia; where I love I'll honour and obey, 'tis well I've none to controul me, but if I had my girl (conſiſtent with honor) I'd give you a ſpirited example.

Cor. Oh Florimel were Belcamp here, I ſhou'd have no occaſion for example.

AIR.—CORNELIA.

Love thy ſilken banners wave
Home invite the young and brave
Let him quit the hoſtile field
From the foe his miſtreſs ſhield;
Come my Gallant Soldier come,
To the call of Cupid's drum.

Down of Doves thy coat of Mail
Softeſt ſounds thy triumph hail,
Myrtle wreaths thy brows entwine
And that pleaſing taſk be mine;
Come my Gallant Soldier come,
To the call of Cupid's drum.

Huſh'd the trumpet's brazen throat
Hark! the flute's melodious note,
Mars ſhall ſleep and diſcord ceaſe
All be harmony and peace;
Come my gallant Soldier come,
To the call of Cupid's drum,

[*Exit.*

Flo. The dear girl loves my brother with a conſtant and ſincere affection—Oh here comes Nancy, I think I may venture to truſt her.

Enter

Enter NANCY.

Nan. You ſaid Ma'am you wanted me, and I'm come to receive your commands.

Flo. Nancy you're a good ſenſible girl—do you approve of this wedding?

Nan. Oh dear Ma'am, they never aſk'd my opinion about it.

Flo. Indeed!

Nan. No Ma'am—ſettled it among themſelves, I was too inſignificant to be conſulted.

Flo. You muſt know Nancy, I have ſome hopes of preventing this match—This is my ſcheme; I'll have a letter convey'd to Mr. Rupee, which ſhall inform him that your young lady has an improper intercourſe with a certain young Officer. I have by me the firſt ſuit of regimentals my brother ever wore, they fit me exactly; in them when dreſs'd, I'll be the gallant, with my hat, cockade, brazen-face, and brut a-la-militaire.

Nan. Charming! I underſtand it all; dear me Ma'am, what a fine, fierce, ſmart, wicked, little devil of a harmleſs Officer you will make.

Flo. Now, I charge you not to drop a word of this affair to any body.

Nan. Oh Lord, if Mr. Rupee ſhou'd refuſe, and the dear Captain ſhou'd come home and marry her; and Mr. O'Finnigan my ſweet-heart was to ſay, arrah Nancy will you marry me; lord what merry times we ſhould have!

Flo. Away, away—— [*Exit Nancy.*

Here comes Sir Toby and Lady Tacit in their old humour, ſhe really, poſitive, tho' ſeemingly

all

all compliance, while Sir Toby, having neither idea or opinion of his own, moſt violently and obſtinately lays hold of every one that is ſuggeſted by any body elſe.—I muſt avoid them.

[*Exit.*

Enter SIR TOBY *and* LADY TACIT.

Sir T. You know my Lady Tacit I am not to be controuled, I will have my way.

Lady T. Will! and have my ſweet Sir Toby do I ever preſume to have a will of my own? but indeed, my dear love you are a little too poſitive.

Sir T. I am, I am a poſitive man, I own it, and I will inſiſt and perſiſt too, that this new houſe I've taken in Portland Place, is charmingly ſituated. I challenge England to afford ſuch a delightful proſpect.

Lady T. Sir Toby, pardon me—do you really think the view of Highgate and Hampſtead ſo very beautiful?

Sir T. Me! not I---Viſto the landſcape painter commends it indeed, but he knows no more of a proſpect than a hedge-hog—the houſe though has a lofty hall it ſtrikes you with an air of grandeur.

Lady T. The hall lofty, Sir Toby! pardon me my dear but I proteſt it didn't ſeem ſo to me.

Sir. T. Nor to me my lady, I thought indeed it ſeemed tolerably high till 'tother day trying to cut one of Veſtris' capers, I hit my head againſt the lanthorn—but the great parlour my lady, I'll lay any man an hundred guineas that parlour dines forty.

Lady T. Nay Sir Toby when once you form an opinion

opinion, you will perſiſt in it, you are exceedingly obſtinate.

Sir T. True Lady Tacit, when once I'm determin'd I am not to be mov'd by the rhetorick of Oxford, Cambridge, Sorbonne, or Salamanca.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Mr. Rupee, Sir. [*Exit*

Sir T. My new Eaſt India ſon-in-law, here my Lady Tacit pull up my cravat, and pull down my ruffles.

Lady T. Sir Toby! aſk me ſuch a thing!

Sir T. Then my lady I will pull down my ruffles and pull up my cravat, I am determined.

Enter RUPEE.

Rup. My lady Tacit your ladyſhip's ſlave—ſlave! apropos! Sir Toby your moſt obedient.

Lady T. Sir, we are exceedingly proud of this honor.

Sir T. Sir, we are exceeding proud.

Lady T. Sir Toby!

Sir T. Proud! I mean Sir we are your humble.

Rup. I hope Madam my lovely Cornelia is well?

Sir T. She is exceedingly well indeed Sir.

Lady T. What are you at my ſweet?

Sir T. Only at preſent ſhe has got a moſt dangerous cold.

Lady T. Cornelia! a cold!

Sir T. But now ſhe's perfectly recovered, and my daughter will be ſo happy when ſhe hears—

Lady T. Your daughter! Sir Toby!

Sir

Sir T. Mine! I am an obſtinate man, but in this particular I will not be poſitive.

Lady T. Mr. Rupee, Dear Sir—I ſhall beg but for a few moments, tho' to deprive myſelf of the egregious felicity of your very agreeable company. [*Exit.*

Sir T. Egregious felicity! Mr. Rupee what a fine ſpoken woman.

Rup. Very Sir Toby, but that phraſe of egregious felicity is—

Sir T. Damn'd nonſenſe.

Rup. Nonſenſe! Apropos did you ever hear me ſpeak in Leadenhall Street upon India affairs.

Sir T. Poor Lady Tacit! all obedience—humble as a forſaken Sultana, but Sir in this houſe I am Turk and Tyrant, Sir I am a very Bajazet; Not my fault tho' Mr. Rupee, I was form'd with a hard heart, as Othello ſays, "I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand"—now Sir as to my wife —ſhe's a Lady thanks to my knighthood, but the moſt ſilly, ignorant; ridiculous,—

Re-enter LADY TACIT *and* CORNELIA.

Hem!—ſenſible, elegant, and fineſt ſpoken woman in England.—Ah my Lady Tacit we were juſt talking of you.

Lady T. Cornelia child receive Mr. Rupee as a gentleman who is ſhortly to be your huſband.

Rup. Oh my charming Cornelia! Now if I can but recollect my oriental compliment (it has pleaſed both black, brown, and yellow, now I'll try it on the fair.) (*aſide*) Cornelia ſpeak my love, the melody of your voice is ſweeter than the ſound of a Nankin bell, your breath's cinnamon of Ceylon diffuſing fragrance thro' teeth of the ſagacious

ous elephant, and coral of the ormus; permit me Madam to touch this fair hand, ſoft as weft of the Indoſtan worm, your eyes arch'd with camels hair, brilliant as the diamond of Golconda, and the porcelain tower of Pekin's but a faint emblem of the excellent ſymmetry of your beautiful Tout-en-ſemble.

Sir T. Oh charming! elegant! Cornelia ſpeak and make a handſome curtſey.

Cor. I confeſs Sir, I am incapable of anſwering ſo laviſh and polite a compliment.

Sir T. What a delightful curtſey ſhe makes, Eh, Mr. Rupee?

Lady T. Oh fie Sir Toby!

Sir T. True my lady, ſo ſo, Corney you're a good girl, but confound your dancing maſter.—Well Mr. Rupee what ſay you to a bottle?

Lady T. What do you mean to bottle a gentlemen at this time of day—Richard!——

Enter SERVANT.

Get tea.

Sir T. Look'ye, my Lady Tacit, I am the lord and maſter in this, I will be poſitive—therefore I ſay, Richard get tea. [*Exit Servant.*

Rup. Tea! Apropos, Ma'am, do you take ſnuff?

Cor. No Sir! Inſignificant coxcomb! (*aſide*)

Rup. True, Ma'am, it was formerly in ſtile, quite the rage with people of Ton; but now its a vile bore. I took ſnuff once in ſuch profuſion, that in moſt polite circles I was diſtinguiſhed by the title of Count Macabah.

Sir T. When I was encamp'd, I took ſo much ſnuff, that they call'd me Captain Straſbourgh.

Rup. Strafbourgh! Apropos, I preſume from to-morrow I date my felicity.

Sir T. Yes, you and my daughter Cornelia here, ſhall be married to-morrow morning; that is, my Lady, if you have no objection.

Lady T. Ah Mr. Rupee, they talk of female prerogative: you ſee how weak my influence with ſuch a poſitive man.

Sir T. Yes, Mr. Rupee, when the guſt of paſſion blows, my Lady Tacit is the gentle ozier of compliance, and I am the ſturdy oak of oppoſition. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room at a Tavern on Tower Hill.

CABLE, STERN, QUID, BOWSPRIT, *and Sailors, diſcover'd drinking.*

ALL.

HUZZA! Huzza!

Stern. I ſay boy, more punch!

Boy. How much!

Bow. A bay! [*Exit Boy.*

Quid. A ſea!

Stern. An ocean!

Re-enter BOY, (*with a bowl.*)

Here's our wooden walls.

All. Huzza! Huzza!

Stern. Come, Cable, tho' the ſharks have fallen foul of your wife, never heed—give us your poor Poll of Plymouth.

AIR.—CABLE.

Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear;
When forced from her to go,
A-down her cheeks rain'd many a tear;
My heart was fraught with woe.
Our anchor weigh'd, for Sea we ſtood,
The land we left behind;
Her tears then ſwell'd the briny flood,
My ſighs encreas'd the wind.

We plough'd the deep, and now between
Us lay the Ocean wide;
For five long years I had not ſeen
My ſweet, my bonny bride.
That time I ſail'd the world around,
All for my true love's ſake;
But preſt as homeward we were bound,
I thought my heart wou'd break.

The Preſs-gang bold I aſk'd in vain,
To ſet me once on ſhore;
I long'd to ſee my Poll again,
But ſaw my Poll no more.
And have they torn my love away,
And is he gone? ſhe cried;
My Polly, ſweeteſt flower of May!
Then languiſh'd, droop'd, and died.

Quid. Cheer up, my hearty—but where's Tom Grog all this while?

Stern. He has put into the Minories to refit, a neat cabin, and a ſnug birth there. Why ſun dazzle my lanthorns! can this be he?

Enter GROG, (*faſhionably dreſs'd.*)

Bow. Ha, ha, ha! What a figure of fun!

Grog. Hey, (*bows*) how do you like me?

Bow. A crow, rigg'd in the feathers of a maccaw.

Quid.

Quid. Or a collier, careen'd in a French dock.

Grog. Ay, you may laugh—How they ſhew their grinders; I'll laugh too—Ha, ha, ha! Now you all think me a monkey.

Bow. Yes, to judge by your tail.

Grog. Then I think you all boars, and you know nothing of faſhion, ſtile, rage, or guſto —Ben Bowſprit, was you ever at an opera?

Bow. Aye, at many, and many an uproar.

Grog. Or you, Quid, to a ſale at Chriſtie's

Quid. No, but I've ſail'd to St. Kitts.

Grog. Or you, Cable, at a tragedy?

Cab. No.

Grog. Then don't laugh till you ſee all theſe things, you Dromedaries!

Stern. I ſay Tom's a fine fellow.

Bow. Fine! Aye we ſee that by his jacket.

Quid. What do you talk of fine—give me an honeſt fellow.

Stern. Well, Tom Grog's as true as an hour glaſs, and the man that ſays no, is as falſe as a fireſhip, damme!

Grog. Avaſt, Sam Stern! don't ſail without a quadrant; I made my money in the Eaſt Indies d'ye ſee, and ſo as to my honeſty—Ahem!

Bow. Eh, what Cable, ſo melancholy my heart? ſtill thinking of Sweet Poll.

Cab. Ay round the world, her memory is never out of reckoning.

Grog. Round the world! Apropos, as Rupee ſays; Cable, give us Captain Cook.

AIR.

AIR.—CABLE*.

Ye Chiefs of the Ocean your Laurels throw by,
Or Cypreſs entwine with a wreath;
To prove your humanity heave a ſoft ſigh,
And a tear now let fall for his death.
Yet the Genius of Britain forbids us to grieve,
Since Cook ever honor'd, Immortal ſhall live.

The Hero of Macedon o'er ran the world,
Yet nothing but death cou'd he give;
'Twas George's command and the Sail was unfurl'd,
And Cook taught mankind how to live.
Yet the Genius of Britain forbids us to grieve,
Since Cook ever honor'd, Immortal ſhall live.

He came, and he ſaw not to conquer but ſave,
The Cæſar of Britain was he,
Who ſcorn'd the ambitiou of making a ſlave,
While Britons themſelves are ſo free.
Yet the Genius of Britain forbids us to grieve,
Since Cook ever honor'd Immortal ſhall live.

Quid. Eh, what beau have we here? (*looking out*)

Grog. Oh, this is my friend Rupee—now, my boys, you ſhall ſee a prince of fellows.

Enter RUPEE.

Rup. Ha, Tom! here I am—good as my word—Introduce me to your friends.

Grog. I will, lads look at that ſmart—turn about and ſhew your ſhapes—Walk the forecaſtle. What think ye boys?—This d'ye ſee is my friend Rupee, the very flower of gentility; the tulip of virtu; the lilly of bon ton, and the pink of maccaronies.

Rup. Hem!—Tho' my eloquence is totally

* The Muſic of this Song by Mr. Shield.

inadequate

inadequate to the Demoſthenian taſk of expreſsing my gratitude to Tom Grog, for the ſuperlative honor to which I am permitted, yet believe my ſincere aſſurance, that I am, your moſt devoted and very obſequious ſlave.

Bow. Can't he ſpeak Engliſh?

Stern. Tip us your fin—we're hearts of oak. (*ſhakes hands*)

Rup. Yes and hands of oak. (*aſide*) Apropos, almoſt ſqueez'd my fingers off.

Grog. Caſt anchor. (*Rupee ſits*)

Stern. Drink,

Rup. Little boy, get me a pint of Burgundy?

Boy. Burgundy! Burton ale Sir, is the only we ſell.

Stern. Psha! drink grog. (*fills a glaſs*)

Rup. I will—Tom Grog your health. (*drinks*)

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Rup. Where's my ſmelling bottle, the tar overcomes me. (*takes out a ſmelling bottle*)

Grog. And may the Engliſh tar ever be able to overcome.

Stern. What little bottle's that?

Rup. My dalmahoy.

Stern. A damme hoy?

Rup. No Sir, my ſmelling-bottle—I ſhall be poiſon'd.

Grog. Boy, get us ſome devil'd biſcuit to make us dry, and ſome burnt brandy to quench our thirſt?

Rup. Don't do it little boy, ſet on fire, and quench'd with brandy!

Stern. I ſee by your pumps you dance a good hornpipe.

Rup. Sir, I am tolerable in a pas ſeul.

Stern. Give us a ſong?

Grog. Aye, a roaring ſong.

AIR.

AIR CHORUS.

Rup. Gentle God of Love aſſiſt,
Softly touch the Virgin's heart;
Bow. If that's the caſe my boy your fill,
We'll make you drunk before we part.
Rup. Oh la!
Quid. Zounds what a quaver. Ha, ha, ha!
Rup. Heavens what behaviour. Ha, ha, ha!
Quid. Jack, d'ye ſee, this Roupee,
What a comical ſhaver.
Stern. Grog, mayhap this here chap
Is then a Man of faſhion.
Rup. Friend no bam, for that I am,
Upon my reputation.
Bow. Come, Sam, puſh the bowl about,
It's almoſt out;
Then fill it up again boys,
See, ſee it's almoſt out.

CHORUS.

Our tide tho' now low*,
Shall again nobly flow;
And Britons again ſhall be Lords of the Main.

Quid. Boy, bring in the booze.
Rup. Oh my Eau de Luce.
Quid. Of Beer a full pot.
Rup. Where's my Bergamotte.
Bow. We trample on our foes.
Rup. Gads curſe, dear Sir, my toes.
Sailors, ſee a lover fervent,
Ever of the fair obſervant,
Bows your ſlave and humble ſervant.
[*Exit.*

CHORUS.

Our tide tho' now low
Shall again nobly flow;
And Britons again ſhall be Lords of the Main.
[*Exeunt.*

* Alluding to the national circumſtances of thoſe times.

SCENE

SCENE II.

SIR TOBY TACIT'S.

Enter RUPEE *and* NANCY *with a letter.*

Nan. Sir, Sir!

Rup. Want me my dear?

Nan. Me, no Sir, only a perſon at the door juſt now, deſired me to give your honor this letter.

Rup. Who, pray?

Nan. I can't tell Sir, but he look'd like a ſoldier, and he gave it me, and then ran away.

Rup. A ſoldier! apropos, ran away—very well.

Nan. (*aſide*) So that's done. Now if Miſs Florimel has got into her regimentals, we ſhall go on delightfully. [*Exit.*

Rup. A love-letter I ſuppoſe. (*reads*)

"Ingot Rupee, Eſq.——Sir, the Lady you "deſign to make your wife is unworthy of that "honor, being connected with a certain young "officer"—Indeed!——"To prove my charge, "this night, you may ſee him admitted into "her chamber."—So, ſo, ſo!—"If this time-"ly notice prevents your ruin and diſgrace, the "intent is anſwer'd of your unknown friend.

THOMAS TELLTRUTH."

A ſoldier! Your humble ſervant Tommy Tell-truth.—Apropos, if this ſhould be the diſcharge of a gun to murder a lady's reputation. (*reads*) "Eleven is the hour to prove my truth"—truth! Apropos, it muſt be falſe—Officer!—Eh! I did hear of one Captain Belcamp, that——but he's

in America—— I'll watch tho'—Yes, Ill try the luſtre of my brilliant's beauty by night, and if I find a flaw in the diamond, it ſhall never be ſet in my wedding ring. [*Exit.*

Re-enter NANCY, (*with a ſword*)

Nan. There he goes—precious heart! if he's vex'd now, how mad he will be when he ſees our little Captain—I muſt give her her ſword tho' (*taps at the door*) Ma'am, ma'am are you dreſs'd. Oh here ſhe comes.

(*Enter from the Room* FLORIMEL *in Regimentals*)

Flo. Well Nancy, my girl, how do you like me?

Nan. Oh charming ma'am, I believe I may venture to truſt you with a ſword, I fancy you are not very dangerous. (*gives the ſword*)

Flo. There now, my hat, quick.

Nan. Oh! I forgot that—I'll run for it. [*Exit.*

Flo. You'll find me in the room where I dreſs't. —without a cockade, what's an officer?

Sir T. (*without*) Ha, ha, ha! well done Mr. Lake:

Flo. Heavens—Sir Toby! he has cut off my retreat to my dreſſing-room—I muſt take ſanctuary here. [*Exit into a room.*

Enter SIR TOBY.

Sir T. A very capital Diana Mr. Lake is making of my goddeſs—but no need of a creſcent where

where the face is a full moon; ſince Lady Tacit is drawn as Diana, I'll be Apollo; but hold, can I wear my blue and gold in Apollo? I can't dreſs Phœbus in a bag-wig I'm afraid, let me ſee, true, the prints of all the heathen deities are in the next room, I'll ſee what I can wear in the character of Sol—Yes, I'll ſhine upon canvaſs the Phoebus of the Northern world.

[*Exit in at the door from whence Florimel entered.*

Re-enter NANCY *with a regimental hat.*

Nan. Ma'am here's your hat and cockade. (*puts it on*) Lord what pretty things theſe ſort of hats are, I wiſh it was the faſhion for women to wear them.—Come out here you wicked little rogue. (*ſings*) "For a ſoldier, a ſoldier's the lad for me."

Re-enter SIR TOBY.

Sir T. Hey, what beau-belle have we here.

Nan. My maſter!

Sir T. And ſo I'm a wicked little rogue. (*takes the hat*) What's all this?

Nan. That Sir, is—a—hat.

Sir T. Thankye—but who's hat?

Nan. Sir it's a man's hat.

Sir T. Thankye again, and what brought it on your head?

Nan. Why Sir, my hand.

Sir T. Very well; ſo this is a hat, and a man's hat, and you put it on your head with your hand. Wonderful information about this girl!

Nan. I'll perſuade him its his own. (*aſide*) Lord Sir, don't you know your own Militia hat.

Sir T. My militia hat, what when I was Captain Straſbough, dear me—but I'm poſitive it's no ſuch thing.

Nan. Lord Sir! don't you remember the cockade.

Sir T. True, I did wear a cockade when I was an officer, but you huſſey you, what a ſervant-wench, preſume with her audacious hand to put my military hat upon her impudent head, and dare to profane this martial beaver, with her ſpinſter fingers and her maiden hair.

Nan. Lord Sir, I was only going to get your man to bruſh it.

Sir T. What on your head——Go, go, into your frills and your top-knots—upon my honor, I wiſh the ladies wou'd mind their tea and their toilets, and leave their cock'd hats and cock'd heads to us grenadiers of the creation.

[*Exit.*

Nan. Well out of this, tho' we've loſt a hat in the ſcuffle, but now to look for Miſs Florimel.

Grog. (*without*) Yo ho! a-board the brig a-hoy.

Nan. Oh lud! here's Mr. Grog the noiſy ſailor. Now will he teize me to death, and interrupt Miſs Florimel's ſcheme.

Grog. Friend, Rupee. Yo, ho!

Nan. Here he is, lucky! I think I've a plan to ſecure him.

Enter GROG.

Grog. Nancy, ah, oh my pretty yatch—what cheer?

Nan.

Nan. Very good cheer, thankye Sir.

Grog. I had near damag'd my timbers juſt now; you muſt know, I freighted a tight coach at the minories, myſelf the lading; our top well mann'd with a ſtout coachman and good horſe, ſtarboard and port—but having a deſire to ſteer myſelf, d'ye ſee, went aloft, took the reins, and made the pilot ſtand upon the poop, ſail'd thro' Cheapſide, Fleet-ſtreet, made the Streights of St. Dunſtan's and Shot Temple-bar like a needle; but St. Clement's church, ſtanding as it were acroſs the channel, and I not underſtanding as it were the tiller of a coach, I run my bowſprit foul of a poſt, and come bump aſhore into an oil-ſhop.

Nan. Lord Sir, you are ſurpriſingly clever—what has he been talking about?

Grog. Ah Nan, my girl, what a ſmart laſs you be.

Nan. I thank you Sir, for your good opinion.

Grog. Ay, you're not a ſhrew like Jenny Griffin o'the point, or a ninny hammer like Nell Noodle of Woolwich; nor a tipler like Bet Bub of Chatham. I'm not vers'd in your courtſhip lingo; yet it ſhall never be ſaid, that Tom Grog fell to leeward when a pretty girl was on the beam; and tiſn't that I'd ſound my own trumpet, but you won't meet a truer heart from the croggit yard to the gib-boom-end. You've ſomething damn'd handſome about you, and ſo in one word, ſhall I poſſeſs the pretty Nancy?—Say no, and damn the dog that axes you again.

Nan. Ah you gentlemen—but Mr. Grog, if I was to be ſo fond and ſilly, wou'd you marry me afterwards?

Grog.

Grog. No; and I tell you ſo beforehand; a true ſeaman may hang out falſe colours to decoy an enemy, but none but a pirate, would, for a moment's pleaſure, deceive an affectionate girl that relied upon his honor.

Nan. Why you gentlemen ſailors have a deal of honor; I had once a ſailor for a ſweetheart, only they call'd him a ſmuggler.

AIR.—NANCY.

My William was bold as the wind,
He combated many a gale;
To me he was gentle and kind,
As the breezes that ſport in the vale.
He put his ſwift wherry to ſea,
The Cutters ſhe dared not come nigh;
And he landed his cargo of tea,
Then ſwore to defend it he'd die.

I pant for the life of my dear,
The Cutter draws nigh to the ſhore;
Each ſtroke now redoubles my fear,
And my heart it beats time with the oar.
The ball from the cannon is fled,
'Tis fate, cruel fate gives the wound:
That William, ſweet William is dead,
The rocks now with terror reſound.

For me he engaged in the ſtrife,
T'enrich me he broke the king's laws;
For love the dear youth loſt his life,
And ſhe that he lov'd was the cauſe.
Come hither attend on his hier,
Ye Sailors ſo loving and brave;
Nor think no diſgrace, if a tear
Of yours, drop with mine on his grave.

But dear me I to ſtay ſinging here, when I ſhou'd try to get him out of the houſe. Sir, ſomebody's coming, and if you're ſeen with me—do ſtep in there, and I'll be with you preſently.

Grog.

Grog. What clap me under hatches (*goes into a cloſet*)

Nan. Huſh, I'll be with you in a few minutes.

Grog. Well, but don't keep me long in this hen-coop.

Nan. No, no. (*ſhuts the door*) Stay you there my gallant ſailor.

Enter MAURICE.

Mau. So, nobody ſaw me coming in, and if I can ſee Nancy—ah, Nancy! you dear creature, is it you, or yourſelf?

Nan. Heavens! Mr. O'Finnigan?

Mau. When laſt we parted, you gave me a kiſs to keep, and ſo here I have brought it home to you again, (*kiſſes her*)

Nan. How got you into this houſe?

Mau. Thro' the door; I found it open, and faith open I left it.

Nan. But where's your Maſter?

Mau. I muſn't tell he's come home. (*aſide*) he's in America.

Nan. And really Maurice, isn't your maſter in London?

Mau. I tell you no; if you don't believe me, go to the St. James's Coffee-houſe, and axe himſelf.

Nan. Oh then he is come home?

Mau. Who told you that? ſome buſy fool or other.

Nan. Huſh! if Sir Toby or my Lady knows you're here, they'll go mad. Oh dear heart, I'm ſo frighten'd.

Mau.

Mau. By the word of a traveller, you were always a timberſome creature, and now you're as frightful as ever.

Nan. Softly, I hear—for heaven's ſake ſtep in there, and I'll come and ſpeak to you preſently.

Mau. But will you come ſoon again?

Nan. Yes, yes; don't ſpeak, nor open the door. (*puts him in*) Stay you there, my dear Hibernian.—It draws near the time for our plan on Mr. Rupee. Oh, here's my young lady. [*Retire.*

Enter CORNELIA, (*with a letter*)

Cor. Good-natur'd Mr. Lake to deliver me this letter from Bellcamp! Unhappy Cornelia! torn for ever from the man I love, and ſacrificed to a wretch I deſpiſe.

AIR.—CORNELIA.

Why call to remembrance how happy I've been,
How joyful my days, and my nights how ſerene;
Each thought on light fancy ſtill floated in air,
And the ſmile on my cheek ſhew'd a heart void of Care.

Since love has poſſeſs'd me, if pleaſures I'd try,
Tears alone give me eaſe, and my comforts a ſigh;
Yet in this fond boſom for ever remain,
So ſweet is the ſmart, and ſo pleaſing the pain

Re-enter NANCY, (*with a candle.*)

Light me to my chamber.

Nan. Yes, Ma'am.

[*Exeunt in at center door.*

Enter

Enter RUPEE.

Rup. Yes, that's the lady's chamber, and thither ſhe's retired: it's about the time too, that Tommy Telltruth appointed, and I think, nay I'm ſure I ſaw the painter convey Cornelia a letter in the leaf of his ſketch book—oh, here comes the amorous emiſſary. [*Retires.*

Re-enter NANCY.

Nan. I heard ſomebody—if it's Mr. Rupee, he'll not anſwer. (*aſide*) Who's there? Yes, it's he, and on the watch! Charming! (*aſide*) Nobody in the way, then I'll go fetch the Captain to my lady.

Rup. Captain! Oh dear Tommy Telltruth! (*aſide*)

Nan. (*Taps at a door*) Sir, Sir, Captain!

Flo. (*Within*) Is that Nancy?

Nan. Yes, Sir; my lady is juſt gone to her chamber.

Enter FLORIMEL.

Flo. Is ſhe?

Rou. Ay, there's the Captain! Oh ſweet Tommy Telltruth! (*aſide*)

Nan. Huſh, Ma'am; he's upon the watch. (*apart*)

Flo. Is he? (*apart*) Why do I waſte the precious moments; let me fly to the ſcene of rapture and delight.

Nan. This way, Sir.

[*Exeunt Florimel and Nancy, in at the center door.*

Rup. Oh what a nooſe have I eſcaped! I'll go in and kick this little ſcoundrel before her face. Hold—he's an officer. Apropos; why did I neglect my fencing—I'll go and cane him—no, I'll make her father do it—Yes, I'll expoſe them, and tho' I'm no Vulcan, I'll draw a net over Mars and Venus. [*Exit.*

Mau. (*Peeping out of the cloſet*) Nancy! Nancy! You creature! Where are you? how dark it is—myſelf will ſtay no longer in this cupboard. I heard Miſs Cornelius go to her chamber, and my maſter I know is here in the neighbourhood, if I can get him into the houſe, and bring him to her—

Grog. (*Looking out of the oppoſite cloſet.*) I ſay, Nan, Yo, ho! I'll weigh anchor, and clear Hen-coop-bay.

Mau. Is that Nancy?

Grog. Dark and cold as a Greenland midnight. I ſay Nan. (*in an under tone*)

Mau. (*In a low voice*) Who's there?

Grog. Me.

Mau. What is that my dear.

Grog. Yes, its I.

Mau. Arrah, my ſoul, why did you keep me ſo long in the cup-board?

Grog. Why did you keep me ſo long in the hen-coop?

Mau. You've got a cold, my honey; you ſpeak quite hoarſe.

Grog. And you ſpeak as if you had touched at Tipperary in your laſt voyage.

Mau. Where are you? give me your hand.

Grog. There.

Sir T. (*Without*) Don't talk to me, Sir! Oh the ungracious girl.

Mau.

Mau. Sir Toby! Then I'll give him leg-bail for my honeſty. (*runs off.*)

Rup. But, Sir Toby, let us be diſcreet in this affair.

Grog. Rupee ſha'n't find me in the dark with a girl, ſo again for the hen-coop.

[*Goes into the cloſet.*

Enter Sir TOBY *and* RUPEE, (*with a candle.*)

Sir T. An officer in her chamber! Oh the wicked child—but I don't believe it.

Rou. Then you wont believe the truth, Sir Toby.

Sir T. You've not a doubt of it? oh the vile girl! a gentleman in her chamber now, and to be married to-morrow—huſh—who's this?

Enter CAPT. BELLCAMP.

Capt. B. Shou'd I have enter'd this houſe—but drawn by love's irreſiſtible magnetic charm—Cornelia, one parting look, and then farewell for ever.

Sir T. Another red-coat! Hey—Why this is Captain Bellcamp.

Rup. Bellcamp! This is not the ſame perſon I ſaw go into her room. (*aſide*)

Capt. B. If I cou'd but ſee her once more.

Sir T. Then you ſee her no more to-night. (*advancing*)

Capt. B. Sir Toby!

Sir T. Yes, the injur'd Sir Toby.

Rup. Not ſo loud, Sir.

Sir T. I will ſpeak loud—I'll roar out my wrongs. (*in a low tone*)

Rup. Try if he'll marry her. (*apart*)

Sir T. Not I. Look'ye, Captain, I'm a poſitive, obſtinate man, and I inſiſt upon it, Sir, that you'll marry her.

Capt. B. Her! Who?

Sir T. My daughter Cornelia—I am a headſtrong man—fierce and furious as a faſting Tyger—and if you don't marry Cornelia, by this hand—you loſe my good opinion.

Capt. B. A ſudden change this—but I'll take him in the humour. Well, Sir Toby, rather than forfeit your good opinion, I accept your daughter's hand.

Sir T. Give me yours—you have her.

Rup. He's bit—the intrigue is with another man. (*apart*)

Sir T. Another! Oh the jade; we'll take Belcamp in then—huſh, you ſhall be married immediately.

Capt. B. But coud'nt I ſee my lovely charmer?

Sir T. Oh yes, here, Nancy.

Rup. S'death, Sir, hold—the officer is with her.

Sir T. True; I fancy, Captain, my daughter at preſent may be engaged.

Enter FLORIMEL *and* CORNELIA, (*from the center door.*)

Capt. B. Isn't that ſhe, and a gentleman with her?

Sir T. Undone!

Rup. All blown!

Capt. B. (*Aſide*) Is it poſſible—Florimel! and dreſs'd in a ſuit of my cloaths

Cor.

Cor. Captain Bellcamp.

Capt. B. My Cornelia!

Sir T. Yes, ſhe is yours.

Cor. Sir! Indeed!

Rup. He ſwallows the bait—I've done this capitally. (*apart to Sir Toby*)

Sir T. If I'd given my mind to knavery, I cou'd cheat like an Angel. (*apart to Rupee*)

Capt. B. But tell me, ſiſter Florimel, why this maſquerade.

Sir T. } Siſter Florimel!
Rup. }

Sir T. What is a woman the gallant?

Cor. Even ſo, Sir.

Sir T. Mr. Rupee, "you've done this capitally."

Rup. Me! Apropos, you, Sir Toby "you can cheat like an angel."

Sir T. Only a woman! Why you moſt audacious reprobate—how dare you have a woman in your chamber?

Flo. Look'ye, Sir Toby, pardon her now, and ſhe'll no more be guilty of ſuch an error: with your leave, to my brother I reſign my poſt, and for a lady, Cornelia ſhall, in future, have a gentleman of the Bed-chamber.

Rup. Then I reſign my place of gentleman in waiting.

Grog. (*Within*) Yo, ho!

Enter GROG.

What cheer, my ſouls?

Sir T. Eh, what more ladies in breeches! you villain, how dare you be hiding in my houſe? (*to Grog*)

Rup. Sir Toby, this is my friend Grogg — Ha, ha, ha!

Sir T. What! is your friend Groggy—oh Lord yes, he's quite tipſey—good fellow, get a Hack, and go to the Hummums.

Rup. Hummums! Apropos, Tom, I'll go along with you, I ſha'n't be married to-morrow.

Grog. I find miſtreſs and maid have ſlipt their cables—but no matter, we ſhall weather all ſtorms, and clear the rocks of deſtruction, if we have the gentle gales of your approbation to blow us into the harbour of ſucceſs.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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